

# THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE PROMOTION OF TRUE CULTURE. ORGAN OF  
THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

VOL. IV.

JUNE, 1884.

No. 9.

## Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle.

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## REQUIRED READING

FOR THE

*Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle for 1883-4.*  
JUNE.

## READINGS FROM ROMAN HISTORY.

SELECTED BY WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON.

Next we will give a picture, a partial picture it must be, of an action occurring a little more than half a century later in Roman history. Dr. Arnold shall be our painter:

### HANNIBAL CROSSING THE ALPS.

[219 B. C.]

Hannibal was on the summit of the Alps about the end of October; the first winter snows had already fallen; but two hundred years before the Christian era, when all Germany was one vast forest, the climate of the Alps was far colder than at present, and the snow lay on the passes all through the year. Thus the soldiers were in dreary quarters; they remained two days on the summit, resting from their fatigues, and giving opportunity to many of the stragglers, and of the horses and cattle, to rejoin them by following their track; but they were cold and worn and disheartened; and mountains still rose before them, through which, as they knew too well, even their descent might be perilous and painful.

But their great general, who felt that he now stood victorious on the ramparts of Italy, and that the torrent which rolled before him was carrying its waters to the rich plains of Cisalpine Gaul, endeavored to kindle his soldiers with his own spirit of hope. He called them together; he pointed out the valley beneath, to which the descent seemed the work of a moment. "That valley," he said, "is Italy; it leads us to the country of our friends, the Gauls, and yonder is our way to Rome." His eyes were eagerly fixed on that point of the horizon; and as he gazed, the distance between seemed to vanish, till he could almost fancy that he was crossing the Tiber, and assailing the Capitol.

After the two days' rest the descent began. Hannibal experienced no more open hostility from the barbarians, only some petty attempts here and there to plunder; a fact strange in itself, but doubly so, if he was really descending the valley of the Doria Baltea, through the country of the Salassians, the most untamable robbers of all the Alpine barbarians. It is possi-

ble that the influence of the Insubrians may partly have restrained the mountaineers; and partly, also, they may have been deterred by the ill success of all former attacks, and may by this time have regarded the strange army and its monstrous beasts with something of superstitious terror. But the natural difficulties of the ground on the descent were greater than ever. The snow covered the track so that the men often lost it, and fell down the steep below; at last they came to a place where an avalanche had carried it away altogether for about three hundred yards, leaving the mountain side a mere wreck of scattered rocks and snow. To go round was impossible; for the depth of the snow on the heights above rendered it hopeless to scale them; nothing, therefore, was left but to repair the road. A summit of some extent was found, and cleared of the snow; and here the army were obliged to encamp, whilst the work went on. There was no want of hands; and every man was laboring for his life; the road therefore was restored, and supported with solid substructions below; and in a single day it was made practicable for the cavalry and baggage cattle, which were immediately sent forward, and reached the lower valley in safety, where they were turned out to pasture. A harder labor was required to make a passage for the elephants; the way for them must be wide and solid, and the work could not be accomplished in less than three days. The poor animals suffered severely in the interval from hunger; for no forage was to be found in that wilderness of snow, nor any trees whose leaves might supply the place of other herbage. At last they too were able to proceed with safety; Hannibal overtook his cavalry and baggage, and in three days more the whole army had got clear of the Alpine valleys, and entered the country of their friends, the Insubrians, on the wide plain of northern Italy.

Hannibal was arrived in Italy, but with a force so weakened by its losses in men and horses, and by the exhausted state of the survivors, that he might seem to have accomplished his great march in vain. According to his own statement, which there is no reason to doubt, he brought out of the Alpine valleys no more than 12,000 African and 8,000 Spanish infantry, with 6,000 cavalry, so that his march from the Pyrenees to the plains of northern Italy must have cost him 33,000 men; an enormous loss, which proves how severely the army must have suffered from the privations of the march and the severity of the Alpine climate; for not half of these 33,000 men can have fallen in battle.

Once again the subject shall be Hannibal, and Arnold shall be the artist. This time Hannibal suffers his final defeat at the hands of Scipio.

### THE BATTLE OF ZAMA.

[201 B. C.]

Hannibal, we are told, landed at Leptis, at what season of the year we know not; and after refreshing his troops for some time at Adrumetum, he took the field, and advanced to the neighborhood of Zama, a town situated, as Polybius describes it, about five days' journey from Carthage, toward the west.

It seems that Scipio was busied in overrunning the country, and in subduing the several towns, when he was interrupted in these operations by the approach of the Carthaginian army. He is said to have detected some spies sent by Hannibal to observe his position; and by causing them to be led carefully round his camp, and then sent back in safety to Hannibal, he so excited the admiration of his antagonist as to make him solicit a personal interview, with the hope of effecting a termination of hostilities. The report of this conference, and of the speeches of the two generals, savors greatly of the style of Roman family memoirs, the most unscrupulous in falsehood of any pretended records of facts that the world has yet seen. However, the meeting ended in nothing, and the next day the two armies were led out into the field for the last decisive struggle. The numbers on each side we have no knowledge of, but probably neither was in this respect much superior. Masinissa, however, with four thousand Numidian cavalry, beside six thousand infantry, had joined Scipio a few days before the battle; while Hannibal, who had so often been indebted to the services of Numidians, had now, on this great occasion, only two thousand horse of that nation to oppose to the numbers and fortune and activity of Masinissa. The account of the disposition of both armies, and of the events of the action, was probably drawn up by Polybius from the information given to him by Lælius, and perhaps from the family records of the house of Scipio. And here we may admit its authority to be excellent. It states that the Roman legions were drawn up in their usual order, except that the maniples of every alternate line did not cover the intervals in the line before them, but were placed one behind another, thus leaving avenues in several places through the whole depth of the army, from front to rear. These avenues were loosely filled by the light-armed troops, who had received orders to meet the charge of the elephants, and to draw them down the passages left between the maniples, till they should be enticed entirely beyond the rear of the whole army. The cavalry, as usual, was stationed on the wings; Masinissa, with his Numidians, on the right, and Lælius, with the Italians, on the left. On the other side, Hannibal stationed his elephants, to the number of eighty, in the front of his whole line. Next to these were placed the foreign troops in the service of Carthage, twelve thousand strong, consisting of Ligurians, Gauls, inhabitants of the Balearian islands, and Moors. The second line was composed of those Africans who were the immediate subjects of Carthage, and of the Carthaginians themselves; while Hannibal himself, with his veteran soldiers, who had returned with him from Italy, formed a third line, which was kept in reserve, at a little distance behind the other two. The Numidian cavalry were on the left, opposed to their own countrymen under Masinissa; and the Carthaginian horse on the right, opposed to Lælius and the Italians. After some skirmishing of the Numidians in the two armies, Hannibal's elephants advanced to the charge, but being startled by the sound of the Roman trumpets, and annoyed by the light-armed troops of the enemy, some broke off to the right and left, and fell in amongst the cavalry of their own army on both the wings, so that Lælius and Masinissa, availing themselves of this disorder, drove the Carthaginian horse speedily from the field. Others advanced against the enemy's line, and did much mischief, till at length, being frightened and becoming ungovernable, they were enticed by the light-armed troops of the Romans to follow them down the avenues which Scipio had purposely left open, and were thus drawn out of the action altogether. Meantime, the infantry on both sides met, and, after a fierce contest, the foreign troops in Hannibal's army, not being properly supported by the soldiers of the second line, were forced to give ground; and in resentment for this desertion, they fell upon the Africans and Carthaginians, and cut them down as enemies, so that these troops, at once assaulted by their fellow-soldiers, and by the pursuing enemy, were also, after a brave resistance,

defeated and dispersed. Hannibal, with his reserve, kept off the fugitives by presenting spears to them, and obliging them to escape in a different direction; and he then prepared to meet the enemy, trusting that they would be ill able to resist the shock of a fresh body of veterans, after having already been engaged in a long and obstinate struggle. Scipio, after having extricated his troops from the heaps of dead which lay between him and Hannibal, commenced a second, and a far more serious contest. The soldiers on both sides were perfect in courage and in discipline, and as the battle went on, they fell in the ranks where they fought, and their places were supplied by their comrades with unabated zeal. At last Lælius and Masinissa returned from the pursuit of the enemy's beaten cavalry, and fell, in a critical moment, upon the rear of Hannibal's army. Then his veterans, surrounded and overpowered, still maintained their high reputation, and most of them were cut down where they stood, resisting to the last. Flight indeed was not easy, for the country was a plain, and the Roman and Numidian horse were active in pursuit; yet Hannibal, when he saw the battle totally lost, with a nobler fortitude than his brother had shown at the Metaurus, escaped from the field to Adrumetum. He knew that his country would now need his assistance more than ever, and as he had been in so great a degree the promoter of the war, it ill became him to shrink from bearing his full share of the weight of its disastrous issue.

On the plains of Zama twenty thousand of the Carthaginian army were slain, and an equal number taken prisoners, but the consequences of the battle far exceeded the greatness of the immediate victory. It was not the mere destruction of an army, but the final conquest of the only power that seemed able to combat Rome on equal terms. In the state of the ancient world, with so few nations really great and powerful, and so little of a common feeling pervading them, there was neither the disposition nor the materials for forming a general confederacy against the power of Rome; and the single efforts of Macedonia, of Syria, and of Carthage herself, after the fatal event of the second Punic war, were of no other use than to provoke their own ruin. The defeat of Hannibal insured the empire of the ancient civilized world.

The only hope of the Carthaginians now rested on the forbearance of Scipio, and they again sent deputies to him, with a full confession of the injustice of their conduct in the first origin of the war, and still more in their recent violation of the truce, and with a renewal of their supplications for peace. The conqueror, telling them that he was moved solely by considerations of the dignity of Rome, and the uncertainty of all human greatness, and in no degree by any pity for misfortunes which were so well deserved, presented the terms on which alone they could hope for mercy. "They were to make amends for the injuries done to the Romans during the truce; to restore all prisoners and deserters; to give up all their ships of war, except ten, and all their elephants; to engage in no war at all out of Africa, nor in Africa without the consent of the Romans; to restore to Masinissa all that had belonged to him or any of his ancestors; to feed the Roman army for three months, and pay it till it should be recalled home; to pay a contribution of ten thousand Euboic talents, at the rate of two hundred talents a year, for fifty years; and to give a hundred hostages, between the ages of fourteen and thirty, to be selected at the pleasure of the Roman general." At this price the Carthaginians were allowed to hold their former dominion in Africa, and to enjoy their independence, till it should seem convenient to the Romans to complete their destruction. Yet Hannibal strongly urged that the terms should be accepted, and, it is said, rudely interrupted a member of the supreme council at Carthage, who was speaking against them. He probably felt, as his father had done under circumstances nearly similar, that for the present resistance was vain, but that, by purchasing peace at any price, and by a wise man-

agement of their internal resources, his countrymen might again find an opportunity to recover their losses. Peace was accordingly signed, the Roman army returned to Italy, and Hannibal, at the age of forty-five, having seen the schemes of his whole life utterly ruined, was now beginning, with equal patience and resolution, to lay the foundation for them again.

But Zama was Hannibal's Waterloo, and the virtual overthrow of Carthage. Rome's course was now open to universal empire.

## SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY THE REV. J. H. VINCENT, D.D.

[June 1.]

When we wish by our own efforts that something shall succeed, we become irritated with obstacles, because we feel in these hindrances that the motive that makes us act has not placed them there, and we find things in them which the self-will that makes us act has not found there.

But when God inspires our actions, we never feel anything outside that does not come from the same principle that causes us to act; there is no opposition in the motive that impels us; the same motive power which leads us to act, leads others to resist us, or permits them at least; so that as we find no difference in this, and it is not our own will that combats external events, but the same will that produces the good and permits the evil, this uniformity does not trouble the peace of the soul, and is one of the best tokens that we are acting by the will of God, since it is much more certain that God permits the evil, however great it may be, than that God causes the good in us (and not some secret motive), however great it may appear to us; so that in order really to perceive whether it is God that makes us act, it is much better to test ourselves by our deportment without than by our motives within, since if we only examine ourselves within, although we may find nothing but good there, we can not assure ourselves that this good comes truly from God. But when we examine ourselves without, that is when we consider whether we suffer external hindrances with patience, this signifies that there is a uniformity of will between the motive power that inspires our passions and the one that permits the resistance to them; and as there is no doubt that it is God who permits the one, we have a right humbly to hope that it is God who produces the other.

But what! we act as if it were our mission to make truth triumph, whilst it is only our mission to combat for it. The desire to conquer is so natural that when it is covered by the desire of making the truth triumph, we often take the one for the other, and think that we are seeking the glory of God, when in truth we are seeking our own. It seems to me that the way in which we support these hindrances is the surest token of it, for in fine if we wish only the order established by God, it is certain that we wish the triumph of his justice as much as that of his mercy, and when it does not come of our negligence, we shall be in an equal mood, whether the truth be known or whether it be combated, since in the one the mercy of God triumphs, and in the other his justice.—*Pascal.*

[June 8.]

O most blessed mansion of the heavenly Jerusalem! O most effulgent day of eternity, which night obscureth not, but the supreme truth continually enlighteneth! A day of perennial peace and joy, incapable of change or intermission! It shineth now in the full splendor of perpetual light to the blessed; but to the poor pilgrims on earth it appeareth only at a great distance, and "through a glass darkly." The redeemed sons of heaven triumph in the perfection of the joys of his eternal day, while the distressed sons of Eve lament the irksomeness of days teeming with distress and anguish. How is man defiled with sins, agitated with passions, disquieted with fears, tortured with

cares, embarrassed with refinements, deluded with vanities, encompassed with errors, worn out with labors, vexed with temptations, enervated with pleasures, and tormented with want!

O when will these various evils be no more? When shall I be delivered from the slavery of sin? When, O Lord, shall my thoughts and desires center and be fixed in thee alone? When shall I regain my native liberty? O, when will peace return, and be established, peace from the troubles of the world, and the disorders of sinful passions; universal peace, incapable of interruption; that "peace which passeth all understanding?" When, O most merciful Jesus! when shall I stand in pure abstraction from all inferior good to gaze upon thee and contemplate the wonders of redeeming love? When wilt thou be to me all in all? O, when shall I dwell with thee in that kingdom which thou hast prepared for thy beloved before the foundation of the world?

Softened, I beseech thee, the rigor of my banishment, assuage the violence of my sorrow! for my soul thirsteth after thee; and all that the world offers for my comfort would but add one more weight to the burden that oppresses me. I long, O Lord, to enjoy thee truly, and would fain rise to a constant adherence to heavenly objects, but the power of earthly objects operating upon my unmortified passions, keeps me down. My mind labors to be superior to the good and evil of this animal life, but my body constrains it to be subject to them. And thus, "wretched man that I am," while the spirit is always tending to heaven, and the flesh to earth, my heart is the seat of incessant war, and I am a burden to myself! \* \* LXXVII.—"Unto thee do I lift up mine eyes, O thou that dwellest in the heavens." In thee, the Father of mercies, I place all my confidence! O illuminate and sanctify my soul with the influence of thy Holy Spirit; that being delivered from all the darkness and impurity of its alienated life, it may become the holy temple of thy living presence, the seat of thy eternal glory! In the immensity of thy goodness, O Lord, and "in the multitude of thy tender mercies, turn unto me," and hear the prayer of thy poor servant, who hast wandered far from thee into the region of the shadow of death. O protect and keep my soul amid the innumerable evils which this corruptible life is always bringing forth; and by the perpetual guidance of thy grace, lead me in the narrow path of holiness to the realms of everlasting peace.—*Kempis' "Imitation of Christ."*

[June 15.]

*The Christian life is better than any other that can be discovered or devised.*

First, this is manifest from its object. For no life can have or desire a better object than that which is set forth in the Christian religion, which finds its object in the vision of the divine essence. \* \* \* But since man can not attain to the contemplation of divine things except by purification of the heart, how much, even in this regard, does the Christian life excel all others. For no greater purification of the heart can be discovered than Christian purification. For that is called pure which is not mixed with another substance, especially one inferior to itself. Thus gold is said to be pure when it is not mixed with silver or lead, or any other inferior substance. Now, because the end of man is God, when man through the intellect and the affections, is united or mixed with other creatures as an ultimate end, especially with those inferior to himself, he is called impure. And the more one frees himself from the love of creatures, the more pure he becomes; purity of the human heart consists in withdrawing the desires and the will from creature loves. But no greater or more perfect withdrawal from earthly loves can be discovered or devised than that which is proclaimed in the Christian religion. \* \* And since man can not live without any love, it teaches that man should love God above all things, even above himself. And, if he loves himself or other creatures, it commands that he love them for the sake of God, so that all his



love may tend toward God, and that in the creatures themselves he may love God, and may think nothing, speak nothing, do nothing which does not tend to the glory and honor of God, so that the whole man may tend toward God, and be united with God, and become one with God. And certainly no life can be discovered or devised better than this.

As to the will, he loves God and our Lord Jesus Christ above all things, and his neighbor as himself, keeping all the commands of the law which depend upon this double love.

As to the sensibilities, he strives with all his might to bring desire and anger and all the emotions under the control of reason, and by no means to make provision for the lusts of the flesh (*curam carnis facere in concupiscentia*).—*Savonarola—"De Simplicitate Christianæ Vita."*

[June 22.]

The sense of the vastness of the universe, and of the imperfection of our own knowledge, may help us in some degree to understand—not, indeed, the origin of evil and of suffering, but, at any rate, something of its possible uses and purposes. We look around the world, and we see cruel perplexities; the useless spared, the useful taken; the young and happy removed, and the old and miserable lingering on; happy households broken up under our feet, despondent hopes, and the failure of those to whom we looked up with reverence and respect. We go through these trials with wonder and fear; and we ask whereunto this will grow. But has nothing been gained? Yes, that has been gained which nothing else, humanly speaking, could gain. We may have gained a deeper knowledge of the mind of God, and a deeper insight into ourselves. Truths which once seemed mere words, received our heed and heart. Our understanding may have become part of ourselves.

Humility for ourselves, charity for others, self-abasement before the judge of all mankind, these are the gifts that even the best man, and even the worst man may gain by distrust, by doubt, by difficulty.

The perplexity, the danger, the grief often brings with it its own remedy.

On each bursting wave of disappointment and vexation there is a crown of heavenly light which reveals the peril and shows the way, and guides us through the roaring storm.

Out of doubt comes faith; out of grief comes hope; and "to the upright there ariseth light in darkness."

With each new temptation comes a way to escape; with each new difficulty comes some new explanation. As life advances it does indeed seem to be as a vessel going to pieces, as though we were on the broken fragments of a ship, or in a solitary skiff on the waste of waters; but as long as existence lasts, we must not give up the duty of cheerfulness and hope. He who has guided us through the day may guide us through the night also. The pillar of darkness often turns into a pillar of fire. Let us hold on though the land be miles away; let us hold till the morning breaks. That speck on the distant horizon may be the vessel for which we must shape our course. Forward, not backward, must we steer—forward, and forward, till the speck becomes the friendly ship. Have patience and perseverance; believe that there is still a future before us; and we shall at last reach the heaven where we would be.—*Dean Stanley.*

[June 29.]

Man is but a reed, the weakest in nature, but he is a thinking reed. It is not necessary that the entire universe arm itself to crush him. A breath of air, a drop of water, suffices to kill him. But were the universe to crush him, man would still be more noble than that which kills him, because he knows that he dies; and the universe knows nothing of the advantage it has over him.

Our whole dignity consists then in thought. Our elevation

must be derived from this, not from space and duration, which we can not fill. Let us endeavor, then, to think well.

Our imagination so magnifies the present time by continually reflecting upon it, and so diminishes eternity by not reflecting upon it, that we make a nothingness of eternity, and an eternity of nothingness, and all this has its roots so vital in us, that our reason can not defend us from it.

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It is necessary to know where to doubt, where to be assured, and where to submit. Who does not thus, understands not the force of reason. There are those who offend against these three principles, either affirming everything as demonstrative, for want of a knowledge of demonstration; or doubting everything, for want of knowing where it is necessary to submit; or submitting to everything, for want of knowing where it is necessary to judge.

But those who seek God with all their heart, who have no sorrow, but in being deprived of his presence, who have no desire but to possess him, and no enemies but those who turn them from him; who are afflicted in seeing themselves surrounded and oppressed by such enemies; let them be comforted, I bring them good news; there is a liberator for them, I shall cause them to see him; I shall show them that there is a God for them; I shall show him to no others.

The stoics say: Enter into yourselves; there you will find repose; and this is not true. Others say: Go out of yourselves; seek happiness in diverting yourselves; and this is not true. Diseases come; happiness is neither out of us, nor in us; it is in God, both out of, and in us.

If man is not made for God, why is he happy only in God? If man is made for God, why is he opposed to God?—*Pascal.*

## READINGS IN ART.

### III.—ENGLISH PAINTERS AND PAINTINGS.\*

WILLIAM HOGARTH,

Who was the first original painter of England, was born in 1697. His father, who had received a good education at St. Bees, kept a school in Ship Court, and sought work from booksellers. But, like many another poor scholar, he could not make a living, and died disappointed.

After spending some time at school, William Hogarth, warned by the example of his father, determined to pursue a craft in preference to literature, and was apprenticed, probably in 1711, to Ellis Gamble, a silversmith in Cranbourne Alley. He tells us how he determined to enter a wider field than that of mere silver-plate engraving, though at the age of twenty to engrave his own designs on copper was the height of his ambition. The men and women who jostled him in London streets or rolled by him in their coaches, were his models. Beside the keenest powers of observation, and a sardonic, sympathizing, and pitying humor, he possessed a wonderfully accurate and retentive memory, which enabled him to impress a face or form on his mind, and to reproduce it at leisure. Occasionally, if some very attractive or singular face struck his fancy, he would sketch it on his thumb nail, and thence transfer it. Hogarth tells us that "instead of burdening the memory with musty rules, or tiring the eye with copying dry or damaged pictures, I have ever found studying from nature the shortest and safest way of obtaining knowledge of my art." In 1724 he engraved "Masquerades and Operas," a satire, which represents "society" crowding to a masquerade, and led by a figure wearing a cap and bells on his head, and the garter on his leg. This engraving delighted the public whom it satirized, and Hogarth lost much through piracies of his work. He was employed by the booksellers to illustrate

\* Abridged from "English and American Painters," by Wilmot Dunton and S. R. Kohler.



books with engravings and frontispieces. In 1726 was published, beside his twelve large prints, which are well known, an edition of "Hudibras," illustrated by Hogarth, in seventeen smaller plates. The designs of Hogarth are not so witty as the verses of Butler, but we must remember that the painter had never seen men living and acting as they are described in the poem; they were not like the men of whom he made his daily studies. At this period he who dared to be original, and to satirize his neighbors, had much trouble. In 1730 Hogarth made a secret marriage at old Paddington Church, with Jane, only daughter of Sir James Thornhill, Serjeant-Painter to the King. He had frequented Thornhill's studio, but whether the art of the court painter, or the face of his daughter was the greater attraction we know not. There is no doubt that Hogarth's technique was studied from Thornhill's pictures, and not from those of Watteau or Chardin, as has been supposed. For a time after his marriage Hogarth confined himself to painting portraits and conversation pieces, for which he was well paid, although Walpole declares that this "was the most ill-suited employment to a man whose turn was certainly not flattery." Truthfulness, however, is more valuable in a portrait than flattery, and we surely find it in Hogarth's portraits of himself, one in the National Gallery, and in that of "Captain Coram," at the Foundling.

One of the best of Hogarth's life stories is the "Marriage à la Mode," the original paintings of which are in the National Gallery; they appeared in prints in 1745. These well known pictures illustrate the story of a loveless marriage, where parents sacrifice their children, the one for rank, the other for money. Mr. Redgrave ("A Century of Painters") tells us that "the novelty of Hogarth's work consisted in the painter being the inventor of his own drama, as well as painter, and in the way in which all the parts are made to tend to a dramatic whole, each picture dependent on the other, and all the details illustrative of the complete work. The same characters recur again and again, moved in different tableaux with varied passions, one moral running through all, the beginning finding its natural climax in the end." We can not do more than mention some of the remaining works by which the satirist continued "to shoot Folly as she flies." "Beer Street," and "Gin Lane," illustrate the advantages of drinking the national beverage, and the miseries following the use of gin. "The Cockpit" represents a scene very common in those days, and contains many portraits. "The Election" is a series of four scenes, published between 1755 and 1758, in which all the varied vices, humors, and passions of a contested election are admirably represented.

Hogarth's last years were embittered by quarrels, those with Churchill and Wilkes being the most memorable. The publication in 1753 of his admirable book, called "The Analysis of Beauty," in which he tried to prove that a winding line is the line of beauty, produced much adverse criticism and many fierce attacks, which the painter could not take quietly. He was further annoyed by the censures passed on his picture of "Sigismunda," now in the National Gallery, which he had painted in 1759 for Sir Richard Grosvenor, and which was returned on his hands. Two years previously Hogarth had been made Serjeant-Painter to the King. He did not live to hold his office long; on October 26th, 1764, the hand which had exposed the vices and follies of the day so truly, and yet with such humor, had ceased to move.

RICHARD WILSON.

The story of Richard Wilson (1713-1782) is the story of a disappointed man. Born at Pinegas, Montgomeryshire, the son of the parson of that place, Wilson's early taste for drawing attracted the attention of Sir George Wynne, by whom he was introduced to one Wright, a portrait painter in London. In 1749 he visited Italy, and whilst waiting for an interview with the landscape painter Zuccarelli he is said to have sketched the view through the open window. The Italian ad-

vised the Englishman to devote himself henceforth to landscapes, and Wilson followed his advice. After six years' stay in Italy, during which period he became imbued with the beauties of that country, Wilson returned to England in 1755, and found Zuccarelli worshiped, whilst he himself was neglected. His "Niobe," one version of which is in the National Gallery, was exhibited with the Society of Artists' Collection, in Spring Gardens, 1760, and made a great impression, but, in general, his pictures, infinitely superior to the mere decorations of the Italian, were criticised, and compared unfavorably with those of Zuccarelli, and it was not till long after Wilson's death that he was thoroughly appreciated. He was often compelled to sell his pictures to pawnbrokers, who, so it is said, could not sell them again. Wilson was one of the original thirty-six members of the Royal Academy, and in 1776 applied for and obtained the post of Librarian to that body, the small salary helping the struggling man to live. The last years of his life were brightened by better fortune. A brother left him a legacy, and in 1780 Wilson retired to a pleasant home at Llanberis, Carnarvon, where he died two years later. Mr. Redgrave says of him: "There is this praise due to our countryman—that our landscape art, which had heretofore been derived from the meaner school of Holland, following his great example, looked thenceforth to Italy for its inspiration; that he proved the power of native art to compete on this ground also with the art of the foreigner, and prepared the way for the coming men, who, embracing Nature as their mistress, were prepared to leave all and follow her." Wilson frequently repeated his more successful pictures. "The Ruins of the Villa of Mæcenas, at Tivoli" (National Gallery), was painted five times by him. In the same gallery are "The Destruction of Niobe's Children," "A Landscape with Figures," three "Views in Italy," "Lake Avernus with the Bay of Naples in the Distance," etc. In the Duke of Westminster's collection are "Apollo and the Seasons" and "The river Dee." Wilson, like many another man of genius, lived before his time, and was forced one day to ask Barry, the Royal Academician, if he knew any one mad enough to employ a landscape painter, and if so, whether he would recommend him.

JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Joshua Reynolds (1723-1792) was born at Plympton, Devon, the son of a clergyman who was a master in the grammar school. His father had intended him for a doctor, but nature decided that Joshua Reynolds should be a painter. He preferred to read Richardson's "Treatise on Painting" to any other book, and when his taste for art became manifest he was sent to London to study with Hudson, the popular portrait painter of the day. It was in 1741 that Joshua Reynolds began his studies with Hudson, and as that worthy could teach him little or nothing, it is fortunate for art that the connection only lasted two years. On leaving Hudson's studio Reynolds returned to Devonshire, but we know little about his life there till the year 1746, when his father died, and the painter was established at Plymouth Dock, now Devonport, and was painting portraits. Many of these earlier works betray the stiffness and want of nature which their author had probably learned from Hudson. Having visited London, and stayed for a time in St. Martin's Lane, the artists' quarter, Reynolds was enabled, in 1749, to realize his great wish, and go abroad, where, unfettered and unspoiled by the mechanical arts of his countrymen, he studied the treasures of Italy, chiefly in Rome, and without becoming a copyist, was imbued with the beauties of the Italian school. A love of color was the characteristic of Reynolds, and his use of brilliant and fugitive pigments accounts for the decay of many of his best works; he used to say jestingly that "he came off with flying colors." Doubtless the wish to rival the coloring of the Venetians led Reynolds to make numerous experiments which were often fatal to the preservation of his pictures.

Most of the leaders of the rank and fashion of the day sat for

their portraits to the painter who "read souls in faces." In 1768 Joshua Reynolds was chosen first President of the Royal Academy, and was knighted by George III. He succeeded, on the death of Ramsey, to the office of Court Painter. His "Discourses on Painting," delivered at the Royal Academy, were remarkable for their excellent judgment and literary skill. A lesser honor, though one which caused him the greatest pleasure, was conferred on Reynolds in 1773, when he was elected Mayor of his native Plympton. In the same year he exhibited his famous "Strawberry Girl," of which he said that it was "one of the half dozen original things" which no man ever exceeded in his life's work. In 1879 the failure of his sight warned Sir Joshua that "the night cometh when no man can work." He died, full of years and honors, on February 23rd, 1792, and was buried near St. Christopher Wren, in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Reynolds was a most untiring worker. He exhibited two hundred and forty-five pictures in the Royal Academy, on an average eleven every year. In the National Gallery are twenty-three of his paintings. Mr. Ruskin deems Reynolds "one of the seven colorists of the world," and places him with Titian, Giorgione, Correggio, Tintoretto, Veronese, and Turner. He likewise says: "Considered as a painter of individuality in the human form and mind, I think him, even as it is, the prince of portrait painters." Titian paints nobler pictures, and Van Dyck had nobler subjects, but neither of them entered so subtly as Sir Joshua did into the minor varieties of heart and temper.

#### THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH.

Thomas Gainsborough (1727-1788), the son of a clothier, was born at Sudbury, in Suffolk. The details of this master's life are few and uneventful. When between fourteen and fifteen years of age, his father sent Thomas Gainsborough to London to study art. His first master was Gravelot, a French engraver of great ability, to whose teaching Gainsborough probably owed much. From him he passed to Hayman, in the St. Martin's Lane Academy, a drawing school only. Gainsborough began as a portrait and landscape painter in Hatton Garden, but finding little patronage during four years of his sojourn there, returned to his native town. In 1760 he removed to Bath, and found a favorable field for portrait painting, though landscape was not neglected. Fourteen years later Gainsborough, no longer an unknown artist, came to London and rented part of Schomberg House, Pall Mall. He was now regarded as the rival of Reynolds in portraiture, and of Wilson in landscape. Once, when Reynolds at an Academy dinner proposed the health of his rival as "the greatest landscape painter of the day," Wilson, who was present, exclaimed, "Yes, and the greatest portrait painter, too." One of the original members of the Royal Academy, Gainsborough exhibited ninety pictures in the Gallery, but refused to contribute after 1783, because a portrait of his was not hung as he wished. A quick tempered, impulsive man, he had many disputes with Reynolds, though none of them were of a very bitter kind. Gainsborough's "Blue Boy" is commonly said to have been painted in spite against Reynolds, in order to disprove the President's statement that blue ought not to be used in masses. But there were other and worthier reasons for the production of this celebrated work, in respect to which Gainsborough followed his favorite Van Dyck in displaying "a large breadth of cool light supporting the flesh." It is pleasant to know that whatever soreness of feeling existed between him and Sir Joshua passed away before he died. This was in 1788. Gainsborough was buried at Kew. The Englishness of his landscapes makes him popular. Wilson had improved on the Dutch type by visiting Italy, but Gainsborough sought no other subjects than his own land afforded. Nature speaks in his portraits, or from his landscapes, and his rustic children excel those of Reynolds, because they are really sun-browned peasants, not fine ladies and gentlemen masquerading in the dresses of villagers. Mr. Ruskin says of Gains-

borough: "His power of color (it is mentioned by Sir Joshua as his peculiar gift) is capable of taking rank beside that of Rubens; he is the purest colorist—Sir Joshua himself not excepted—of the whole English school; with him, in fact, the art of painting did in great part die, and exists not now in Europe. I hesitate not to say that in the management and quality of single and particular tints, in the purely technical part of painting, Turner is a child to Gainsborough."

#### JOSEPH TURNER.

Joseph Mallord William Turner (1775-1851) stands at the head of English landscape painters. It has been said that though others may have equaled or surpassed him in some respects, "none has yet appeared with such versatility of talent." Turner owed nothing to the beauty or poetic surroundings of his birthplace, which was the house of his father, a barber in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden. But as Lord Byron is said to have conjured up his loveliest scenes of Greece whilst walking in Albemarle Street, so the associations of Maiden Lane did not prevent Turner from delineating storm-swept landscapes, and innumerable splendors of nature. The barber was justly proud of his child, who very early displayed his genius, and the first drawings of Turner are said to have been exhibited in his father's shaving room. In time the boy was coloring prints and washing in the backgrounds of architects' drawings. Dr. Monro, the art patron, extended a helping hand to the young genius of Maiden Lane. "Girtin and I," says Turner, "often walked to Bushey and back, to make drawings for good Dr. Munro at half a crown a piece, and the money for our supper when we got home." He did not, of course, start from London.

In 1789 Turner became a student in the Academy, and exhibited a picture in the next year at Somerset House, "View of the Archbishop's Palace at Lambeth." He was then only fifteen. From that time he worked with unceasing energy at his profession. Indeed, the pursuit of art was the one ruling principle of his life. He frequently went on excursions, the first being to Ramsgate and Margate, and was storing his memory with effects of storm, mist, and tempest, which he reproduced. In 1799, when made A.R.A., Turner had already exhibited works which ranged over twenty-six counties of England and Wales. In 1802 he was made full Academician, and presented, as his diploma picture, "Dolbadarn Castle, North Wales." In this year he visited the Continent, and saw France and Switzerland. Five years later Turner was appointed Professor of Perspective to the Royal Academy. We are told his lectures were delivered in so strange a style, that they were scarcely instructive. Of his water-color paintings and of the "Liber Studio-rum" it is impossible to speak too highly; he created the modern school of water-color painting, and his works in oil have influenced the art of the nineteenth century. He visited Italy for the first time in 1819; again ten years later, and for the last time in 1840. His eccentricity, both in manner and in art, increased with age. Though wealthy, and possessing a good house in Queen Anne Street, he died in an obscure lodging by the Thames, at Chelsea, a few days before Christmas, 1851.

Turner bequeathed his property to found a charity for male decayed artists, but the alleged obscurity of his will defeated this object. It was decided that his pictures and drawings should be presented to the National Gallery, that one thousand pounds should be spent on a monument to the painter in St. Paul's, twenty thousand pounds should be given to the Royal Academy, and the remainder to the next of kin and heir at law. The National Gallery contains more than one hundred of his pictures, beside a large number of water-color drawings and sketches.

#### EASTLAKE.

Charles Lock Eastlake (1793-1865), son of the Solicitor to the Admiralty in that town, was born at Plymouth, and educated first in Plympton Grammar School, where Reynolds had studied, and afterward at the Charterhouse, London. Choosing the



profession of a painter, he was encouraged, doubtless, by his fellow townsman, Haydon, who had just exhibited "Dentatus." Eastlake became the pupil of that erratic master, and attended the Academy schools. In 1813 he exhibited at the British Institution a large and ambitious picture, "Christ raising the Daughter of the Ruler." In the following year the young painter was sent by Mr. Harmon to Paris, to copy some of the famous works collected by Napoleon in the Louvre. The emperor's escape from Elba, and the consequent excitement in Europe, caused Eastlake to quit Paris, and he returned to Plymouth, where he practiced successfully as a portrait painter. In 1819 Eastlake visited Greece and Italy, and spent fourteen years abroad, chiefly at Ferrara and Rome. The picturesque dress of the Italian and Greek peasantry so fascinated him that for a long period he forsook history for small *genre* works, of which brigands and peasants were the chief subjects. A large historical painting, "Mercury bringing the Golden Apple to Paris," appeared in 1820, and seven years later, "The Spartan Isidas." In 1828 Eastlake produced "Italian Scene in the Anno Santo, Pilgrims arriving in sight of St. Peters," which he twice repeated. In 1829 "Lord Byron's Dream," a poetic landscape (National Gallery), was exhibited, and Eastlake becoming an Academician, returned to England. To his labors as a painter Eastlake added the duties of several important offices, and much valuable literary work. He was Secretary to the Royal Commission for Decorating the New Palace of Westminster, Librarian of the Royal Academy, and Keeper, and afterward Director of the National Gallery. In 1850 he succeeded Sir Martin Shee as President of the Royal Academy, and was knighted. From that time till his death, at Pisa, in 1865, he was chiefly engaged in selecting pictures to be purchased by the British Government. He was editor of Kugler's "Handbook of the Italian Schools of painting," and author of "Materials for a History of Oil Painting."

## SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

Edwin Henry Landseer (1802-1873) was eminent among English animal painters. No artist has done more to teach us how to love animals and to enforce the truth that

"He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small."

Not only did Landseer rival some of the Dutch masters of the seventeenth century in painting fur and feathers, but he depicted animals with sympathy, as if he believed that "the dumb, driven cattle" possess souls. His dogs and other animals are so human as to look as if they were able to speak. The painter was the son of John Landseer, the engraver, and was born in London. He received art lessons from his father, and, when little more than a baby, would sketch donkeys, horses, and cows at Hampstead Heath. Some of these sketches, made when Landseer was five, seven, and ten years old, are at Kensington. He was only fourteen when he exhibited the heads of "A Pointer Bitch and Puppy." When between sixteen and seventeen he produced "Dogs Fighting," which was engraved by the painter's father. Still more popular was "The Dogs of St. Gothard rescuing a Distressed Traveler," which appeared when its author was eighteen. Landseer was not a pupil of Haydon, but he had occasional counsel from him. He dissected a lion. As soon as he reached the age of twenty-four he was elected A.R.A., and exhibited at the Academy "The Hunting of Chevy Chase." This was in 1826, and in 1831 he became a full member of the Academy. Landseer had visited Scotland in 1826, and from that date we trace a change in his style, which thenceforth was far less solid, true and searching, and became more free and bold. The introduction of deer into his pictures, as in "The Children of the Mist," "Seeking Sanctuary," and "The Stag at Bay," marked the influence of Scotch associations. Landseer was knighted in 1850, and at the French exhibition of 1855 was awarded the only large gold medal given to an English artist. Prosperous, popular, and the guest

of the highest personages of the realm, he was visited about 1852 by an illness which compelled him to retire from society. From this he recovered, but the effects of a railway accident in 1868 brought on a relapse. He died in 1873, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral. On the death of Sir Charles Eastlake, in 1865, he was offered the Presidentship of the Royal Academy, but this honor he declined. In the National Gallery are "Spaniels of King Charles's Breed," "Low Life and High Life," "Highland Music" (a highland piper disturbing a group of five hungry dogs, at their meal, with a blast on the pipes), "The Hunted Stag," "Peace," "War" (dying and dead horses, and their riders lying amidst the burning ruins of a cottage), "Dignity and Impudence," "Alexander and Diogenes," "The Defeat of Comus," a sketch painted for a fresco in the Queen's summer house, Buckingham Palace. Sixteen of Landseer's works are in the Sheepshanks Collection, including the touching "Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner," of which Mr. Ruskin said that "it stamps its author not as the neat imitator of the texture of a skin, or the fold of a drapery, but as the man of mind."

CRITICISMS ON AMERICAN  
LITERATURE.

## CONDITIONS AND CHARACTERISTICS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

The conditions under which the communities of the New World were established, and the terms on which they hitherto existed, have been unfavorable to Art. The religious and commercial enthusiasms of the first adventurers to her shores, supplying themes for the romancers of a later age, were themselves antagonistic to romance. The spirit which tore down the aisles of St. Regulus, and was revived in England in a reaction against music, painting and poetry, the Pilgrim Fathers bore with them in the "Mayflower" and planted across the seas. The life of the early colonists left no leisure for refinement. They had to conquer nature before admiring it, to feed and clothe before analyzing themselves. The ordinary cares of existence beset them to the exclusion of its embellishments. While Dryden, Pope and Addison were polishing stanzas and adding grace to English prose, they were felling trees, navigating rivers, and fertilizing valleys. . . . An enlightened people in a new land "where almost every one has facilities elsewhere unknown for making his fortune," it is not to be wondered that the pursuit of wealth has been their leading impulse; nor is it perhaps to be regretted that much of their originality has been expended upon inventing machines instead of manufacturing verses, or that their religion itself has taken a practical turn. One of their own authors confesses that the "common New England life is still a lean, impoverished life, in distinction from a rich and suggestive one," but it is there alone that the speculative and artistic tendencies of recent years have found room and occasion for development. Our travelers find a peculiar charm in the manly force and rough adventurous spirit of the Far West, but the poetry of the pioneer is unconscious. The attractive culture of the South has been limited in extent and degree. The hothouse fruit of wealth and leisure, it has never struck its roots deeply into native soil. . . . All the best transatlantic literature is inspired by the spirit of confidence—often of over-confidence—in labor. It has only flourished freely in a free soil; and for almost all its vitality and aspirations, its comparatively scant performance and large promise we must turn to New England. Its defects and merits are those of the national character as developed in the northern states, and we must seek for an explanation of its peculiarities in the physical and moral circumstances which surround them.

When European poets and essayists write of nature it is to contrast her permanence with the mutability of human life.



We talk of the everlasting hills, the perennial fountains, the ever-recurring seasons. . . . In America, on the other hand, it is the extent of nature that is dwelt upon—the infinity of space, rather than the infinity of time, is opposed to the limited rather than to the transient existence of man. Nothing strikes a traveler in that country so much as this feature of magnitude. The rivers like rolling lakes, the lakes which are inland seas, the forests, the plains, Niagara itself, with its world of waters, owe their magnificence to their immensity; and by a transference, not unnatural, although fallacious, the Americans generally have modeled their ideas of art after the same standard of size. Their wars, their hotels, their language, are pitched on the huge scale of their distances. "Orphaned of the solemn inspiration of antiquity," they gain in surface what they have lost in age; in hope, what they have lost in memory.

"That untraveled world whose margin fades

Forever and forever when they move,"

is all their own; and they have the area and the expectation of a continent to set against the culture and the ancestral voices of a thousand years. Where Englishmen remember, Americans anticipate. In thought and action they are ever rushing into empty spaces. Except in a few of the older states, a family mansion is rarely rooted to the same town or district; and the tie which unites one generation with another being easily broken, the want of continuity in life breeds a want of continuity in thought. The American mind delights in speculative and practical, social and political experiments, as Shakerism, Mormonism, Pantagamy; and a host of authors from Emerson to Walt Whitman, have tried to glorify every mode of human life from the transcendental to the brutish. The habit of instability, fostered by the rapid vicissitudes of their commercial life and the melting of one class into another drifts away all their landmarks but that of temporary public opinion; and where there is little time for verification and the study of details, men satisfy their curiosity with crude generalizations. The great literary fault of the Americans has thus come to be *impatience*. The majority of them have never learned that "raw haste is half-sister to delay," that "works done least rapidly, art most cherishes." The make-shifts which were first a necessity with the northern settlers have grown into a custom. They adopt ten half measures instead of one whole one; and, beginning bravely like the grandiloquent preambles to their Constitutions end sometimes in the sublime, and sometimes in the ridiculous.

The critics of one nation must, to a certain extent, regard the works of another from an outside point of view. Few are able to divest themselves wholly of the influence of local standards; and this is preëminently the case when the early efforts of a young country are submitted to the judgment of an older country, strong in its prescriptive rights, and intolerant of changes the drift of which it is unable or unwilling to appreciate. English critics are apt to bear down on the writers and thinkers of the new world with a sort of aristocratic hauteur; they are perpetually reminding them of their immaturity and their disregard of the golden mean. Americans, on the other hand, are impossible to please. Ordinary men among them are as sensitive to foreign, and above all to British censure, as the *irritable genus* of other lands. Mr. Emerson is permitted to impress home truths on his countrymen, as "your American eagle is all very well, but beware of the American peacock." Such remarks are not permitted to Englishmen; if they point to any flaws in American manners or ways of thinking, with an effort after politeness, it is "the good natured cynicism of a well-to-do age;" if they commend transatlantic institutions or achievements, it is, according to Mr. Lowell, "with that pleasant European air of self-compliment in condescending to be pleased by American merit which we find so conciliating." Now that the United States have reached their full majority, it is time that England should cease to assume the attitude of their guardian, and time that they should cease to be on the alert to re-

sent the assumption. Foremost among the more attractive features of transatlantic literature is its *freshness*. The authority which is the guide of old nations constantly threatens to become tyrannical; they wear their traditions like a chain; and in the canonization of laws of taste, the creative powers are depressed. Even in England we write under fixed conditions; with the fear of critics before our eyes, we are all bound to cast our ideas into similar moulds, and the name of "free-thinkers" has grown into a term of reproach. Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" is perhaps the last book written without a thought of being reviewed. There is a gain in the habit of self-restraint fostered by this state of things; but there is a loss in the consequent lack of spontaneity, and we may learn something from a literature which is ever ready for adventure. In America the love of uniformity gives place to impetuous impulses; the most extreme sentiments are made audible; the most noxious "have their day and cease to be;" and truth being left to vindicate itself, the overthrow of error, though more gradual, may at last prove more complete. A New England poet can write with confidence of his country as the land

"Where no one suffers loss or bleeds  
For thoughts that men call heresies."

Another feature of American literature is its *comprehensiveness*; what it has lost in depth it has gained in breadth. Addressing a vast audience it appeals to universal sympathies.—*Abridged from "American Literature" in Encyclopædia Britannica.*

#### OUR LITERATURE IMITATIVE.

Literature is a positive element of civilized life; but in different countries and epochs it exists sometimes as a passive taste or means of culture, and at others as a development of productive tendencies. The first is the usual form in colonial societies, where the habit of looking to the fatherland for intellectual nutriment as well as political authority is the natural result even of patriotic feeling. The circumstances, too, of young communities, like those of the individual, are unfavorable to original literary production. Life is too absorbing to be recorded otherwise than in statistics. The wants of the hour and the exigencies of practical responsibility wholly engage the mind. Half a century ago, it was usual to sneer in England at the literary pretensions of America; but the ridicule was quite as unphilosophical as unjust, for it was to be expected that the new settlements would find their chief mental subsistence in the rich heritage of British literature, endeared to them by a community of language, political sentiment, and historical association. And when a few of the busy denizens of a new republic ventured to give expression to their thoughts, it was equally natural that the spirit and the principles of their ancestral literature should reappear. Scenery, border-life, the vicinity of the aborigines, and a great political experiment were the only novel features in the new world upon which to found anticipations of originality; in academic culture, habitual reading, moral and domestic tastes, and cast of mind, the Americans were identified with the mother country, and, in all essential particulars, would naturally follow the style thus inherent in their natures and confirmed by habit and study. At first, therefore, the literary development of the United States was imitative; but with the progress of the country, and her increased leisure and means of education, the writings of the people became more and more characteristic; theological and political occasions gradually ceased to be the exclusive moulds of thought; and didactic, romantic, and picturesque compositions appeared from time to time. Irving peopled "Sleepy Hollow" with fanciful creations; Bryant described not only with truth and grace, but with devotional sentiment, the characteristic scenes of his native land; Cooper introduced Europeans to the wonders of her forest and seacoast; Bancroft made her story eloquent; and Webster

proved that the race of orators who once roused her children to freedom was not extinct. The names of Edwards and Franklin were echoed abroad; the bonds of mental dependence were gradually loosened; the inherited tastes remained, but they were freshened with a more native zest; and although Brockden Brown is still compared to Godwin, Irving to Addison, Cooper to Scott, Hoffman to Moore, Emerson to Carlyle, and Holmes to Pope, a characteristic vein, an individuality of thought, and a local significance is now generally recognized in the emanations of the American mind; and the best of them rank favorably and harmoniously with similar exemplars in British literature; while, in a few instances, the nationality is so marked, and so sanctioned by true genius, as to challenge the recognition of all impartial and able critics. The majority, however, of our authors are men of talent rather than of genius; the greater part of the literature of the country has sprung from New England, and is therefore, as a general rule, too unimpassioned and coldly elegant for popular effect. There have been a lamentable want of self-reliance, and an obstinate blindness to the worth of native material, both scenic, historical, and social. The great defect of our literature has been a lack of independence, and too exclusive a deference to hackneyed models; there has been, and is, no deficiency of intellectual life; it has thus far, however, often proved too diffusive and conventional for great results.—*Henry T. Tuckerman.*

#### POETRY OF AMERICA.

America abounds in the material of poetry. Its history, its scenery, the structure of its social life, the thoughts which pervade its political forms, the meaning which underlies its hot contests, are all capable of being exhibited in a poetical aspect. Carlyle, in speaking of the settlement of Plymouth by the Pilgrims, remarks that, if we had the open sense of the Greeks, we should have "found a poem here; one of nature's own poems, such as she writes in broad facts over great continents." If we have a literature, it should be a national literature; no feeble or sonorous echo of Germany or England, but essentially American in its tone and object. No matter how meritorious a composition may be, as long as any foreign nation can say that it has done the same thing better, so long shall we be spoken of with contempt, or in a spirit of impertinent patronage. We begin to sicken of the custom, now so common, of presenting even our best poems to the attention of foreigners with a deprecating, apologetic air; as if their acceptance of the offering, with a few soft and silky compliments, would be an act of kindness demanding our warmest acknowledgements. If the *Quarterly Review* or *Blackwood's Magazine* speaks well of an American production, we think that we can praise it ourselves, without incurring the reproach of bad taste. The folly we yearly practice, of flying into a passion with some inferior English writer, who caricatures our faults, and tells dull jokes about his tour through the land, has only the effect to exalt an insignificant scribbler into notoriety, and give a nominal value to his recorded impertinence. If the mind and heart of the country had its due expression, if its life had taken form in a literature worthy of itself, we should pay little regard to the childish tattling of a pert coxcomb, who was discontented with our taverns, or the execrations of some bluff sea-captain, who was shocked with our manners. The uneasy sense we have of something in our national existence which has not yet been fitly expressed, gives poignancy to the least ridicule launched at faults and follies which lie on the superficies of our life. Every person feels that a book which condemns the country for its peculiarities of manners and customs does not pierce into the heart of the matter, and is essentially worthless. If Bishop Berkeley, when he visited Malabar, had paid exclusive attention to the habitation, raiment, and manners of the man, and neglected the conversation of the metaphysician, and, when he returned to England, had en-

tertained Pope, Swift, Gay, and Arbuthnot, with satirical descriptions of the "complement extern" of his eccentric host, he would have acted just as wisely as many an English tourist, with whose malicious pleasantry on our habits of chewing, spitting, and eating, we are silly enough to quarrel. To the United States, in reference to the pop-gun shots of foreign tourists, might be addressed the warning which Peter Plymley thundered against Bonaparte, in reference to the Anti-Jacobin jests of Canning: Tremble, oh thou land of many spitters and voters, "for a pleasant man has come out against thee, and thou shalt be laid low by a joker of jokes, and he shall talk his pleasant talk to thee, and thou shalt be no more!"

In order that America may take its due rank in the commonwealth of nations, a literature is needed which shall be the exponent of its higher life. We live in times of turbulence and change. There is a general dissatisfaction, manifesting itself often in rude contests and ruder speech, with the gulf which separates principles from actions. Men are struggling to realize dim ideals of right and truth, and each failure adds to the desperate earnestness of their efforts. Beneath all the shrewdness and selfishness of the American character, there is a smouldering enthusiasm which flames out at the first touch of fire,—sometimes at the hot and hasty words of party, and sometimes at the bidding of great thoughts and unselfish principles. The heart of the nation is easily stirred to its depths; but those who rouse its fiery impulses into action are often men compounded of ignorance and wickedness, and wholly unfit to guide the passions which they are able to excite. There is no country in the world which has nobler ideas embodied in more worthless shapes. All our factions, fanaticisms, reforms, parties, creeds, ridiculous or dangerous though they often appear, are founded on some aspiration or reality which deserves a better form and expression. There is a mighty power in great speech. If the sources of what we call our fooleries and faults were rightly addressed, they would echo more majestic and kindling truths. We want a poetry which shall speak in clear, loud tones to the people; a poetry which shall make us more in love with our native land, by converting its ennobling scenery into the images of lofty thought; which shall give visible form and life to the abstract ideas of our written constitutions; which shall confer upon virtue all the strength of principle, and all the energy of passion; which shall disentangle freedom from cant and senseless hyperbole, and render it a thing of such loveliness and grandeur as to justify all self-sacrifice; which shall make us love man by the new consecrations it sheds on his life and destiny; which shall force through the thin partitions of conventionalism and expediency; vindicate the majesty of reason; give new power to the voice of conscience, and new vitality to human affection; soften and elevate passion; guide enthusiasm in a right direction, and speak out in the high language of men to a nation of men.—*E. P. Whipple.*

#### THE THREE PERIODS OF OUR LITERATURE.

The literary history of the United States may be treated under three distinctly marked periods, viz.: a colonial, or ante-revolutionary period, during which the literature of the country was closely assimilated in form and character to that of England; a first American period (from 1775 to 1820) which witnessed the transition from a style for the most part imitative to one national or peculiar, as a consequence of the revolutionary struggle and the ideas generated by it; a second American (from 1820 to the present time), in which the literature of the country assumed a decided character of originality.

Though men of letters were found everywhere among the colonists, in New England alone, where the first printing press was established, was there any considerable progress made in literary culture, and the literature of the colonial period was chiefly confined to that locality or indirectly connected with it. The earliest development, owing to the religious character of



the people, and to the fact that during the first century after the settlement of the country the clergy were the best informed and educated class, was theological. Some of the works, by Edwards and others, in defense of the dogmas of the church were very elaborate, and the positions taken maintained with much ability and acuteness of argument.

The influence of the great English essayists and novelists of the eighteenth century had, meanwhile, begun to effect the literature of the New World; and in the essays, the collection of maxims published under the title of "Poor Richard," or "The Way to Wealth," the scientific papers and autobiography of Benjamin Franklin, we have specimens of practical philosophy, or of simple narrative expressed in a style eminently clear, pleasing, and condensed; and not unfrequently embellished by the wit and elegance characteristic of the best writers of Queen Anne's time. His investigations in electricity and other scientific subjects are not less felicitously narrated, and together with the works of James Logan, Paul Dudley, Cadwallader Colden and John Bartram, a naturalist, and one of the earliest of American travelers, constitute the chief contributions to scientific literature during the colonial period.

II. The earliest works produced during the first American period, commencing with the Revolution, are naturally associated with the causes which led to that event. The severance of the intellectual reliance of the colonies on the mother country followed as a consequence of their political independence, and as early as the commencement of the revolutionary struggle the high literary ability as well as practical wisdom evinced in the public documents of the principal American statesmen, were recognized by Lord Chatham, in whose opinion these productions rivaled the masterpieces of antiquity. Politics now gained a prominence almost equal to that enjoyed by theology in the preceding period. The discussions accorded thoroughly with the popular taste, and the influence of political writers and orators in giving a decided national type to American literature is unmistakable.

III. The last period of American literature presents a marked contrast with those which preceded in the national character, as well as in the variety and extent of its productions. In 1820 the poverty of American Literature was sneeringly commented upon by Sydney Smith in the *Edinburgh Review*, but from that date, the political crisis being past, the intellectual development of the country has been commensurate with its social and material progress, until at the present day it can be said there is no department of human knowledge which has not been more or less thoroughly explored by American authors. In history, natural science, jurisprudence, and imaginative literature their efforts have not been exceeded by those of contemporary authors in any part of the world.

The catalogue of American books, many of them having rare excellence, published in the last half century would fill volumes.

Perhaps in her periodical literature, more than elsewhere, America excels. Her leading quarterlies and literary magazines are scarcely inferior to the best we get from Europe; while their number and circulation are matter of astonishment. The masses in America read far more than in other countries. They patronize 11,403 different periodicals, that have an aggregate circulation of 31,177,924. Of these 3,637,224 are received daily, making 148,451,110 papers a year. There are 19,459,107 papers published weekly, making 97,295,535 a year. Others are published semi-weekly, monthly, semi-monthly, or quarterly.—*Abridged from American Cyclopædia.*

For when a man is brought up honorably, he feels ashamed to act basely; every one trained to noble deeds blushes to be found recreant; valor may be taught, as we teach a child to speak, to hear those things which he knows not; such love as the child learns he retains with fondness to old age—strong incitements to train your children well.—*Euripides.*

## UNITED STATES HISTORY.

### THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

For twelve years after the defeat of the French, the English colonists in America, though suffering many things, prospered. A patriotic, vigorous race had possession of the new world—men who loved liberty, knew their rights, and dared maintain them. Their civil institutions were founded on liberal principles, and the sovereignty of the people recognized. Time and conflicting interests had somewhat weakened the ties that bound them to the mother country. Already numbering near two millions, though nominally subject to the crown they had, for generations, managed their affairs with more hindrance than help from the ruling class in Great Britain. Agriculture was the chief industry, and the products had become extensive; but commerce hampered by many restrictions was carried on awkwardly, and often with little profit to the producers. Manufacturing enterprises were discouraged and hindered by arbitrary enactments respecting them. The colonists felt the wrongs they suffered, but endured them till the hindrances and burdens became intolerable. Their complaints unheeded and their petitions spurned, nothing could longer delay the bold, defiant assertion of their rights, or quell the spirit of indignant resentment. The most thoughtful had reluctantly come to regard war as inevitable, and resolutely prepared to meet the demands that would be made on them. The differences between the home government and the colonists were of long standing and about matters of such vital interest to the latter, they could make no compromise. The king and his ministers claimed the right to tax, at their pleasure, two millions of British subjects who were allowed no representation in Parliament. This was denied steadily and with emphasis—every attempt to enforce, however indirectly, the claim was watched and defeated. Enactments that were regarded oppressive were either evaded or openly set at naught. The duties required could not be collected. No matter how plain the law, governors who held office by the appointment of the king could not enforce it, and the recusant merchants and manufacturers, if arrested and tried, were not convicted. Applications to the courts for warrants to seize goods were resisted—and neither search nor seizure was found quite safe for those who attempted it.

In 1763 officers were directed to confiscate all merchant vessels engaged in what was declared unlawful trade, and English war ships were sent to the American coast to enforce the order. This exasperating measure ruined for a time trade with the West Indies, but failed to intimidate. The next year the odious Stamp Act was passed requiring all deeds, articles of agreement, notes, receipts, checks and drafts to be written on paper bearing the government stamp, and taxed from three pence to six pounds sterling, according to the purpose for which it was prepared. Franklin, who labored hard to prevent the passage of the act, was sadly disappointed and wrote to a friend at home: "The sun of American liberty has set—we must now light the lamps of industry and economy." "Be assured," said the patriotic friend in reply, "we shall light torches of another sort." And they did. The paper was manufactured and sent over in large quantities, but no market was found for it. In New York and Boston much of it was seized and publicly destroyed, while whole cargoes were carried back to England. The people were thoroughly aroused and indignant. Crowds of excited men collected in the towns, and acts of violence were committed against any who proposed submission. The ringing words of Patrick Henry in the Virginia legislature, and the resolutions sent out from that body boldly declaring that the colonists, as Englishmen, would never submit to be taxed without representation, startled the people. Some were alarmed, but most expressed hearty approval. About the same time similar action was taken by the New York and Massachusetts legislatures, and the question of



an American Congress, suggestive of a separate nationality, was agitated. The patriotic society known as "The Sons of Liberty" was now organized, the members being pledged to oppose tyranny and defend, with their lives, if necessary, the sacred rights of freemen. Merchants in the principal cities bound themselves to buy no more goods from English houses until the offensive act was repealed, while the people with wonderful unanimity resolved to deny themselves all imported luxuries. The storm that was seen to be gathering caused some hesitation in Parliament. The English manufacturers and merchants, whose products and merchandise remained in their storehouses, became alarmed, while a few eminent statesmen as Lord Camden, and Pitt in the House of Commons, espoused the cause of the colonists and denounced the folly of the administration. "You," said Pitt in a powerful speech, "have no right to tax America. I rejoice that Americans have resisted." The result was the necessitated repeal of the unwise measure. To cover their retreat from the position taken, and to conciliate the Tories, the act to repeal was accompanied with a declaration of "right to bind the colonists in all things whatsoever." Nobody seemed to care much for their harmless declaration, and for a brief space there was quiet, if not peace.

A year later there was a change in the ministry, and, in an hour of unparalleled folly, another scheme was brought forward to levy a tax in a slightly different form—a duty on sundry specified articles, such as glass, paper, printers' colors and tea. The resentment was immediate and indignant. It seemed like adding insult to injury, and denunciations of the attempt, both in popular assemblies and by the press, were prompt and bitter. Early in 1768 the legislature of Massachusetts adopted a circular calling on the other colonies for assistance in a determined effort to have redress. This, more than all that orators or editors could say, exasperated the British lords, who in the name of the king enjoined the legislature to at once rescind their action, that was pronounced treasonable, and to express regret for such hasty proceedings. The sturdy Massachusetts men, who had counted the cost, were not in a temper to do anything of the kind, but instead they almost unanimously re-affirmed their action; nor would they disperse at his bidding when the Tory governor, with authority dissolved the Assembly. They knew the peril of the situation, and their great disadvantage in having among them and over them civil officers appointed by the king, while his armies held all the forts and arsenals of the country. But there was no alternative. They must accept a servile condition or offer manly resistance and take the consequences. For this they were ready, and the people ready to sustain them. In opposition to the governor's edict they communicated to their constituents and to the other colonies their unchanging determination to resist the unjust demands of their lordly oppressors. This hastened the crisis. The exasperated governor invoked the aid of the military. And his friend General Gage, commander of the British forces in America, ordered from Halifax two regiments of regulars to strengthen the governor's police. It seemed a large force for the purpose, but even they were not sufficient to squelch the spirit of freedom. The civil authorities promptly refused to provide supplies or quarters for the troops for whose presence they had no occasion or need. They were encamped on the common, and, for the purpose of intimidation, a great display was made, but it only embittered the feelings of the citizens. Mutual hatred between them and the hired soldiers, aggravated by insults and injuries on both sides, soon led to open hostilities. A small company of soldiers were attacked by a mob, and fired, killing some and wounding others. The rage of the people at the occurrence knew no bounds. They became so violent that it was thought advisable to withdraw the troops from the city. The squad implicated in the massacre was indicted for murder and had a fair trial. This was magnanimous. The keenest sense of

the injuries received did not make true patriots forgetful of the personal rights of those who were the instruments of the oppression they suffered. At the trial of the soldiers John Adams and Josiah Quincy, both well known as staunch advocates of the people's cause, appeared for the defense, and showed that the evidence could only convict of manslaughter, and as it seemed in self-defense, the punishment should be light.

Meanwhile full accounts of these disturbances were sent to England and caused intense excitement there. Parliament not only censured the colonists in strongly worded resolutions, but directed the governors to seize and transport to England for trial the leaders of disloyalty. The order was never carried out. Even after this some concessions were made to the demands of the colonists under the pressure of urgent appeals from English merchants who saw nothing but financial ruin to themselves in the loss of their trade with America. The duties on all articles imported from England were removed except on tea, and that, it was said, was retained simply to assert the sovereignty of the home government. This was an effort to conciliate those whom threats and military displays had failed to intimidate, but it too failed.

The East India Company had large quantities of tea in their storehouses, and having no orders from merchants, and being assured that many Tories, as all officers and supporters of the king were called, would patronize them, made arrangements for carrying on the business through their own agents. The plan seemed to promise success. Their men were appointed and a number of vessels freighted and sent to America. But there were difficulties in the way. In New York and Philadelphia the consignees, though anxious for the gains promised them, became alarmed and dared not enter on the duties of their appointment; and the captains were obliged to return to England with their cargoes. In Boston the agents of the company refused to resign, though threatened for their contumacy. In the midst of the excitement three ships arrived with cargoes of tea. A large committee demanded that it should be taken away. Of course there could be no public, and the vigilance of the citizens prevented a secret landing. The shipmasters saw that the only safe course for them was to obey the will of the people, but when they would have departed the governor was obstinate and no clearance could be obtained without first landing the cargoes. Repeated meetings were held, the question fully discussed, when it was resolved to resist to the last extremity the landing of the tea. They were in mass meeting when the ultimatum of the governor refusing the passports was received. The deliberations were then at an end, and the enthusiasm knew no bounds. A man in the crowd suddenly gave the war whoop and a rush was made for the wharf. The disguised man was joined by others, perhaps twenty in number, who without damaging any other property emptied all the tea chests into the sea. The work was done speedily and without hindrance. When informed of these violent proceedings Parliament immediately passed the "Boston Port Bill," and removed the custom house to Salem. At the same time two other acts were passed, that added fuel to the fire, one giving the appointment of all civil and judicial officers directly to the crown; the other providing that in any future trial for homicide or violent resistance of the lawfully constituted authorities, the governor might send the accused out of the colony for trial.

In 1774 General Gage was appointed governor instead of Hutchinson. Personally he was much preferred to his predecessor, but coming to enforce the Port Bill, and having military authority the people felt that he was their enemy, and were ready to obstruct any measures he might adopt. Though Gage, with his army of regulars, was in possession, the organization and training of the militia proceeded with great zeal. Soon twelve thousand were enrolled as "Minute Men," or civilians ready for military service at a moment's notice. In the other colonies much the same state of things existed. The

people organized, drilled and prepared materials of war for the common defense.

In September of this year Congress met in Philadelphia. Of the fifty-three members in attendance nearly all were men of high standing in society, and already known to the country as true patriots. They were not an assembly of political aspirants and adventurers who, for personal ends, had sought the high position they filled, but representative men who deeply felt that the best interests, if not the very existence of the communities they represented demanded of them measures as prudent and cautious as they were firm and uncompromising. They indorsed the action of the Massachusetts Convention; put forth a plain, well-considered declaration of colonial rights; enumerated instances in which these had been violated; effected a more efficient opposition to any trade with England until satisfaction could be obtained for injuries done.

The moderation yet firmness of Congress met with very general approval. A few were in sympathy with the government, and the Quakers condemned everything they thought might bring on the country the calamities of war. All other religious bodies, and especially the pastors of the New England churches, without hesitation lent all their influence to the cause of freedom. Parliament now decided on more violent coercive measures. The policy of Pitt was rejected. The colonial agents, Franklin and others, were refused a hearing, and large military reinforcements ordered to America. The crisis had come sooner than some, who thought it inevitable, expected, but the citizens, cut off from all their sources of prosperity and denounced as rebels, were ready. The British garrison in Boston was strong, but the suffering people were unwed, and the commander of the post learned with some concern of the vigorous preparations for the impending conflict that were progressing in all parts of the province. Arms and other war material were, with all possible speed, collected and stored in different places. It was soon learned that notwithstanding the presence of the army and vigilance of the officers, large quantities of arms and ammunition had been smuggled out of Boston and stored at Concord, some eighteen miles distant. General Gage thought the time had come to stop these movements that might cause him serious trouble, and eighteen hundred of his infantry were sent to seize the stores at Concord. The plan of that first raid was supposed to be entirely secret. But somehow, Dr. Warren, a prominent Boston patriot, became apprised of it and spread the intelligence through the country in time to have the stores in part removed to a safer place. The troops next morning on reaching Lexington, a few miles from Concord, found a company of militia under arms, who were ordered to disperse, a volley was fired and eight men killed. At Concord the minute men endeavored to keep possession of a bridge, but were charged and driven from it. The object of the raid was in part accomplished. Some stores that could not be removed in time to save them were destroyed, but nothing of value could be taken away. The "Minute Men" were, by this time, coming from all quarters, and a very hasty retreat was found necessary. They were exposed to a galling fire from riflemen concealed on both sides of the road, while others pressed hard on their rear. Many fell, and but for reinforcements sent out to meet them, the whole command might have been cut off or captured. They lost that day not far from three hundred men. British soldiers and their officers gained some new ideas of the metal of the untrained militia with whom they had to deal. The war was now begun, the first blood shed, and the call to arms was promptly answered in all parts of the province. In a short time there were more men gathered about Boston with their rifles and shotguns than could be employed. The city was besieged, and in the trenches, amidst intense excitement, there was enough brave talk of driving the British into the sea. Through all the southern and middle colonies the news of the opening of the campaign called forth the strongest expressions of sympathy

and prompt assurances of support in the common cause. Everywhere the patriots organized for defense and for the seizure of such military funds and stores as might be found at posts not sufficiently guarded.

In May, 1775, Congress met again in Philadelphia and decided that as war had been commenced by the mother country the most active measures should be taken for defense. George Washington, of Virginia, was made commander-in-chief, and several Major and Adjutant Generals appointed.

In the meantime the forces that held Gage shut up in Boston rapidly increased in numbers. Stark, Putnam, Green and Arnold, with their militia, hastened to the scene of action, eager to avenge the wrongs of their fellow citizens.

In another quarter the eccentric Ethan Allen, with a company of Vermont mountaineers, made a dash as daring and successful as any during the war. The attention of the patriotic leaders was turned to the fortress at Ticonderoga, where immense stores were collected for the use of the British army. Allen resolved to surprise the garrison and capture the place. They reached the shore of the lake opposite Ticonderoga without being discovered, but found the means of transportation so limited that only eighty men succeeded in crossing. To delay was to fail, and the attack must be made at once. Allen and Arnold, who had joined the expedition as a private, rushed into the gateway of the fort, driving, and entering with the sentinel, closely followed by their men. The shouts of the audacious assailants, already within the fort, were such as few garrisons had heard. Not a gun had been discharged, but Allen's men faced the barracks, while he rushed to the quarters of the commandant, and shouted, "Surrender this fort immediately." "By what authority?" inquired the astounded officer, suddenly roused from his slumbers. "In the name of the Great Jehovah and of the Continental Congress," said Allen. And there seemed to be no alternative. A fortress that cost England millions of dollars was captured in ten minutes by that little band of patriots. Twenty cannon and a vast quantity of all kinds of military stores fell into the hands of the Americans.

In May of this year Generals Howe, Clinton, and Burgoyne arrived at Boston with reinforcements that increased the army holding the place to more than ten thousand men. General Gage, thus strengthened, became arrogant, issued his proclamation, denouncing those in arms as rebels, but offering pardon to any who would submit, excepting Adams and Hancock. These two, when delivered up or taken, were to suffer the penalty for treason.

There were evident preparations for some movement from Boston—rumor said to burn the neighboring towns, and lay waste the country. To prevent this the Americans determined to seize and fortify Bunker Hill, which commanded the peninsula over which their enemies would seek to pass. On the night of the 16th of June, Colonel Prescott was sent with a thousand men to occupy the hill. The movement was skilfully carried out, and a position a little farther down the peninsula than that contemplated, and within easy cannon range of the city was fortified, the men working diligently till morning in digging trenches and constructing their fort. When the astonished general discovered what was done, he said: "We must take those works immediately." After a fierce cannonade, that did little harm, the attack was made by General Howe, with three thousand regulars, determined to carry the works on the hill by assault. As the column moved forward in fine order, all the batteries within range opened fire on the intrenchments of the Americans, who were only about fifteen hundred in number, and having wrought all night, and till three p. m., were suffering from hunger and fatigue. Happily the gunners did not get the range, or much disturb those in the trenches, who reserved their fire till the head of the column was within one hundred and fifty feet, when, at the command of Prescott, every gun was discharged with deliberate aim. The shock was



terrible. Hundreds fell, and there was a precipitate retreat. At the foot of the hill they were re-formed, and made a second fierce assault, with a like result, the men in the trenches reserving their fire till the enemy were close at hand. The destruction was so terrible that nearly all the officers fell, and the shattered column returned in disorder. General Clinton, who had witnessed the unexpected repulse, hastened to the field with reinforcements, and the third attempt was more successful. The provincials had but little ammunition left, and were unable to repel the fresh assailants. Some had already leaped over the breastworks, and the brave defenders of the fort withdrew. In the retreat the lamented Warren fell. Though defeated it was a glorious day for the patriots. Generals Howe and Clinton had gained a victory, but at fearful cost. Two more such would have nearly blotted out that splendid army.

They dared not venture into the country, but returned to Boston and were still closely besieged by Washington and his army. The siege was so pressed that it was difficult to subsist the army there, and to save the city from destruction they were allowed to embark the whole army on transports, taking with them many Tories who had been too open in their friendship for the Royalists to be safe if left behind. Of that class there were some in almost all communities, and during the bloody years that followed they both suffered much and caused much suffering. In some sections where they were numerous the citizen conflicts between Whigs and Tories, or Patriots and Loyalists were characterized by great bitterness and unmitigated cruelty on both sides. Hundreds were slain not in battle, but by the hands of assassins who were neighbors, and had been friends.

For nearly a year no decisive battles were fought, though there was much skirmishing and much suffering, destruction of property and loss of life. The colonists were in an anomalous condition, still confessing themselves British subjects, and in the Episcopal churches repeating prayers for the king, while doing all in their power to resist his authority and destroy his armies.

In June, 1776, a resolution similar to that passed by the Virginia Assembly, was discussed in Congress with much ability, and on the 4th of July the memorable Declaration of Independence, drawn up by Jefferson, with the assistance of Franklin and others, was adopted. The preamble, as remarkable for its finish as for clearness and strength, commences: "When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bonds which have connected them with another, and to assume among the nations of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and nature's God entitle them, a decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation." After such a beginning there follows a clear, succinct, forcible statement of the wrongs endured, and the contemptuous rejection of all petitions for redress. The conclusion reached is in the following words: "These united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States, that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved."

For the maintenance of this declaration the signers pledged their property, lives and sacred honor.

Hostilities were continued with, if possible, more determined energy on both sides. With some partial successes there followed a long series of disasters to the patriot cause, that at times seemed almost hopeless.

In August Washington, anticipating an attack on New York, sent Putnam with nine hundred men to defend the place. They were defeated with heavy loss on Long Island. The enemy, however, did not gain much from the victory, as the patriots quietly crossed the river to New York in the night, and the victors had but possession of the island, and nothing more. In the city Washington himself took command, and had a large

part of his available forces there. When the British fleet, that was expected, entered the harbor, any attempt further to defend the place would have been useless, and the patriot forces were withdrawn. Fort Washington, a place of great natural and artificial strength, on Manhattan Island, five miles from the city, was for some reason not evacuated when the army left, and was some time after attacked and forced to surrender. The assailants suffered great loss, but took the fort, and the garrison of two thousand men were crowded into the filthy New York military prisons. Washington retreated through New Jersey, closely pursued, but by great vigilance and skill avoided a conflict for which he was not prepared. It often requires more real generalship to conduct a retreat safely, than to make a successful assault, and the great American general, with an army so inferior in numbers and equipments, had much to do in that line during the struggle for independence.

On the 8th of December he crossed the Delaware, taking with him or destroying all the boats within reach, and thus baffled his pursuer. Cornwallis found it necessary to wait for the freezing of the river, and reluctantly put his army into winter quarters in the nearest towns and villages. Two thousand Hessians, commanded by Colonel Rahl, occupied Trenton, and the other detachments were arranged so that all might proceed against Philadelphia soon as the river was bridged with ice. During the month Washington saw and seized the opportunity to strike a blow for his disheartened country. He planned to cross the river Christmas night, in three divisions, and attack the portion of the army at Trenton before daylight. The division led by the General himself and Sullivan succeeded, not without great difficulty because of the floating ice, in crossing some miles above the town. The others failed. Though delayed beyond the time intended, and without the support expected, the attempt must be made. So dividing those that were over into two bands, that the assault might be made on both sides at once, they approached rapidly. The Hessians were completely surprised, their Colonel killed at the first volley, and the whole regiment, thinking themselves surrounded, threw down their arms and begged for quarter. They were made prisoners of war, and before night their captors had them safe beyond the river. This at the time, and under all the circumstances, was an event of great importance, as it encouraged the soldiers and gave new hope to the country.

Three days after, Washington with all his available force returned to Trenton, and on the day following, Cornwallis approached from Princeton with the main body of his army, determined to crush the resolute Americans. After much skirmishing Cornwallis attempted to force his way into the town, but was repulsed, and, as it was now evening, thought it prudent to wait for the morning. The position of the Americans, confronted with such superior numbers, was critical. To attempt to recross the Delaware was too hazardous, so it was promptly decided to withdraw quietly in the night, and by a circuitous route to strike the enemy at Princeton before his expectant antagonist could discover the movement. The baggage was safely removed, the campfires were lighted, and a guard left to keep them burning. The sentries walked their beats too, unconcernedly, till the morning light showed a deserted camp, and about the same time the roar of American cannon thirteen miles away told Cornwallis how he had been outgeneraled. A sharp battle was fought at Princeton, and Washington was again victorious, but the legions of the British army were within hearing. When they arrived the active enemy that had so annoyed and harmed them had departed, going northward. Again sadly disappointed, Cornwallis must needs hasten to New Brunswick, to protect the stores.

It is impossible here even to mention the important events that followed. For weary months and years the terribly destructive war continued. Many campaigns were planned and conducted with great energy. Battles were fought in which



the carnage was fearful. Ships were burned or sunk—strongholds were taken by siege or assault, and the garrisons defending them cut to pieces, or, as in some instances, cruelly massacred after they were surrendered. Towns and hamlets were burned, and large sections of country laid waste. For a time the greatest destruction was in the East and North, but when the work of death fairly commenced in the South blood flowed not less freely. In 1779 the principal theater of the war was in Georgia and the Carolinas, and the heaviest engagements were adverse to the Americans. Savannah and Charleston were captured and the whole states overrun by detachments of British soldiers who at first met with but little opposition. Very soon, however, the patriots, though unable by reason of their losses to take the field in force, renewed the contest under Sumter, Marrión, Pickens, and other daring leaders who continually harassed not only the British, but also the Tories, of whom there were great numbers in that region.

In the North General Burgoyne, after two battles with General Gates, in both of which the Americans had the advantage, surrendered his whole army of seven thousand regulars, beside Indians and Canadians. This achievement, vastly important to the country, as it had influence in securing the powerful aid of France, gave Gates a standing higher than he deserved or could maintain. On account of his victory at Saratoga he was sent to recover South Carolina; but in his first encounter with Cornwallis at Camden, he was routed, with the loss of one thousand men, and with the remnant of his army fled to North Carolina.

After obtaining aid from France, though some serious disasters were suffered, and the faint-hearted were at times discouraged, the cause of the country gained strength till final success was assured.

In 1781, at Cowpens, S. C., on January 17th, General Morgan won a brilliant victory over the British under Tarleton; and the bloody battle at Eutaw Springs nearly terminated the war in South Carolina. In Virginia, Cornwallis, who was now opposed by La Fayette, Wayne and Steuben, had fortified himself at Yorktown, where he had a large army. Meanwhile, the American army of the North, under Washington, and the French army under Count de Rochambeau formed a junction on the Hudson which seemed to threaten an attack on Clinton in New York, and effectually prevented him from sending aid to the army shut up at Yorktown. By a sudden diversion, and before the movement was discovered, the allied armies, 12,000 strong, were far on their way toward Yorktown, and arrived without hindrance, on the 28th of September. The siege was but short. On the 19th of October Cornwallis surrendered, with his whole army of 7,000 men. This victory substantially terminated the conflict, and secured American independence. Thus ended the war which, in the language of Pitt, "Was conceived in injustice, nurtured in folly, and whose footsteps were marked with slaughter and devastation. The nation was drained of its best blood and its vital resources, for which nothing was received in return but a series of inefficient victories and disgraceful defeats; victories obtained over men fighting in the holy cause of liberty—defeats which filled the land with mourning for the loss of dear and valuable relations, slain in a detested and impious quarrel."

During the seven years of blood Great Britain sent to the war she was waging to subdue her colonists 134,000 soldiers and seamen. The forces of the United States and their allies consisted of 230,000 regular soldiers, and some 56,000 militia. Those who perished in battle or otherwise, by reason of the war, reached some hundreds of thousands; other hundreds of thousands were made widows or orphans, while the cost in actual expenditures and property destroyed must be told by hundreds of millions. And yet, for America, the sacrifice was not too great. The heritage of freedom left us is more than worth it all.

[End of Required Reading for 1983-4.]

## NIGHT.

By CHARLES GRINDROD.

The sunset fades into a common glow:  
A deeper shadow all the valley fills:  
The trees are ghostlier in the fields below:  
The river runs more darkly through the hills:  
Only the Night-bird's voice the coppice thrills,  
Stirring the very leaves into a sense.  
A witching stillness holds the breath of things.  
Earth has put on her garb of reverence,  
As when a nun within a cloister sings  
To mourn a passing soul before it wings.  
Silent as dew now falls the straight-winged Night.  
Clear overhead (God's still imaginings),  
Shining like Hope, through very darkness bright,  
Star follows star, till heaven is all alight.

## ECCENTRIC AMERICANS.

By COLEMAN E. BISHOP.

### VII.—THE WELL-BALANCED ECCENTRIC.

At length we have an Eccentric American who was practical, successful, useful, and happy; who was a conservative radical, a laughing philanthropist, a non-resisting hero, a lovely fighting Quaker, the popular champion of an unpopular cause, and—most singular of all!—a Christian in fact and act, though counted a heretic by evangelicals, and excommunicated by his own sect. It is just because his life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him, that Isaac T. Hopper takes rank as one of the grandest and rarest of Eccentrics. For, as the reader may know, we have declared from the outset of this series that the true man in a false world is necessarily eccentric; that uniformity is always at the expense of principle. "Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand." And is n't that odd?

The key to this symmetrical eccentricity of friend Hopper is found in the counterbalancing qualities of his character. A powerful will was offset by a conscience equally imperative. A native bravery was balanced by softness of heart, so that he was at once incapable of fear and of cruelty; combativeness was mollified by simplicity of manner and frankness of speech. A genius for finesse was by an all-pervading benevolence and love of justice enlisted in the service of the slave and the convict; a lively sense of humor sweetened the austerities of a formal religion, softened the asperities of a life of warfare and informed great natural pride with geniality. With less love of abstract justice, he might have been a great lawyer; with less conscience and benevolence he might have been a great soldier; with less earnestness and dignity he might have been a great comedian; with less philanthropy he might have been a great business man; with less executive will he might have been a great preacher. Balanced as these qualities were, he was a rare Eccentric—being lawyer, soldier, comedian, business man and minister combined.

"The boy was father of the man," in his case. Born in 1771 to poor parents, farmers in New Jersey, he early made manifest extraordinary qualities.

*Bravery.*—A cosset lamb which he had reared was seized by a foraging party of British soldiers from Philadelphia and cast bound into their wagon. The lad of ten years ran and climbed into the vehicle, cut the cords with a rusty jack-knife, and then stoutly resisted the captors, until the officer in command, attracted by the outcry, rode up and ordered the lamb restored, out of admiration for the wee patriot's pluck and devotion. He would fight any man on behalf of all of his pet animals, of which he always had a menagerie, caught and tamed by aid of a certain brute free-masonry which he possessed.

*Justice.*—Isaac and his brother trapped partridges. One day the former found one in his brother's trap and none in his own; first removing the bird to his own trap he carried it home, saying he took it out of his trap—the little lawyer! But before morning conscience asserted itself, he confessed the deception and restored the game—the little justice!

*Humor.*—His love of mischief kept him in continual disgrace, and the house and school in continual turmoil—albeit his love of justice usually led to reparation of damages; if he got others into scrapes he was quite willing to shoulder the consequences; he could fill a schoolmate's dinner pail with sand, and then dry all tears by giving up his own lunch. One night he went to see old Polly milk. Fun soon got the better of the boy, he got a twig, the cow got a sensation, and Polly got a surprise. There was a lacteal cataclysm and a *tableau vivant*; mingled strains of wild juvenile laughter and wilder feminine screams, accompanied by a rude barbaric clangor of cow-bell and tin pail. The boy went slippered and supperless to bed, but he lay there hungry and happy, waking the wild echoes of his rafted chamber with shouts of laughter over the persisting vision of how the maid turned pale and flew, and the cow turned pail and ran, with altitudinous tail and head. The artless sports of our childhood are often our most enduring joys, and Father Hopper never forgot this *chef d'œuvre* of his childhood, though he was only five years old when he thus essayed the part of *Puck*; for he afterward secured the cow's bell, and for fifty years used it as a dinner bell, refusing to substitute a more melodious, but less memorial monitor. He immensely enjoyed reviving at once the household and his own thoughts with it, and often with a sedate Quaker chuckle told the story when he tolled the bell.

Not the least curious antithesis in this mixed character was his open-heartedness and cunning; his simplicity of speech and shrewdness of management. From the age of nine years he marketed the farm produce in Philadelphia, and there was known as "The Little Governor," for his precocious dignity. When asked the price of a pair of fowls, he replied, "My father told me to sell them for fifty cents if I could, if not, to take forty." He got the fifty before he would part with them, however—just as, years on, he would frankly give up his plans to an antagonist and still beat him.

Isaac's sympathy with the enslaved was aroused as early as the age of nine by listening to the harrowing narrative of a native African captive; and he was only sixteen years old when he assisted to liberate a slave who had acquired the right of freedom by residence in Philadelphia. The lad was at that time apprentice to a tailor, his uncle, in the city. Slavery still existed in all the states of the union, though the movement for its gradual abolishment had been begun in several of them. Pennsylvania had taken a long step in this direction by enacting the gradual emancipation of her own citizens' slaves, and decreeing that any slave from another state, coming by his owner's consent into Pennsylvania and there abiding continuously for six months, should be free; and that any slave landing there from a foreign country should immediately become free by that fact. It was in enforcing this law, as also in preventing the kidnaping of free negroes from Pennsylvania, that Hopper soon distinguished himself. Philadelphia became a modern city of refuge, and Friend Hopper a recognized deliverer of fugitives and freedmen, from either Southern or Northern states. It is thus a fact, not often remarked as to the relation of human slavery to our government, that the first blows at the institution were the work of state rights; and that the remedy provided for this trenching of one state upon the institutions of another, in the fugitive slave law of Fillmore's time, was an encroachment of federal power over the previously reserved rights of the states. The National Anti-Slavery Society was formed many years later; the national conscience was not yet quickened on this question; but Philadelphia had even then a local anti-slavery society, and with it Friend Hop-

per identified himself. He made himself master of all the laws, findings, decisions and proceedings relating to slavery and manumission, as well as, incidentally, an adept in the proverbially intricate Pennsylvania laws of contracts, property, evidence, and general processes, so that he soon became the best authority thereon in Philadelphia. In fact, he was the embodiment of that enigma which, it is alleged, could "puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer." His standing in court became so well recognized that no lawyer was anxious to take a case against him. "You had better consult Mr. Hopper," said a judge to a veteran counselor who asked his opinion on a slave case before him, "he knows more law on these cases than you and I both together." "I thought I knew something of law, but it seems I do not," said a magistrate petulantly, upon being tripped up in a slave case by Friend Hopper, a layman. The latter did not scruple to use in behalf of freedom all the technicalities and delays of law; and his craft in these devices was not the less effective because his openness of manner made him seem an unsophisticated and rather simple fellow. His dignity, simplicity and directness of speech in quaint Quaker phraseology, compelled the respect of courts and won the confidence of juries. If needs were he would procrastinate and continue a case in court three or four years, until the master would tire out and sell the manumission of the slave for a nominal sum. In case of attempted kidnaping he took the aggressive against the abductors, and forced them to pay roundly for the benefit of the negroes; generally those who came to carry off others were glad enough to escape themselves. Hopper and other friends advanced large sums of money for the purchase of manumissions, which were invariably repaid, in part or entire, from the subsequent earnings of the freedmen.

Unbroken success at length brought Friend Hopper a factitious reputation, insomuch that it was difficult to enlist Philadelphia officers of law heartily against him; if a magistrate reluctantly granted a process, the constables more timidly executed it. "Did you say I dared not grant a warrant to search your house?" demanded the Mayor upon one occasion.

"Indeed I did say so, and I now repeat it," rejoined the imperturbable Quaker. "I am a man of established reputation; I am not a suspicious character." (This was what the world calls "bluffing.") The slave was at that moment locked in his house.)

"Is not this man's slave in your house?" asked the Mayor.

"Thou hast no right to ask that question, friend Mayor. A man is not bound to inform against himself. Thou well knowest the penalty for secreting a slave."

Getting no evidence sufficient for a search-warrant, his house was watched day and night for a week. Friend Hopper, with perfect urbanity, tendered the planter the use of his warm parlor as a guard-house, for the nights were cold. This was surlily refused. In the morning he had a good hot breakfast prepared for the shivering men outside, but they dared not accept it. They had learned that Hopper was most dangerous when most agreeable, and feared a trick from the gift-bearing Greek. A ruse was preparing for them. At night a free colored man was employed to run out of the house. The guard sprang out of their hiding and seized him, but immediately released him on perceiving their mistake. Hopper arrested them and put them under peace bonds. This made them cautious. The next night the same negro made another rush and was not stopped. The third night it was the slave who did the rushing; he ran past the irresolute guard and escaped to other hiding, until Hopper could negotiate his manumission with the discouraged master.

On one occasion he instituted a fictitious suit for debt against a freedman in order to gain time to secure evidence of his freedom. On another, he offered to become bound to the *United States* for the return of a slave to court, and the simple magistrate so entered the recognizance. When the day came

Hopper was there but the slave was not, and magistrate, owner and lawyer for the first time discovered that the bond was worthless, as the United States could not be a party to it. Again he entered into an undertaking to produce a slave or pay \$500 for his freedom—after his master had once before agreed to free him for \$150. He produced the slave, and professed to have failed in raising the \$500, and demanded the return of his bond. The slave, previously instructed, as soon as the bond touched Hopper's hand, bolted and escaped by a back door and an alley. The master was so furious at this trick that he assaulted several free colored people, for which he was arrested and threatened with such heavy penalties that he was glad to remit the \$150 first promised him for a bill of manumission, and to pay some damages to the other negroes besides.

"There is no use trying to capture a runaway slave in Philadelphia," exclaimed an irate and discouraged master. "I believe the devil himself could not catch them when they once get here."

"That is very likely," answered Friend Hopper with a twinkling eye; "but I think he would have less difficulty in catching the masters, being so much more familiar with them."

In dealing with so desperate a class of men as usually made a business of man-chasing, incensed as they were by his successful tactics, Hopper was often in extreme peril, and he always showed a coolness and dexterity equal to the most daring of them. His adventures and escapes outdo romance. After making all allowance for supposed consciousness of the weakness of a bad cause on the part of his antagonists, and the moral effect of his name; after picturing his insensibility to fear, his calm, good-natured, and dignified bearing, and above all, that remarkable will-power, under which officers in the rightful discharge of their duties had been known to surrender to him—maugre all this, it seems wonderful that in the hundreds of cases he had to do with, he neither used force nor (save once) suffered by force. It seems as if there could have been found some one man in the United States cool enough to face down or reckless enough to strike down this man of peace—but there was not. It must have been the power of passiveness, the irresistibility of non-resistance. "The weak alone are strong." This is Scriptural eccentricity. Even in this world of force he who, when smitten on one cheek, can turn the other, may conquer—though this is a definition of success by cheek that is not usually accepted.

The solitary occasion upon which Friend Hopper suffered violence was when a posse of kidnapers guarding a negro threw him bodily from a second story window. Though severely hurt, as it afterward turned out, he gained a reëtrance, and while the guard were yet congratulating themselves on being well rid of him, he walked into the room, cut the captive's bonds and secured his escape. He seemed to bear a charmed life, and when years later he went to Europe, he found the reputation of a wizard had preceded him.

These efforts lasted during his forty years' residence in Philadelphia, and continued after his removal to New York (1829). Not less than one thousand persons owed their escape from servitude to him, some of them becoming useful members of society. One was a missionary to Sierra Leone, one a bishop, several were preachers and teachers. So this one tailor made nine men multiplied an hundred fold.

He made other than black men. His labors in behalf of prison reform and for the raising of fallen men and abandoned women, and the relief of the unfortunate, if less exciting, were not less apt to draw our admiration and sympathy. The story of "The Umbrella Girl," which has traveled the rounds of the press for forty years, is a good example of his tact in conducting a delicate case to a happy end; one hardly knows which most to admire, the goodness or the shrewdness of the philanthropist. His biography, by Lydia Maria Child, abounds in narratives of these acts; it would make an admirable Sunday-school library volume.

His success in reclaiming the lost and despairing was largely due to two beautiful traits, viz.: his confidence in human nature and his patient long-suffering. Seventy and seven times could he forgive and lift again a brother, because he believed there was an imperishable spark of the divine there. He was accustomed to say that there was not one among the prisoners in the Philadelphia penitentiary with whom he would be afraid to trust himself alone by night with large sums of money in his pocket.

His biographer tells the following in point:

One of the prisoners, who had been convicted of manslaughter, became furious, in consequence of being threatened with a whipping. When they attempted to bring him out of his dungeon to receive punishment, he seized a knife and a club, rushed back again, and swore he would kill the first person who came near him. Being a very strong man, and in a state of madness, no one dared to approach him. They tried to starve him into submission, but finding he was not to be subdued that way, they sent for Friend Hopper, as they were accustomed to do in all such difficult emergencies. He went boldly into the cell, looked the desperado calmly in the face, and said, "It is foolish for thee to contend with the authorities, thou wilt be compelled to yield at last. I will inquire into thy case. If thou hast been unjustly dealt by, I promise thee it shall be remedied." This kind and sensible remonstrance had the desired effect. From that time forward he had great influence over the ferocious fellow, who was always willing to be guided by his advice, and finally became one of the most reasonable and orderly inmates of the prison.

Charity for convicts was truly eccentric in that day. The general sentiment regarding prisoners and prison management was far different from what it now is. It was with great difficulty that consent could be got to even hold religious services in prison; the authorities declaring that the prisoners would rise, kill the minister, escape in a body, and burn and kill indiscriminately. At the first service (1787) they had a loaded cannon mounted on the rostrum, by the side of the messenger of Christ, a man standing by with lighted match during the prayer and preaching, the prisoners being carefully arranged in a solid column in front of the cannon. Thus was accompanied the first preaching to prisoners in this country. Deplorable as was their situation behind the bars, their punishment was hardly less after their release. "Who passes here leaves hope behind" might have been written over the prison door outside and inside. (Was the North then more humane in its regard of convicts than the South was in its regard of slaves? In which respect has public sentiment more improved, and in what states most?)

Among the insane, too, he was a missionary. He had the clairvoyant sense to understand, and the mysterious power to control them, such as made him when a boy a tamer of wild animals. In fact, among all the depraved and unfortunate elements of society his face was a benediction, his tones pulsated hope, his hand lifted to better lives. I fancy that his cheery, hearty, homely, sympathetic presence came from the feminine side of his nature, while the strong uplift and commanding presence came from the masculine side; and that he seemed both mother and father to the unfortunate; to be a representative of both home and heaven. The grandest natures that walk the earth are these congenital marriages, combinations of the two sexes in one person. The weakest, those which are only masculine or only feminine.

"The bravest are the tenderest,

The loving are the daring."

Friend Hopper's appearance was much in his favor in this work. His erect form, jet black, curly hair, plain, rich Quaker costume, and dignified port made him conspicuous in a crowd. But his face was the study. Its lines mingled of strength and tenderness gave it that representation of benign efficiency which sculptors and limners try to give to their personifications of divine attributes. Humboldt's was one of those faces—and I remember once seeing some children, constructing a "play"



world, paste a likeness of Humboldt to the ceiling. When asked what that was for, they explained with perfect sincerity and reverence, "That is God." Happy the childhood that hath received such beautiful conceptions of the All Father! It was often remarked that Hopper's face bore a strong resemblance to that of Napoleon Bonaparte. Joseph Bonaparte, when he resided at Bordentown, frequently commented on the remarkable likeness, and declared that Isaac T. Hopper could easily excite a revolution in Paris.

In 1829 Friend Hopper had reduced himself to insolvency by the expenditure of money and time on behalf of others, and he closed his tailoring business at Philadelphia, removed to New York, and accepted the agency for the publications of the Anti-Slavery Society. Here his activity in behalf of slaves got him worse enmity than in Philadelphia it did. New York's commercial interests made her a Northern stronghold of pro-slavery sentiment. The press was violent against the Abolitionists, the courts were unfriendly, and "Judge Lynch" more than once summarily adjudicated their cases. One of these mobs directed their attack toward Friend Hopper's store, after having sacked several places. He was apprised of the danger but refused to budge, to call in help, to close his doors, or to put up his shutters. He received the howling rioters, standing impassively on the steps. Not a word was uttered on either side; the mob stopped its course there, because the sight of its master compelled it to pause, and presently it passed on to other spoliation. It was quite fit that in the same city twenty-five years later, the mob which hung negroes to lamp posts and burned colored orphan asylums should single out the house of Isaac T. Hopper's daughter for destruction, while she was away nursing soldiers in the hospitals!

The commercial spirit of slavery invaded every interest of society and every church. Even the Quakers became infected, inasmuch that Friend Hopper and others were tried and expelled the society for their connection with anti-slavery publications. Thus the persecuted sect of old turned persecutors. This was the severest penalty this Eccentric was called on to pay for his adherence to his work; for he loved the faith and associations of his fathers. It was he who remained orthodox and regular, however, and the society which became eccentric to true Quakerism; they narrowed and declined. "His character grew larger and his views more liberal, after the bonds which bound him to a sect were cut asunder," says his Quaker biographer; "it is astonishing how troublesome a living soul proves to be when they try to shut it up within the narrow limits of a drowsy sect." He lived to be solicited to return to the society, and to decline a connection with a church which he thought had abandoned its own faith and practice.

In New York Friend Hopper also continued his work on behalf of prisoners and offenders. Public interest at length awoke; the Prison Association was formed, and organized efforts began in that direction. Father Hopper was made its agent, and he became a very active one, for though seventy-four years old, his movements were as elastic, his spirit as young, and his hair as unstreaked of white as ever. In the legal relations of this work, Friend Hopper was frequently before the legislature and the governor of the state, and his appeals uniformly secured ameliorations of law or pardon of convicts. "Friend Hopper, I will pardon any convict whom you say you conscientiously believe I ought to pardon," said Governor Young. Hopper always addressed his excellency as "Esteemed friend, John Young," and the Governor in reply adopted the Quaker "thou" and "thee." When he was seventy-eight years old the Prison Association struck a bronze medallion likeness of Hopper, from the fine portrait by the artist Page, representing him raising a prisoner from the ground, and bearing the striking text:

"To seek and save that which was lost."

No one this side of the White Throne knows how many he was instrumental in rescuing from worse than death. One

whom he had lifted from prison, from the insane asylum, from the gutter many times, and at last made a safe, good, and happy woman, thus wrote him:

"Father Hopper, you first saw me in prison, and visited me. You followed me to the asylum. You did not forsake me. You have changed a bed of straw to a bed of down. May heaven bless and reward you for it. No tongue can express the gratitude I feel. Many are the hearts you have made glad. Suppose all you have dragged out of one place and another were to stand before you at once! I think you would have more than you could shake hands with in a month; and I know you would shake hands with them all."

Isaac T. Hopper's democratic spirit was one of the most conspicuous of his minor traits. It was founded in his natural lack of reverence and intense love of justice, and fostered by his religious training and political experience. He came honestly by it. His mother revealed it in her parting injunction to him upon his leaving home: "My son, you are now going forth to make your own way in the world. Always remember that you are as good as any other person; but remember also that you are no better." Fowler, the phrenologist, made a happy guess when he said of Hopper:

"He has very little reverence, and stands in no awe of the powers that be. He is emphatically republican in feeling and character. He has very little credulity; he understands just when and where to take men and things."

How remarkable was the benevolence of a man thus keensighted for human defects, and immovable by human excellence, that he became so great a philanthropist; but for this counterbalance of sympathy and justice he would have been a cynic—with his keen wit, a satirist. His democratic manners showed more conspicuously in the old country than here. The following incidents illustrate his irreverence and coolness:

When in Bristol, he asked permission to look at the interior of the cathedral. He had been walking about some little time when a rough looking man said to him in a very surly tone, "Take off your hat, sir!"

He replied very courteously, "I have asked permission to enter here to gratify my curiosity as a stranger. I hope there is no offense."

"Take off your hat!" rejoined the rude man. "If you don't, I'll take it off for you."

Friend Hopper leaned on his cane, looked him full in the face, and answered very coolly, "If thou dost, I hope thou wilt send it to my lodgings; for I shall have need of it this afternoon. I lodge at No. 35, Lower Crescent, Clifton." The place designated was about a mile from the cathedral. The man stared at him as if puzzled whether he were talking to an insane person or not. When the imperturbable Quaker had seen all he cared to see, he deliberately walked away.

At Westminster Abbey he paid the customary fee of two shillings sixpence for admission. The doorkeeper followed him, saying, "You must uncover yourself, sir."

"Uncover myself," exclaimed the Friend, with an affectation of ignorant simplicity. "What dost thou mean? Must I take off my coat?"

"Your coat!" responded the man, smiling. "No, indeed, I mean your hat."

"And what should I take off my hat for?" he inquired.

"Because you are in a church, sir," answered the doorkeeper.

"I see no church here," rejoined the Quaker. "Perhaps thou meanest the house where the church assembles. I suppose thou art aware that it is the *people*, not the *building*, that constitutes a church, sir?"

The idea seemed new to the man, but he merely repeated, "You must take off your hat, sir."

But the Friend inquired, "What for? On account of these images? Thou knowest Scripture commands us not to worship graven images."

The man persisted in saying that no person could be permitted to pass through the church without uncovering his head. "Well, friend," rejoined Isaac, "I have some conscientious scruples on that subject; so give me back my money and I will go out."

The reverential habits of the doorkeeper were not quite strong

enough to compel him to that sacrifice; and he walked away without saying anything more on the subject.

When Friend Hopper visited the House of Lords, he asked the serjeant-at-arms if he might sit on the throne. He replied, "No, sir. No one but his majesty sits there."

"Wherein does his majesty differ from other men?" inquired he. "If his head were cut off, would n't he die?"

"Certainly he would," replied the officer.

"So would an American," rejoined Friend Hopper. As he spoke he stepped up to the gilded railing that surrounded the throne, and tried to open the gate. The officer told him it was locked. "Well, won't the same key that locked it unlock it?" inquired he. "Is this the key hanging here?"

Being informed that it was, he took it down and unlocked the gate. He removed the satin covering from the throne, carefully dusting the railing with his handkerchief before he hung the satin over it, and then seated himself in the royal chair. "Well," said he, "do I look anything like his majesty?"

The man seemed embarrassed, but smiled as he answered, "Why, sir, you certainly fill the throne very respectably."

There were several noblemen in the room, who seemed to be extremely amused by these unusual proceedings.

Father Hopper lived verily to a "green old age." On his eightieth birthday he thus wrote to his youngest daughter, Mary:

"My eye is not dim, nor my natural force abated. My head is well covered with hair, which still retains its usual glossy, dark color, with but few gray hairs sprinkled about. My life has been prolonged beyond most, and has been truly a chequered scene. Mercy and kindness have followed me thus far, and I have faith that they will continue with me to the end."

A few months later, going to visit a discharged convict for whom the association had built a shop far up in the city, Friend Hopper took a fatal cold. It was a long and painful sickness, but he restrained his tendency to groan by singing, and said: "There is no cloud. There is nothing in the way. Nothing troubles me." His heart was with his past work. His son-in-law wrote: "Reminiscences are continually falling from his lips, like leaves in autumn from an old forest tree; not, indeed green, but rich in the colors that are of the tree, and characteristic. I have never seen so beautiful a close to a good man's life." On the last day he said: "I seem to hear voices singing, 'We have come to take thee home.'" And again he spoke low to his daughter, "Maria, is there anything peculiar in this room?" "No; why do you ask that question?" "Because," said the dying patriarch, "you all look so beautiful; and the covering on the bed hath such glorious colors as I never saw. But perhaps I had better not have said anything about it."

His last act was characteristic. Calling for his box of private papers he took out one and asked to have it destroyed, lest it should do some injury. He confided to his eldest daughter as a precious keepsake a little yellow paper, fastened by a rusty pin; it was the first love letter of his first love, her mother, written when she and he were fourteen years old, children in school. Love of justice and love of love in his last breath!

TRUTH is the source of every good to gods and men. He who expects to be blest and fortunate in this world should be a partaker of it from the earliest moment of his life, that he may live as long as possible a person of truth; for such a man is trustworthy. But that man is untrustworthy who loveth a lie in his heart; and if it be told involuntary, and in mere wantonness, he is a fool. In neither case can they be envied; for every knave and shallow dunce is without real friends. As time passes on to morose old age, he becomes known, and has prepared for himself at the end of his life a dreary solitude; so that, whether his associates and children be alive or not, his life becomes nearly equally a state of isolation.—*Plato*.

## WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE INEBRIATES?\*

The profound interest which I feel for this subject is in sympathy with certain words of Terence: "I am a man, and nothing that concerns a man do I deem a matter of indifference to me." This sentiment is to be commended to the scientists of the Christian era. Entitled, then, to the grave consideration of humanity, is the miserable inebriate. The study of this subject has both a biological and anthropological bearing. The former defines the protoplasm—the wonderful beginning of existence—the subject in hand demonstrates the destructive oxidation of the soul in the presence of alcohol, the deterioration of vital energy, and a misspent life. Again, the anthropologist studies man in his present and primeval existence, delving into burial mounds and bone cases to spell out the lessons learned by each succeeding generation in the great struggle for existence.

Of man it has been written: "How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a God!" But by saturating his brain with whiskey, how soon would the godlike man become debased lower than the meanest brute. Truly here in the nineteenth century—not in the old red sandstone or in the silurian beds—but right here in this day appears what might be called the "missing link" in anthropological studies.

What is to be done with the inebriate? Prohibition, total abstinence, and women's crusades have struggled with the demon of drunkenness, but its throne has not yet been demolished. Its dominion was set up among men long before the Macedonian conqueror, with heel planted upon the neck of a prostrate world, was vanquished by it, and its temples were already hoary when the old Roman worshiped Bacchus under the vines. In the history of the world it has been more potent than Christianity in winning the savage tribes, and at the same time has done more to depauperize Christian nations than all other calamities put together. The subject of intemperance and its cure present the most important social problem of the day for both philanthropist and legislator. However, much good has been brought about by the moral forces of society and the benevolent organizations, toward the extinction of the vice, yet it seems that its utter annihilation is entirely beyond the reach of all influences. Shakspeare well described this lurking remnant of a vice not wholly to be controlled, when he said, "I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial." There has been too much nonsense in dealing with the inebriate. The world has laughed too long at the noisy, reeling comedy daily enacted on our streets, and is unmindful too often of the corresponding silent tragedy taking place at home. Patient women are not unfrequently found wearing away in gloom what might have been a happy life, looking for the daily return of a drunken husband. Many a death is attributed in the obituary columns of our papers to Bright's disease, or pneumonia, when in reality whiskey should take all the blame.

The indiscriminate commitment of the inebriate to the hospital for the insane is a grievous wrong. Genuine cases of a real insanity, resulting from dipsomania, are indeed to be found, but it is absurd to class any considerable portion of the inebriates in this category. The hospital for the insane is, however, preferred to the workhouse, as announcing less publicly the disgrace of the victim, and therefore it is that dipsomania is so often stretched into insanity. With some physicians inebriety is confounded with insanity, while others deny the existence of an insanity whose sign is a passion for drink, and accordingly

\* Synopsis of a lecture delivered on Saturday, April 12, in the National Museum, at Washington, D. C., by Dr. W. W. Goddard, in charge of the Government Hospital for the Insane at Washington, D. C.

fail to distinguish dipsomania from drunkenness or crime. These points need not, however, be discussed in a lecture intended to treat the subject socially. Social science asks whether this inebriety is a crime or a disease. The law classes drunkenness among crimes, and sends the offenders to penal institutions; but how often do friends, unwilling to see the victims of intemperance committed with the felons, bring to bear on the case powerful arguments to show that the mind is diseased, and thus have him transferred from the gaol to the lunatic asylum, where he is evidently out of place as soon as the fumes of alcohol have left the brain. Inebriety is both a crime and a disease, and owing to a want of recognition of this truth on the part of philanthropists, much work and intended good have been wasted. When it is regarded by the law as an *iniquitous disease*, and provided for by the law with a *curative punishment*, then will the community at large be afforded a relief which might also effect the recovery of the victim.

As to the vices of drunkenness and opium consumption, women are probably as much addicted to the latter as men, while drunkenness counts many more victims among the males. The former is a social vice, the latter a solitary evil. The latter injures none but the consumer, leaving out of consideration its power to unfit the mind for business, and thus injure the other members of the family. Through persistent indulgence in opium the mind at last suffers more surely than from alcohol. The love of opium often originates in a physician's prescription of an opiate for the relief of pain. That is a grave responsibility, but it is inexcusable that the patient is allowed to renew the prescription at will, and long after the immediate necessity for its use has passed away. The antidotes so commonly used as "opium cures" are nothing but disguised morphine, and the poor wretch instead of conquering his love for opiates allows them to get a firmer and surer hold upon him. Such nostrums as "Collins's cure" and "Hoffman's antidote" should be analyzed by a chemist directed by state authorities, and the amount of morphine contained in them be published to the world. Prolonged treatment in proper homes, where the victims of opium can be protected against themselves, is the only radical cure.

The dipsomaniac is often to be found in the full vigor of youth; a man rejoicing in a magnificent physique, and showing no external signs of impairment. He may have talent and wit, and be high in the social scale. But behind the mask something is found to be lacking. His liver, clogged with fatty deposit, is disordered, the coats of the stomach are more or less burnt out, dyspeptic symptoms are apparent. The man becomes moody and irritable if deprived of his stimulant, while gout and neuralgia perhaps add themselves to the list of symptoms. The most marked result probably is the utter absence of the natural instincts of rectitude and morality. His whole confession of faith might be summed up in the words of Byron: "Man, being reasonable, must get drunk; the best of life is but intoxication."

If the dipsomaniac be sent to the hospital, it is noticed that, while recovering from the immediate effects of his revels there is a condition of unstrung nerves, with marked depression of mind. As his normal activity is restored through rest, proper food and abstinence from stimulants, there appear peculiar intellectual and moral phases characteristic of the inebriate. He speaks of his indulgence as a thing of the past; blames everybody but himself for his excess; declares that it is the result of a dose of Plantation Bitters (perhaps) taken as a cure for an attack of cholera morbus, at the suggestion of a friend who declared they contained no alcohol; treats the matter as something which could never possibly happen again—in fact, regards it as an unfortunate mistake. He declares that the idea of being detained as a lunatic is absurd, and repugnant to his feelings, and probably will soon actually have the effect of converting him into a lunatic; that it is absolutely necessary for him to go and attend to his business. He will

never forget the physician's kindness, and departs apparently cured. His actions remind me of the poor Indian who came to the missionary and began repeating the names of the twelve apostles, adding those of the patriarchs and Old Testament worthies, and anxious to enlarge upon Biblical literature; but when the astounded missionary exclaimed, "What does all this mean?" the Indian promptly replied "Whiskey."

I have pictured the dipsomaniac as I myself have known him. There are, of course, cases in which the victim is thoroughly convinced of his folly and sin, and radically cured. That is the exception, however, and not the rule. The grave question then has to be considered—"What shall we do with the inebriates?" Are they to be sent back to their families, because the law allows a man's house to be his castle, in which he has a right to do as he pleases? The inebriate has no such right. Whether sick or criminal, such a man is a nuisance, and should be put down. The law should confine him, however, not as a disturber of the peace, not as a terror to wife and children, nor as a dangerous man to the community, but he should be restrained and punished because he is a confirmed inebriate, with the hope that the punishment will cure his disease and depravity. If sent to the insane hospital it should be as an inebriate, not as a lunatic, and a separate building and enclosed grounds should be provided for this class. The law should provide for his prolonged detention and compulsory labor. The victim, if a minor, should be sentenced for the remainder of his minority. It is an open question whether the will power of a drunkard ever, indeed, attained its majority. If over twenty-one years of age, the first offense should be limited to perhaps one year; but should a second commitment be necessary, then for a term of years, discretionary power being left with the court, under the advice of the authorities of the institution.

Insufficient period of detention, lack of legal power to detain, and absence of authority to inflict compulsory labor, has prevented much good being done by inebriate asylums. It is the province of legislation to invest the court and authorities of inebriate asylums with these powers. Unfortunately, there is a fourth drawback to the permanent cure of the inebriate—one which is outside of the control of legislation—namely: a general indisposition to reform, a perfect atrophy of moral sense, an instinctive return, like "the dog to his own vomit," of the inebriate to his cups. After the law has endued the authorities of inebriate asylums with all desired power, the essential element of their cure then comes in, and that is sound medical treatment. Asylums conducted in this manner would be able to record quite as large a proportion of good recoveries as the insane hospitals. Would there be anything cruel in subjecting the patient to compulsory labor, or in detaining him for a long period? Surely not; his freedom before the right time would only mean a return to vice and sloth, while his labor could probably be made to pay for his maintenance in the asylum. Not until savants take an interest in this subject will public sentiment be gained, legislation in its behalf enacted and, in fine, a glad release from this state of bondage be attained.

IT IS a foe invisible which I fear—an enemy in the human breast which opposes me—by its coward fear alone made fearful to me; not that which, full of life, instinct with power, makes known its present being; that is not the perilously formidable. Oh, no! it is the common, the quite common, the thing of an eternal yesterday, which ever was and evermore returns—sterling to-morrow for it was sterling to-day; for man is made of the wholly common, and custom is his nurse. Woe then to them who lay irreverent hands on his old house furniture, the dear inheritance from his forefathers! For time consecrates, and what is gray with age becomes religion. Be in possession, and thou hast the right, and sacred will the many guard it for thee.—*Schiller*.



## CLIMATE-SEEKING IN AMERICA.

By GEO. ALFRED TOWNSEND.

As nations rise in wealth, comfort and communications, they discover that the simplest of all things, mere climate or air, is of the greatest value. The English race paid early attention to this question and seized upon the sheltered positions, the *spas* and baths as places of resort both for weak systems and for luxurious existence. Religion itself conveniently placed its miracles and chapels where the best climate or the most healing waters were found.

Soon after America was discovered there spread through the most successful nations a belief in a Golden Spring, an El Dorado, and this was pursued notably in Florida, where many yet believe that the most golden spring is to be found, as its season hardly begins till February or March, and is used to offset a lingering winter and the angry winds of the northern sea coast country.

One of the most notable instances of seeking a climate in our colonial history is that of Sir William Johnson, who lived among the six nations of Indians about the Mohawk, and being a portly man with European habits of life, he found his old age, in spite of his active and military youth, affected by gouts and by the heavy stagnant air of the limestone valleys in which he lived, and he was one of the first Americans to select at once a seacoast resort and the mineral springs. We need not repeat the story of how the Indians, among whom he married, concluded in their affection for him to show him their celebrated mineral spring, and took him on a litter through hidden paths to the Tufa rock of Saratoga, where he, the first of white men, saw the reflection of his face in the meteoric water there. It is not as well known that Sir William Johnson also made himself a road to the sea beach, near New London, where he went in summer, not for mineral water, but for sea air, which he esteemed so much more valuable.

Climate, indeed, is one of the most important subjects to be considered by superior men, and the earliest travelers in this country noted down where they escaped the insects, where the nights were cool, where the trade winds blew, etc. The oranges of Florida, for instance, were noted by the old Spanish chroniclers as the finest that grew in their immense dominions, and that perfection is kept up to the present time.

General Washington, a man of good condition, was one of the early annual seekers for a pleasant climate, which he found west of the North Mountain, about Berkeley Springs, where he had a hut built, and for years repaired there with his chicken cocks and horses. When he went through Virginia as a young surveyor, he observed the differences in the temperature, and in the humidity, and located some of the best springs and resorts in the Old Dominion. When Washington first visited Saratoga he endeavored, at once, to purchase the tract enclosing the few sources at that time known, so much was he impressed with the superiority of the climate of New York in summer over that of Virginia.

Mr. Jefferson, who was one of the best amateurs in the country at all sorts of subjects, although he lived on the top of a mountain above the tidewater region, and in sight of other peaks, would not spend his summers at home about Charlottesville, but had a road cut far into the west and built himself a sort of lodge called Poplar Forest, in the high country about Lynchburgh; it was a brick house on a slope, one story high in front and two stories high in the rear, of octagon shape, with a portico in front and a veranda in the rear. To this spot Jefferson went both in summer and in autumn to escape his political followers, and to think, read and sleep.

Jefferson was one of the earliest weather prophets in this country and in his works are found many references to the American climate, of use to any future climatologist. About 1805 he wrote to Mr. Volney, the philosopher: "In no case does habit

attach our choice or judgment more than in climate. The Canadian glows with delight in his sleigh and snow, the very idea of which gives me the shivers. The changes between heat and cold in America are greater and more frequent, and the extremes comprehend a greater scale on the thermometer in America than in Europe. Habit, however, prevents these from affecting us more than the smaller changes of Europe affect the European, but he is greatly affected by ours. As our sky is always clear and that of Europe always cloudy, there is a greater accumulation of heat here than there in the same parallel. The changes between wet and dry are much more frequent and sudden in Europe than in America, for though we have double the rain, it falls in half the time. Taking all these together, I prefer much the climate of the United States to that of Europe, and I think it a more cheerful one. It is our cloudless sky which has eradicated from our constitutions all disposition to hang ourselves, which we might otherwise have inherited from our English ancestors. Still, I do not wonder that a European should prefer his grey to our azure sky."

This description in the main holds good to our time, although social causes have increased here the tendency to suicide, though perhaps the ratio of suicide is no greater in America now than it ever was. If we add dueling, which was a form of suicide, to the regular cases of suicide, I have my doubts whether more Americans make away with themselves now than in the early days. I happen to think of one signer of the Declaration of Independence who died from mental excitement over signing that instrument, of another who was poisoned, and of a third who was killed by a fellow patriot in a duel.

Jefferson also noted in 1809, under "Cultivation," the changes in the American climate, in a letter to Dr. Chapman: "I remember," said he, "that when I was a small boy, say sixty years ago, snows were frequent and deep in every winter, to my knee very often, to my waist sometimes, and that they covered the earth long. And I remember while yet young to have heard from very old men that in their youth the winters had been still colder, with deeper and longer snows. In the year 1772 we had a snow two feet deep in the Champagne parts of this state, and three feet in the counties next below the mountains. But when I was President the average fall of snow for the seven winters was only 14½ inches, and the ground was covered but sixteen days in each winter on an average of the whole. I noticed the change in our climate in my 'Notes on Virginia,' but since that time public vocations have taken my attention from the subject, nor do I know of any source in Virginia now existing, from which anything on climate can be derived. Dr. Williamson has written on the subject, and Mr. Williams in his 'History of Vermont' has an essay on the subject of climate."

Addressing Mr. Louis E. Beck at Albany, N. Y., in 1824, when he was a very old man, Jefferson said:

"I thank you for your pamphlet on the climate of the West; although it does not yet establish a satisfactory theory, it is an additional step toward it. My own was perhaps the first attempt to bring together the few facts then known, and suggest them to public attention, and they were written before the close of the revolutionary war, when the western country was a wilderness untrodden but by the feet of the savage or the hunter. It is now flourishing in population and science, and after a few more years of observation and collection of facts, they will doubtless furnish a theory of their climate. Years are requisite for this, steady attention to the thermometer, to the plants growing there, the times of their leafing and flowering, its prevalent winds, quantities of rain and snow, temperature of fountains, animal inhabitants, etc. We want this, indeed, for all the states, and the work should be repeated once or twice in a century to show the effects of clearing and culture toward changes of climate."

Thus promptly did our early scholars and sages watch the

climatic relations of the country to its population and vitality. These "Notes on Virginia," which Jefferson wrote during the Revolution, contain five years' instrumental observation on rain, heat and wind taken at Williamsburgh, the tidewater capital, which is about forty miles from Fortress Monroe, which latter place has since become a winter resort. He computed that we had forty-seven inches of rain annually, considerably more than fell in Europe, but a much larger proportion of sunshine than there, only half as many cloudy days as in France and Germany, and the statesman says about the Alleghany Mountain region, of which Chautauqua Lake is an outpost:

"It is remarkable that proceeding on the same parallel of latitude westerly, the climate becomes colder in like manner as when you proceed northerly. This continues to be the case until you attain the summit of the Alleghany, which is the highest land between the ocean and the Mississippi. From thence, descending in the same latitude to the Mississippi, the change reverses, and, if we may believe travelers, it becomes warmer there than it is on the same latitude on the sea side. On the higher parts of mountains, where it is absolutely colder than it is on the plains on which they stand, frosts do not appear so early by a considerable time in autumn, and go off sooner in the spring than on the plains. I have known frost so severe as to kill the hickory trees round about Monticello, and yet not injure the tender fruit blossoms then in bloom on the top and higher parts of the mountain. A change in our climate is taking place very sensibly, and both heats and colds are becoming much more moderate, within the memory even of the middle-aged."

General Washington, it may not be generally known, kept all his early diaries on the blank leaves of the "Virginia Almanac," which was printed at Williamsburgh, showing that he watched the weather as if it were a part of public life.

Washington came to the vicinity of Chautauqua Lake in 1753, when he was scarcely of age, and this journey makes his earliest diary. He went from Williamsburgh to Fredericksburgh, thence to Alexandria, thence to Winchester in the valley of Virginia, thence to Cumberland, Maryland, and down the Monongahela River and up the Alleghany to French Creek, or the Venango. All the land was then a wilderness. Washington reported from hearsay, at Venango, that there were four forts, the first of them on French Creek near a small lake, the next on Lake Erie about 15 miles from the other, from which it was 120 miles to the fort at the falls of Lake Erie. From the fort on Lake Erie to Montreal was about 600 miles, which the French only required four weeks to traverse in good weather. Washington noted the good land about Venango and the extensive and rich meadows, one of which was four miles in length. When Washington was interested in connecting Lake Erie with the waters of the Ohio by a canal, he was very explicit in addressing General William Irvine about the climate traits of Chautauqua Lake; this General Irvine was a doctor born in Ireland and settled at Carlisle, Pa., and he was among the first men to understand the climate of Lake Erie, and he managed to get for Pennsylvania a frontage on this lake.

In the pursuit of climate, it is probable that the first movements were made by the people of the populous states of Virginia and Pennsylvania. Any one who possesses a library of travels in America, conveying successive pictures of our social life from colonial times down to the day of railroads, will discover numbers of perished watering places.

For instance, about the time of the Revolution, the chief summer resorts in Pennsylvania were about York, as at York Springs, and I possess pictures of old log hotels at some of these resorts, where the outspurs of the Blue Mountains gave a little altitude above the surrounding plains. The wounded soldiers in the Revolution were sent up to Ephrata and Litiz and Bethlehem, where the air was good and nurses were to be had.

These Blue Mountains were not ascended until 1716, when

Governor Spotswood of Virginia undertook to find where the rivers of that state had their fountains, and he took an ensign in the British army and went to the frontier, where he was joined by some gentlemen and some militia rangers, about fifty in all, with pack-horses and much liquor, and this little army started out from near the site of the battle of Chancellorsville, and it took them a week to get to the top of the Blue Ridge at Swift Run Gap, thirty-six days after the Governor had left Williamsburgh. They went down into the Shenandoah Valley and called that flowing river the Euphrates. So much delighted was Spotswood with the air and scenery of the mountains that he instituted an order of knighthood called the Tramontane order.

Such was the beginning of human knowledge of the Alleghanies, nearly 170 years ago. The lives of three not very old men would have spanned from that day to this. The nearest approach of that Alleghany range, of which the Blue Ridge was the first parallel, to the great interior lakes of North America, is at Chautauqua. At this lake the Alleghany ridge, which divides the sources of the Ohio valley from the great lakes, is between 800 and 1400 feet high, every hill arable, and the earliest settlers observed how quickly the apples, pears and plums succeeded in the mild climate. They were surprised to find, at an altitude of more than 1300 feet above the ocean, a noble sheet of water 20 miles long. Some of the earliest settlers in this region came from the Blue Mountain country, buying their land from the Holland Land Company of New York, of which William H. Seward was long the attorney. Some of the first settlers pitched their cabins about 1803.

It is understood that Chautauqua Lake was first navigated about 1782, when the Revolutionary war was almost done and the battle of Yorktown had been fought. Desirous of keeping up some show of hostility, about 1800 British and Indians were sent to recapture Pittsburgh, and they launched their canoes on this lake, but their spies came back and told them that the Americans were on the lookout. Earlier than this, about 1752, when the French resolved to seize on the head waters of the Ohio, they left Niagara Fort by water in April and got to a place they called Chadacoin (undoubtedly Chautauqua) on Lake Erie, where they began to cut timber and prepared to build a fort, but their engineer coming on afterward put a stop to it, saying that the Chautauqua River was too shallow to carry out any craft with provisions to the Ohio. The man who had begun building the fort, M. Babeer, was so much pleased with the spot that he insisted on continuing his work, and he demanded that his opponent give him a certificate to excuse himself to the governor for not selecting so good a place. Consequently the fort was built at Erie, or Presqu' Isle.

The region about Chautauqua Lake is therefore, in an imperial sense, the oldest in America, the neighborhood for which two great empires contended, and at the time the French were meditating the seizure of these high lands and water-courses, twelve Virginians, two of whom were named Washington, formed the Ohio Company, before the year 1750.

Thus a third of a century only elapsed between the discovery of the Blue Ridge and the enterprises to connect the Alleghanies and the lakes on the part of two distinguished nations.

The high lands and hills about Chautauqua were familiar objects to the subjects of Louis XV. on their way to meet the adolescent Washington, and young Jumondville, who fell before Washington's night assault, had cooled his fevered eyes on the green forests of the Chautauqua summits. In forty-six years more, old General Wayne, who used this region as the base of observations against the Indians of Michigan and Ohio, closed his eyes almost within sight of the Chautauqua hillocks, and, while his body was still lying in the fort where he breathed his last, Commodore Perry was building a crude navy to sweep Lake Erie of the British. Perry came through New York state to Lake Ontario, from thence went to Buffalo and took a sleigh on the ice for Erie, also passing within sight of the high knobs



of Chautauqua. Several of his vessels went from the region of Buffalo, and at the age of twenty-seven this young officer won a fame hardly surpassed in the naval history of the New World.

The influence of the lake and western climate on the seamen and soldiers who visited it was almost immediately seen in their location hereabout and settling of many towns on the southern shore of Lake Erie, and if both sides of this lake were American, there seems to be little doubt that it would now be approaching the time of being the greatest center of population in the New World. That center has been driven down the hot Ohio valley by the limitations of our boundary, which giving not American soil to the north of Lake Erie, has reluctantly abandoned the cool summer air and clear fine winters of the lakes for the hot limestone inclosures of the streams to the south.

Yet the present growth of towns along Lake Erie shows with what alacrity the populations of the lower West precipitate themselves against the shores of the lake. Cleveland is growing faster than Cincinnati. Detroit, long retarded by a *habitant* population, is growing faster than Louisville. Toledo is growing faster than Wheeling. Buffalo has almost outgrown its more ancient neighbor of Pittsburgh. Chicago and Milwaukee stride ahead of St. Louis and Memphis. When the summer comes and the great national conventions choose their places of meeting, they benefit by experience, and both assemble the same year at Chicago to get the air of the lakes instead of sweltering in St. Louis or Cincinnati.

The fine climate about Chautauqua is in much a matter of altitude. Proceeding either east or west from this point, the shores of the lakes lie comparatively flat, and in the state of Ohio there is but one eminence sufficient to be called a mountain, and that is the Little Mountain not far from Painesville, a mere knob only about 200 feet above the plain, and ten miles back from Lake Erie. Even here some comfort can be had by the inhabitants of the plain, and a hotel was built at least fifty years ago.

The rise of public biography on the southern shore of Lake Erie has not been overlooked by the general reader; Garfield, Giddings, Wade, General McPherson, Hon. Henry B. Payne, Governor Todd, William Howells, Chief Justice Waite and many others are among the men whose minds have been lifted by the breezes from the lake, and which have already begun to display an energizing character attracting the attention of the whole country.

It has only been eighty-eight years since the first surveyors landed at Conneaut to survey the military lands of Connecticut and organize northern Ohio. When they pulled their boats ashore, which they had taken from Buffalo up the lake, they were so touched with their improved health that they moored on the beach, had prayer together and resolved to make the first day in the West a holiday. Mr. Harvey Rice in his recent history of the Western Reserve says: "The day was remarkably pleasant and the air bracing, and they partook of an extemporized feast with a keen relish, and gave for one of the toasts, 'May these fifty sons and daughters multiply in sixteen years sixteen times fifty.'" Seven weeks after this picnic the site of Cleveland was selected for a city. Twenty-two years after that the first steamboat starting from Buffalo passed within sight of Chautauqua and entered the harbor of Cleveland and went on to Detroit.

I have been almost an extensive traveler in the United States, not like commercial travelers, merely visiting the towns and trading points, but the scenery and the health resorts. About twenty-four years ago I went on the press and the vacation of special correspondent was then just rising into consideration, and I threw myself toward it, desiring to gratify "the lust of the eye" by my newspaper facilities. Even before I left school I had tramped through the Alleghany mountains, through the Sinking Spring valley, the Seven mountains and the fountain town called Bellefonte, in the heart of the Alle-

ghanies. Next I went through the Lackawanna and Wyoming valleys, visited the old resorts in the lap of Pennsylvania under the Blue Mountains, and in the midst of the war was a battle correspondent at such places as the Fauquier White Sulphur Springs. Next, lecturing opportunities took me through New York state and the West, and I visited Fredonia twice, in the vicinity of Chautauqua Lake, and there heard of the beautiful region almost overhanging it, on the highlands. With renewed opportunities I have been in California, about Los Angeles, and at Santa Barbara, and in southern Georgia and Florida, and in Cuba, at the Hot Springs of Arkansas, on the summits of the Osage mountains where the trade wind blows, at Springfield and through the Indian territory, and at San Antonio, in Texas, with smaller journeys to Oaklands and the Green Brier White Sulphur Springs, on the Alleghany tops and the Peaks of Otter, and along all our coasts as far as Mount Desert and New Brunswick, and several times in the White Mountains, down the St. Lawrence to the sea and out the Northern Pacific railroad, and I miss no opportunity, when I can afford it, to extend my information of places and people.

This is only said in answer to your request to give some idea of the relative quality of the air about Chautauqua Lake. I have seen no place where the air is so pure and the nights so agreeable anywhere along our lakes, and the spot seems almost arranged by nature with a reference to the anticipated arrangement of the people and the lines of communication in this republic.

When you consider that the low grade railroad route to the West must turn the Alleghany mountains to the North and use the limited space between those mountain spurs and the lake to reach the West without unnecessary expenditure of steam power, it would seem that Chautauqua Lake had been adjusted to the coming lines of travel, and we already have the Lake Shore, the Nickel Plate, the Erie, and the different Alleghany River lines, with more lines soon to come, to connect the Lehigh, the Lackawanna, the West Shore, and kindred systems with the great West.

Surely the spot is most agreeable for health and enjoyment to the great homogeneous people who are nearly evenly divided in numbers by the Alleghany range. The Alleghany mountains have hardly commenced their material development, and being full of coal, oil, iron, and the more precious minerals, the time is approaching when that mountain range will contain on its slopes the densest population in America, and its mineral resources be worked from the vicinity of Buffalo to Alabama.

My brother, Doctor Ralph M. Townsend, who was a surgeon connected with the medical schools of Philadelphia, and also a writer, was taken ill about ten years ago and compelled to search up and down the world for a climate in which to live. He tried Algiers, the south of France, the Bahamas, the Bermudas, Central America, Lower California, Colorado, and finally died in the Adirondack mountains, which he thought might allow him, in the dry air, to safely winter there. He did not like Florida, thought it was too damp, considered the southern part of California to be subject to winds, took cold in Colorado, which hastened his death, and finally considered that the northern climates were the most reliable. His vital power was almost spent when he came to this conclusion.

I was recently talking to General Pike Graham, a retired officer of the United States army and a native of Virginia, about the relative climate of Europe and America. He said that he had spent within a very few years three full winters abroad, and had tried almost all the resorts in the South of Europe, and he considered that the United States was much better situated for climate. He did not think Florida was a good climate, being too low and subject to changes and to dampness, but regarded southwestern Texas as perhaps the best he knew. I have talked to other travelers who consider the City of Mexico to have the best air they know of on the continent.



It is of advantage to an invalid to have a resort from which the surrounding world of men is attainable. That accounts for Fortress Monroe in the winter, with probably an inferior climate, absorbing much of the best travel to Florida. It is softer than any indentation to the north of the Chesapeake, and can be reached by a husband, or brother, or wife, from any of the great centers of the North in a very little time. The same is the case with Chautauqua Lake; it is only a night from the East, and a night and a day from the far West. A large portion of the American people can visit it without taking rail at all, using the steam lines on the St. Lawrence and the great lakes. It is especially a summer climate and the foliage of western New York in the autumns is not equaled on the globe, at least not in the temperate zones. The finest autumn tints I ever recollect to have seen are in western New York, where the character of the trees assimilates to the ardor of the foliage, and the maples and poplars almost imitate the finery of the Indians who once dwelt in their region.

The Western States do not possess the variety of the East in coasts, hills, spas, and scenery; much of the Mississippi valley is limestone hill or flat plain, bare of mountains, and the first cool and lovely spot reached from the West is on the lofty headwaters of the Ohio, near Lake Erie. Following the Lake Shore to the westward I do not know of a single spot to be found like Chautauqua, though one should go as far as Duluth, where I have been also in the time of its prosperity, about 1872; the heat at Duluth, though so much farther to the north, was much greater in midsummer than it is on the Chautauqua uplands. Indeed, the heat of the American summer penetrates almost every resort, and I have known at Saratoga some of the most stagnant days of my life. A perfectly cool climate is not obtained along our coasts till one gets to New Brunswick, about St. John, and the coolness there has the drawback of heavy fogs and a moisture exceeding Ireland.

My brother, already referred to, possessed more special intelligence on this subject than myself, and at the commencement of his sickness he began a series of letters to the *Medical and Surgical Reporter*, where I read at the outstart this sentence: "My languor and lassitude from May until July was followed by a slight attack of laryngitis. I grew thinner daily. A week in July at the high, dry country estate of a friend did bring some increased strength and appetite, but a second week at Cape May brought on a severe attack of bronchitis. Recovering partly from this, two weeks were spent at Saratoga and Lake George with the effect of again bringing me home with a bronchial attack, and the last straw was finally attained by taking my boy to Atlantic City for his health. I had hardly come within smell of the salt marshes at this place when my bronchial trouble was brought back with redoubled intensity."

He goes on to say that his doctor, Professor Da Costa, ordered him to find a new climate at once, as a deposit had already made its appearance in both lungs. This was just ten years ago, and in the month of October, he says: "Of the many different medical friends who came to say good-bye and add hearty wishes for my recovery, scarcely two united on the same place as the one best suited for me to go to."

My brother's letters, continued for several months and written just before his death, grappled with the question of a climate after severe experience. He found Mentone "the most crowded of all places with invalids, and the least deserving of patronage of any place long the Riviera." "If you get into a carriage in front of a hotel on a beautiful sunshiny day you protest against taking an overcoat in the absolute heat, but when you turn a corner into a shady street or get on the shady side of a wall or hill and let the sun be temporarily obscured, you must quickly draw close your overcoat and pull a robe over your lap. I do not recommend Nice as a winter climate except by comparison, and I would never halt on the north shore of the Mediterranean if it were in my power to reach Egypt or Algeria."

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He kept a diary, wherever he went, of the condition of the weather, and Europe is almost invariably written "cloudy," "chilly," "raw," "showery," or "rain." He thought much better of Algiers, where he stayed fifty-nine days, but how few persons can afford to go to Algiers—"and even there," he says, "ten days were partially or wholly cloudy, and on eleven days we had continuous rains or showers, one of the rainy days being characterized by a smart hail storm." This was between January and March.

Santa Barbara is probably the best indorsed wintering place on the coast of California. I went ashore there from a ship, and found a small town, partly of frame houses and partly of Mexican huts, with a dull mongrel life, hardly relieved by an old mission house a mile or so in the rear of the town; the invalids looked like banished people, and had then such infrequent access to the outer world that their eyes seemed yearning toward their homes in Chicago or elsewhere. The element of society and of change and life is more necessary than medicine to a desponding and invalid nature. That is the great trouble with the majority of American resorts, which are neither large enough to accommodate the crowd in the high season, nor near enough to the channels of travel in any season. There can not be, for example, a more wretched place than the Hot Springs of Arkansas, even in the height of the season, which is in late winter and spring; the close ragged valley with a sewer running through the middle of it, alternately a stench and deluge, and the series of raveled hotels wherein gambling is the chief occupation, where the rain is frequent and at times seems constant, and the natural life of the place is hard and outlaw like, and it takes about twenty-four hours to get anywhere in the current of mankind.

San Antonio, which has a good climate, has not a hotel fit for a person to inhabit who is acquainted with the comforts of the table. Though situated considerably inland, it is subject to what are called "northers," or cold storms, that often bring hail, and a chance upon the place with the rapidity of a spirit of ice and snow. Almost all those southern resorts are too warm for summer tourists, and this is the case at the Green Brier Sulphur Springs, notwithstanding its high altitude; the nights are cold, but mid-day is often exhausting.

About Oakland, in Maryland, is a cool climate, and the summit there has become something similar to Chautauqua Lake, having groups of hotels about six miles apart, and between them in the glades is a kind of religious camp settlement.

The interior of New York state, as at Cooperstown, is agreeable in the nights, but the limestone soil retains a portion of its heat and the days are often sultry.

The White Mountains have the disadvantage of remoteness from any considerable centers of population and are not upon the main highways of travel. It takes a whole day to go to the mountains from Boston, and many of the resorts there are distant from the railroad, and must be reached by livery teams, which slowly climb to the altitudes, and affect the patience and also increase the cost of living. The days are often very cold. I was in the White Mountains last summer, and undertook to walk from my hotel down to the village of Franconia, in plain sight. I generally found that the heat spoiled my linen and brought me back to the hotel used up.

FOR my own part I am fully persuaded that the most powerful goddess, and one that rules mankind with the most authoritative sway is Truth. For though she is resisted by all, and oftentimes has drawn up against her the plausibilities of falsehood in the subtlest forms, she triumphs over all opposition. I know not how it is that she, by her own unadorned charms, forces herself into the heart of man. At times her power is instantly felt; at other times, though obscured for awhile, she at last bursts forth in meridian splendor, and conquers by her innate force the falsehood with which she has been oppressed.—*Polybius*.

## A DREAMY OLD TOWN.

By EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

To Chautauquans the name Chautauqua means one thing; and yet I believe that anything pertaining to Chautauqua county must of necessity be of interest to the thousands who know and love the beautiful lake which bears the name. To this end has this rambling sketch of the oldest town in the county been prepared. It lies only seven miles away from the Chautauqua; at just the right distance for a day's excursion from that point, when the student's head, bewildered by so many good things, demands and needs a day's rest and diversion. The drive is a delightful one, passing through the pretty little village of Mayville and over the hills, from one of which one gets a view of two lakes, beautiful Chautauqua flashing and sparkling under the mid-summer sun, glorious old Erie rolling his blue waters with slow and majestic movement. Then descending these hills one comes into the pleasant valley and into the dreamy old town. It has been said of it, that one-half of it is dead and the other half gone to its funeral, but to the tired heart and brain its peaceful quiet comes as a whiff of salt air or a breeze from mountain heights. With natural advantages equal to those of many noted watering places, it is somewhat of a mystery why the sleepy old place has never awakened and found itself famous.

But it lies, sleeping beauty that it is, dreaming, shut in by a range of dark green hills on one side and by the waters of the bluest of all the great lakes on the other. There are a few factories and mills within its precincts, but somehow no whirr of machinery nor other sound ever comes from them to break the stillness, which is Sabbath-like every day. It boasts of three railroads, but each at a respectful enough distance from the town, so that the faint shriek of the locomotive alone causes the sojourner to remember that far away, somewhere, outside, there is such a thing as a busy, noisy, bustling world. It is the home of solidity, respectability, and wealth. A place in which erring human nature finds it very easy to be good; in which the old-fashioned virtues of sobriety, temperance, and hospitality hold sway; in which no more reckless amusements than lawn tennis and teas, with an occasional reception at one of the many beautiful homes, or a clam-bake on the shores of the lake are permitted; a thoroughly drowsy old town.

Westfield, the oldest town of the famous Chautauqua county, New York state, lies on the shore of Lake Erie, fifty-seven miles west from Buffalo. It is a garden of the gods on a small scale. Lying back one mile and a half from the lake, it receives its breezes at exactly the right temperature. It is never too hot in summer; rarely too cold in winter.

The town is divided by a deep picturesque gorge, through which Chautauqua Creek runs, and whose sides are now high and rocky, now a bewildering and beautiful mass of wild grapevines, chestnut and willow, and shrubs of nearly every variety and description. It is spanned at seemingly the most inaccessible places by various bridges and ah! the beauty of that deep chasm on an autumn day, when it is ablaze with the color of maple leaf and sumach and golden rod. This gorge deepens and widens, grows more wild and gloomy as it runs back among the Chautauqua hills, until it culminates in a most remarkable freak of nature, known the country round as the "Hog's Back," of which a description will be given further on.

The first white settlement of this town, and of the entire county as well, was commenced in 1802, at what was long known as the Cross Roads, and which is now marked by a curious stone monument. The earlier history of these regions is dim and indistinct, but all tradition and history, as well as many curious relics which have been discovered, point to the fact that after the mound builders, the Neutral nations, or as they were called by the Senecas, the *Kakkwas*, were the first occupants of the soil of Chautauqua. They dwelt in forty vil-

lages, some of which were near Fort Niagara; some in Erie county, but the greater part of their territory extended west along the shore of Lake Erie, through Chautauqua county into Ohio. They were a strange race of people, famous hunters, exceedingly fierce and superstitious. The first knowledge had by Europeans of the Lake Erie regions, and of the tribes which inhabited them, was obtained by the French in Canada; their enterprise in this surpassing that of the British.

Father Lalement, in a letter to the Provincial of Jesuits in France, dated at St. Mary's Mission, May 19, 1641, speaks of the Neutrals, and also of a warlike nation named the Eries, or the Nation of the Cat, so called from the extraordinary number of wild cats which infested their section, that lived to the south of Lake Erie and west of the Neutral nation. The Eries were great warriors and were a terror to the Iroquois. They fought with poisoned arrows, having no fire-arms.

Both these nations were cruelly destroyed by the Iroquois in 1651 and 1655. The final overthrow of the Neutral nation is supposed to have taken place near Buffalo; the destruction of the Eries, along the shore of the beautiful lake bearing this name. The whole force of the Iroquois embarked in canoes upon the blue waters of the lake, and after assaulting the Eries at a point, the exact location of which is not now known, scenes most horrible and revolting were enacted, and the brave Eries were totally annihilated in a fearful butchery.

The accounts of the destruction of these nations are found in the written narratives of the Jesuits, who were living at that time among the Indians of New York and Canada. From the extirpation of the Neutral and Erie nations, until its settlement by pioneers, Chautauqua county, and especially the portion along the shore of Lake Erie, was the home of the Senecas, the fiercest tribe of the Iroquois nation.

In 1679, La Salle, Tonti, his Italian lieutenant, Father Louis Hennepin and several others set sail from Cayuga Creek, a small stream emptying into Niagara River, for the foot of Lake Erie, steering west-southwest. They made many leagues, passing what is now Chautauqua county. They are supposed to be the first Europeans who saw the Chautauqua hills, gloomy and rugged, covered with mighty forests. The boundary line between the French and English possessions in America had long been a cause of contention, and the territory of Chautauqua county was included in the disputed ground. Communications between the French posts on the Mississippi and French forts in Canada were made by the long and tedious routes of the Mississippi, Green Bay routes, and afterward by Lake Michigan and the Wabash. The easy communication between Canada and the Mississippi by way of Lake Erie and Chautauqua Lake was not discovered until 1752, when the Marquis Du Quesne, having been appointed Governor-General of Canada, arrived there. He at once took more aggressive and decided measures to obtain possession of the disputed territory, than any of his predecessors had done. He immediately began to construct the long line of frontier forts which La Salle had suggested, that were to unite Canada and Louisiana by way of the Ohio. This bold step is regarded as leading to the French and Indian war, which resulted in losing Canada to the French. One of Du Quesne's first acts was to open a portage road from the mouth of the Chautauqua Creek, which empties into Lake Erie a mile and a half from the town of Westfield, to the head of Chautauqua Lake, and thus open communication between Lake Erie and the head waters of the Ohio.

In a letter which he sends to the French minister of the marine and colonies, in Paris, he states that his intention is to begin his posts near the mouth of *Chataconit*, or Chautauqua Creek. This portage road was cut through the wilderness more than twenty years before the battle of Lexington, and yet traces of it to this day are to be seen in and about the town. In 1761 Sir William Johnson journeyed to Detroit to establish a treaty with the Ottawa confederacy. On his return, he sailed



along the southern shore of Lake Erie, and in his journal speaks thus of this portage:

"WEDNESDAY, October 1, 1761.—Embarked at *Presque Isle* (Erie) at 7 o'clock, with the wind strong ahead, continued so all the day, notwithstanding it improved all day, and got to *Jadaghue Creek*, and carrying place, which is a fine harbor and encampment."

In a letter from General Washington to General Irvine, dated Mount Vernon, October 31, 1788, he speaks thus of this portage:

"If the Chautauqua Lake at the head of the Connewango River approximates Lake Erie as closely as it is laid down in the draft you sent me, it presents a very short portage indeed between the two, and access to all those above the latter. I am, etc.,

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

One of Chautauqua's earliest pioneers was William Peacock, who passed over this road in 1800. Ten years later he became the agent of the Holland Land Company. He was an eccentric and shrewd man, and in a short time became exceedingly wealthy, the hard working land owners thought at their expense. He was charged with reserving the choicest farms, best water powers and timber lands for himself and his favorites. The land holders also thought he was not giving them credit for interest which they paid from time to time upon their land, and these opinions found vent in the newspapers, and the agitation grew until on the 6th of February, 1836, a mob gathered from all parts of the county at Dewittville, a little hamlet on the shore of Chautauqua Lake.

Word was brought to Mr. Peacock at Mayville, a village at the head of the lake, and seven miles from Westfield, that a raid was to be made upon the land office that night, and that mischief might be done to his person unless he should make good his escape. Donald McKenzie, a northwestern fur trader, and brother of the McKenzie who discovered the river of that name, had three years previous to this come to Mayville to live, and was in the land office that dreary February afternoon when this alarming message was brought. The stalwart Scotchman, through whose veins flowed some of the proudest blood of Caledonia, feared neither "mon nor de'il." It was his custom to wear a very long black coat which fell in ample folds around his massive frame. Mr. Peacock was an undersized man. Donald McKenzie cast the drapery of his inky cloak about the frightened little man and thus shielded and shrouded from sight, he hurried him up the hill to his home, whence he was soon taken in a covered sleigh to Westfield, and down the lake shore road to Buffalo as fast as horses could carry him, and none too soon was he out of the way, for at dusk a crowd of infuriated men, numbering two or three hundred, made a raid upon the land office, demolished it, and after working until near morning succeeded in forcing open the vault and seized the books, records and contracts and carried them two miles away, and heaping them up made a goodly bonfire of them. The ruins of the land office are yet to be seen in Mayville. The land holders by this mad proceeding brought only "confusion worse than death" upon themselves, while the prudent Peacock accumulated a wonderful property, and was afterward made judge. He left to one heir alone the whole village of Barcelona, the harbor of Westfield, situated just east of the mouth of Chautauqua Creek, the starting point of the French portage road. This harbor was made a port of entry by the general government. In 1828 a lighthouse was erected by a citizen at his own expense; a steamer named the "William Peacock," for the hero of the land office story, was built; all craft on the lake stopped at the little port; a company was formed called the Barcelona Company; the village was enlarged, the streets being laid out in city fashion; corner lots sold for fabulous sums; men lost their heads; the place was to be a great port; when suddenly the railroad came creeping along the shore; the bubble broke; the mushroom town was a failure; fortunes were lost, and today Barcelona harbor is a deserted village with grass-grown

streets, gaunt houses, whose windows stare reproachfully at the gay carriage loads passing by, and an old white lighthouse, which, like the ghostly finger of the past, seems to beckon to all to come and look upon the desolation around it. A few sad faced women who might have ridden in their carriages; brawny fishermen who might have owned their blocks and wharves and shipping, are the only inhabitants. Down on the beach of a bright autumn afternoon the nets are spread a-drying; little huts, whose half open doors reveal the hauls of herring and bass, are here and there; ruddy faced boys lie sprawling on the sand, sunning themselves; the trees have grown thick and tall about the lighthouse upon the cliff; no sound is heard save the hiss of the waves as they tumble in; the quaint little harbor wears a disappointed look. Old "Groats' Inn," though time has used it roughly, alone seems to try and hold its ancient smartness, like an antiquated spinster who wishes it understood that the reason she has never married is not that she never had an offer. Summer and winter for many long years has it stood there on the edge of the cliff, waiting for the rush of travel which never came; ready to give hospitality to man and beast, but no wayfarer ever knocks for admission and entertainment. There is nothing sadder than a deserted village. What a mockery it seems of all human hopes and ambitions. In these old houses that look as if they were weary waiting through so many long years, what homely, uneventful lives have been spent; what tired eyes have closed for the last time; what aching and disappointed hearts have ceased to beat, thankful, no doubt, that the worry and fret were all over.

When old Judge Peacock died, his heirs each received one thirteenth of his vast estate. One grand-nephew, whose father and mother had been cousins, fell heir to two-thirteenths, and from being a poor lad living among the fishermen, found himself the possessor of this entire harbor and nearly all the land lying between it and Westfield.

In June, 1836, four months after the land office at Mayville had been destroyed, William H. Seward having been appointed to the agency, and also having an interest in the purchase, established the land office in Westfield and lived there until his election as governor of New York. The Seward mansion is one of the attractions to visitors. It is a "brave old house," with a beautiful lawn, fronting on the village green. Its trees are trimmed in a peculiar old-fashioned way. Its iron gates stand open, as if inviting the passer to enter and look upon its quaint surroundings. Another stately old-time mansion is that of the Patterson family. It was originally occupied by a brother of Seward's, and when a member of the family died its front door was painted black! A superb lawn shaded by grand old trees sweeps away on one side; a garden of grapevines lies on the other; in front great beds of scarlet geranium blaze, and the trees and shrubs are out in the same quaint pattern as those upon the Seward estate. The fashion of other days is plainly to be seen in everything pertaining to both these rare old places.

The drives about the town are picturesque and delightful. From nearly every street and road you get enchanting views of the lake on one hand and the range of hills on the other. The streets are laid in curves, and you are continually sweeping rounded corners and coming upon unexpected beauties. Old trees meet above your head; you cross and recross the gorge dividing the town; far below you rushes the stream; down a shaded street you go past old-fashioned homes and modern villas in sharp contrast, and suddenly through overhanging boughs you catch the glory of the blue waters of old Erie; you are soon in Barcelona harbor; from there you can drive for miles along the beach, now on the cliff, with the waves thundering in many feet below you, now further back from the shore past finely cultivated farms, vineyards, orchards, fields "afoam with sweetness," and never failing to catch through grove, across fields of waving corn and grain, wooded



hollows through which clear waters run, glimpses of the lake's witchery.

Or you can drive into Peacock's Grove at Barcelona—a lovely little forest of tall graceful trees, with a velvet turf from which all annoying brush has been removed. Leave your carriage, throw yourself upon the ground and drink in the ever changing beauty of the magic view; the turquoise blue of the water, of a sunny morning; the sapphire blue of a drowsy summer afternoon; the molten glory of sky and water at sunset; the slow oncoming of the solemn moon. How the trees seem to whisper to the waters as if they were talking over all they have witnessed in common; faintly comes the tinkle of a cow bell from a neighboring copse; the crows are calling to each other in the tree-tops; across the path scamper the squirrels; the bay is dotted with the boats of the fishermen; there is scarcely a ripple on the vast stretch of water before you; a heavenly peace lies on lake and shore.

Or take the drive to the wonderful "Hog's Back." Leaving the town behind you, commence the gradual ascent of the dark and rugged hills. Up and up, higher and higher you go, now pause and look back. The valley lies smiling before you—a lovely jewel with its setting of the marvelously blue waters behind it. You leave your carriage and horses in a hospitable farm yard and set out on foot for the "Hog's Back." Across a meadow or two and you come into a forest of pines and hemlocks. The wind sighs through the trees as it only sighs through such a wood; far, far off you hear the rushing of water. You go on a few steps further and suddenly you find yourself on the edge of a most frightful precipice, the descent into which is over a narrow ledge of earth thrown up by some tremendous eruption into the shape of the back of a giant hog. And such an abyss! Words can not express the awful stillness which reigns over this mighty gorge whose sides are lined with gloomy forests. Primeval solitudes could not have been more desolate. The descent is terrible, but nothing in comparison with the dizzy ascent. One draws a breath of relief when safely up once more and out from the shade of the mysterious pines into the gladness of sunlight and an open sky.

Having heard that a mile or so from the town were still to be seen traces of an old French fort, built either at the time Du Quesne cut the portage road, or during the French and Indian war, the writer drove with a friend one morning in search of the place. After many questions, directions and counter-directions, we finally found the farm upon which it was said to be located. The genial farmer to whom we stated our errand laughed and answered:

"O, yes, I've got all there is left of it, which ain't much." He told us we could drive nearly to the spot, and led the way, walking by the carriage, while a joyful dog leaped on before. Past the farm house, barns, the orchard flaunting its magnificent red fruit, through the "back lot," across a field perfumed with its "second crop" of red clover, we came to a rail fence almost hidden from view by young chestnut trees and the rioting wild grapevine. Thus far, and no farther, could we go in the carriage, and leaving it, we stepped over the fence chivalrously lowered by our guide, and soon saw "all there's left of it." Only an immense circular breastwork, with tall straight trees many, many years old growing on its top, is left of what may have been simply a supply station, a fort erected by the French against the Indians, possibly the fort where the brave Eries were massacred by the Iroquois, or going further back, it may have been the work of the mound builders.

"I can't tell you anything about it," said our obliging guide, "but if you want to take the trouble to go there, old Uncle Dave Cochrane will tell you all about it. He's ninety years old, but he remembers everything, and he'll be glad to see you and tell you all he knows."

Being directed to Uncle Dave's, we left the farm and drove in the opposite direction toward the lake. When about half way to Barcelona, we turned aside from the

main road, and in a hollow, close by Chautauqua Creek, found an old-fashioned stuccoed house, over which the scarlet woodbine crept and clung lovingly. We could bring no one to the front door, and so the Adventurous One commenced to explore the rear of the house, and was rewarded by seeing peering over the top of the coal bin in the woodshed, an old, old man with a chisel in his hand.

"Are you Uncle David Cochrane?"

"Hey?" shouted the old gentleman.

The question was repeated, and the answer was literally bawled:

"Yes; who be you?"

The Adventurous One was obliged to state her name and errand before the old man would move one step from behind the coal bin.

"I'll come around to the front of the house," announced this tremendous voice, coming with startling effect from this little bundle of humanity to which it belonged, "for I'm hard o' hearin'."

And so Uncle Dave and the Adventurous One sat down on a bench by the old stone wall around the little garden, and while the autumn sun smiled down on the waters of the pretty stream that flowed by the old man's door, this voice from the past spoke freely and at length.

Uncle Dave was a remarkable old gentleman, possessing an astounding memory, of which faculty he was well aware, and of which he was very proud. He had dates, incidents, historical events at his tongue's end. On being asked, who in his opinion had built the fortifications we had that morning seen, he said emphatically:

"It was some of them ten foot fellers that lived here long before the Injuns. Injuns never done it, they didn't know enough, and they are too old for the French to have built 'em."

Did he mean the mound builders?

"Yes, I reckon that's what ye call 'em."

Did he ever see any traces of the old portage road?

"O, yes," he trumpeted forth, "the French under *Du Quiseney* built that road from the mouth of this here very creek to the head of Chautauqua Lake."

"Do you remember, Mr. Cochrane, when Lafayette visited Westfield in 1823?"

"Yes, sir," he shouted, and his withered old face was suddenly transfigured by some nameless light, "indeed I do. Word was brought to us that Lafayette was in Erie, and Judge Peacock had a splendid span of greys and a nice carriage, and he sent them to the State line to bring him to Westfield. I got a six-pounder all ready, and when the runner came ahead to let us know them greys was in sight, I jest teched her off. He drove over the bridge and up on the village square, and got out of the carriage and took off his hat." Here the old man reverently uncovered his head, straightened himself and became unconsciously dramatic. "He was a sandy haired feller, a reg'lar Frenchman, and he spoke to everybody that crowded up to shake hands with him. And I tell ye it was a sight to see them Revolutioners crowd around him. Alec Wilson, he was a Revolutioner, an Irishman, says he, 'God bless yez, Markis, how air yez;' and the Markis says just as pleasant and affable like, 'Very well, my friend, but you have the advantage of me.' 'Why, Markis,' says Alec, 'I wuz one of General Washington's body-guard, I wuz. Many a time have I seen you and the Ginerel together, Lord love ye.' 'Is that so, Alec,' says the Markis, 'then I must shake hands again,' and he did shake again with that air Irishman!"

When we came away his parting shout was to this effect:

"When ye find a man of my age with a better memory, s'posed ye let me know."

Good by, brave old pioneer, we shall never see you again; but the picture you made as you stood there "in the pleasant autumn weather," the breeze playing with your white hair,

your little cottage, its cream tint contrasting so well with the vivid red of the woodbine which waned over it, for a background, will not soon be forgotten.

Westfield is admirably adapted for a summer resort. Aside from its beautiful scenery, its hills, its lake with its inducements in the way of fishing, sailing and rowing, its charming drives, and equally as charming walks, it is undeniably a healthy place. Its air is pure and bracing. Every breath you draw seems to put new life into your frame. There are mineral springs near the town which might be utilized. There are many points near by suitable for excursions. Van Buren's Harbor, a delightful picnic ground, and the best beach along shore for bathing, is within a short drive. Peacock's Grove offers inducements for camping and clam baking. There are many other beautiful villages easy of access; the remarkable "Hog's Back" furnishes a day's diversion; twenty miles away is a wonderful geological attraction known as Panama Rocks, which well deserves and repays attention. In point of fact, the sleepy old place has more than its share of surrounding attractions and only needs a magic touch to waken it, and yet it would be a pity to transform this little Arcadia into a fashionable watering place. One would not care to see its primitive beauty sullied and its peace broken in upon by the world. Rather let it remain one of those places fast dying out before the march of so-called civilization, a dreamy old town.

## OUR STEEL HORSE.

If we should try to trace the rise of the bicycle I imagine that the multitude of queer contrivances which would be brought together could hardly be surpassed by a collection of the flying machines of the world, or of the instruments for producing perpetual motion. Since Von Drais' *dratsine* of 1817 we have had a series of curious and ingenious inventions, all aiming at the same result—a steel horse which would never tire, which would eat no oats and need no groom, but which, while subject to none of the drawbacks of horseflesh, would carry its owner to his business, on pleasure trips across the country—anywhere and everywhere. Has it been found at last? Truly, it seems so. To our few standard methods of traveling, by steam, by rail, by carriage, by horse, and by foot, we must certainly add by bicycle.

Most people remember the forerunner of the present light and noiseless "wheel," for it was not until 1865 that the first bicycle—we called it a velocipede then—was brought to America. Every one will remember too the velocipede craze that possessed the whole race of boys, young and old, in 1869-'70. Many a town still contains the shattered remnant of a velocipede rink, which in those days was its most popular place of amusement, and in many a wood-shed, garret or barn loft there is still stowed away the remnant of an old-fashioned velocipede which once made happy a now grown-up-and-gone-away son.

Since those days there has been a decided change in the construction of the machine, the almost clumsy velocipede has become the airy "wheel." The general structure has not been changed, but improved mechanical work and greater skill in adapting certain points so that they will do more effective work has brought the vehicle to a very high degree of perfection. The bicycle and tricycle in their improved forms are meeting with remarkable success. It is said that there are 30,000 bicyclers in the United States, nearly all having joined the ranks in the past six years, and that these 30,000 have four hundred organized clubs. The national club, called "The League of American Wheelmen," numbers already 4,000 members, two excellent magazines, *Outing* and *The Wheelman*, and several papers are devoted to its interests, and are spreading everywhere information and enthusiasm.

Tricycles are rapidly gaining the favor among ladies that the bicycle already has won among gentlemen. Hundreds of

them are in use in the cities, where a common sight on the boulevards and in the parks is a tricycle party of ladies and portly men taking a morning constitutional or an afternoon's pleasure ride.

So many of our hobbies have their day and die, are popular because some shrewd fellow has made them fashionable that people of good common sense are becoming a little slow in adopting new things. Many are now inquiring about the validity of the bicycle's claim. Is it as useful, as healthful, as pleasant a steed as avowed? No doubt an unqualified affirmative in answer to this question would be wrong, but that there are many strong points in favor the facts will prove. To fairly test its capabilities one should not take the experience of the first day's riding, or of a would-be wheelman who is yet in the A B Cs of bicycling. It is an art and must be learned. A novice can not mount and ride away without a few tumbles; he can not at first "take" a curb or, in fact, any obstruction. If he try to use the brake in going down hill he will undoubtedly be thrown overboard and roll instead of wheel to the foot. He will ache and groan over long rides, and if easily discouraged, give up his efforts. But are these results any worse, or even so bad as the results of the first experiences on horseback? What is the bicycle or tricycle worth to the one who can handle it? is the question.

We are accustomed to think of it as useful only on a level where the roads are hard and smooth and unobstructed, but he is a poor wheelman indeed, who can ride only on smooth ground. Any ordinary road, though it may be encumbered by ruts, pebbles, or mud, may be safely traveled. Snowy roads, of course, are hard traveling, but it is recorded of an enthusiastic New Hampshire bicyclist that he was on the roads a part of each day during the year 1881. Candidly, it requires an unusual amount of skill and enthusiasm to use a bicycle on snowy or rugged roads for any long distance, although a quite possible task. By far the worst impediment which the "wheel" encounters is a stretch of loose sand, then all momentum is lost by the friction, and to go at all is very hard work; however, there is rarely a road so located that turf or a beaten walk does not lie near, to which the rider may resort. Nor are the hills a disadvantage, unless they are very long and steep. The ordinary grade can be easily mounted, though, as in walking, there is of course a greater degree of exertion required than on the level. The true answer to the question, where the bicycle may be ridden, is: On any road where one can drive safely and pleasantly.

The question of speed is a very important one. Unless something can be gained in point of time it is no advantage to rushing clerks and brokers and students to bicycle their way to business and back; but the fact that something can be gained is a very strong point in favor of the "wheel." The rate of speed compared with walking is three to one, and the exertion on level ground is but one-third of that of walking. On our steel horse, too, we make better time than on horseback. In a day's travel the gain is very noticeable. The bicycle will take you four or five times as far as you can walk and twice as far as you can ride on horseback. The real advantage of a mode of travel which exercises and exhilarates, which is less wearisome than walking and which, while it gives as high speed as a horse, yet causes none of the trouble, the possible risk and no expense, is very apparent. This is no whimsical fancy either, but a fact. Many physicians, clergymen and business men are finding it invaluable in their work. A certain physician of high rank has given it as his opinion, that the "bicycle or tricycle can be practically and profitably used by physicians as an adjunct to, or even in place of, the horse; and that it solves, beyond any question, the problem of exercise for a very large class of our patients." And another writing of its merits, says: "This summer I have turned both my horses out to grass and have trusted to my bicycle alone, doing, on an average, about 50 miles a day. I find I get

through my day's work with less fatigue than on horseback, and without the monotony of driving." If it will serve the purpose of a doctor it will of any and all busy men.

More important than its practical value is its health giving qualities. It is a veritable cure-all. The pleasure of the exercise, the fine play it gives to the muscles of the upper and lower limbs, and the free exposure to sun and air are the best possible medicines. *Ennui*, the wretched, worn-out feeling of so many over-worked students, bookkeepers and professional men, dyspepsia and nervousness can have no better prescription than bicycle or tricycle riding. Indeed, of the latter no less an authority than B. W. Richardson, M. D., a famous English physician, says: "I am of the opinion that no exercise for women has ever been discovered that is to them so really useful. Young and middle aged ladies can learn to ride the tricycle with the greatest facility, and they become excellently skillful. The tricycle is, in fact, now with me a not uncommon prescription, and is far more useful than many a dry, formal medicinal one which I have had to write on paper."

The real enjoyment of the exercise is wonderfully in its favor. No finer sport can be found than the rapid spinning by green fields, through shady woods and along clear streams, lifted so far above the earth that you half believe you are treading air, so still and smoothly your "wheels" carry you. The bounding life that gentle exercise and abundant air and sunshine bring is yours. You seem almost a creature of the air as you whirl along. It is pure, perfect pleasure—the perfection of motion. One feature of bicycle and tricycle riding that commends it to many is the opportunity it offers for delightful summer trips. The bicycle clubs of many cities make daily morning runs of ten or twelve miles into the country, returning in time for a club breakfast at the home of some member—longer trips which occupy a day are common, and a month's travel through a pleasant country is becoming a very fashionable as well as healthful and inexpensive way of spending a vacation. An English lady and her sister recently made a trip of 470 miles through the pleasant country of South England on tricycles, and declare that they had so pleasant a time they intend to make another tour next year. Indeed, so successful have bicycle and tricycle excursions become that they threaten to rival the railway and steamer.

The expense is of course an important item to most people, and is decidedly in favor of the wheel. As in all goods, the prices vary with quality and finish. The price of a bicycle varies from \$7 to \$175, of a tricycle from \$20 to \$240. The medium prices give as durable and useful an instrument as the higher. When once owned there is little more expense—a trifle will be spent in repairs each year, and if desired, there are certain accessories which can be added. New tires are needed about once in four years, and cost about \$10 for a fifty-inch bicycle. But there is no feeding nor stalling nor grooming. Your steel horse makes no demands upon your purse, your sympathies, or your time.

What is the bicycle coming to? Certainly to be a very important factor in our civilization. We may expect to see it some day in war—already the mounted orderlies in the Italian army use it. In twenty years, maybe less, we shall all be taking our wedding trips by bicycle, and it may not be wild to suppose that the enterprising wheelman will soon have a highway from New York to San Francisco, and that our summer trips to the Golden Gate or the Atlantic will be *via* bicycle.

NEVER, never has one forgotten his pure, right-educating mother. On the blue mountains of our dim childhood, toward which we ever turn and look, stand the mothers, who marked out to us from thence our life; the most blessed age must be forgotten ere we can forget the warmest heart. You wish, O woman! to be ardently loved, and forever, even till death. Be, then, the mothers of your children.—*Richter*.

## THE NAVY.

### WHY IT SHOULD BE EFFICIENTLY MAINTAINED IN TIME OF PEACE.

By LIEUTENANT G. W. MENTZ, of the U. S. Navy.

Many intelligent people in our country know nothing whatever of the navy.

We are not a warlike nation, and our people are engaged in peaceful pursuits. The majority are so busied with matters which have no connection with nautical affairs that they have no time for reflection upon any such subject.

A great many of our fellow countrymen have never seen the ocean, have never seen anything in the shape of a ship except a river steamboat.

Not seeing the navy, not hearing of it in these piping times of peace, having no dealings with it or with ships, never coming in contact with it in any way, and not understanding anything about it, they never trouble themselves with it, and care nothing for it, just as almost every one naturally does with any subject in which he is not personally interested.

But how can our people in the interior be influenced to interest themselves in a subject which really is of vital importance to them, and almost as much so as to those living on the seaboard?

They are told, year after year, that our coasts and our lakes are undefended, that a navy is absolutely necessary, that in its present state it could not stand a chance with the navy of even a fourth-rate power; yet they never care enough about it to instruct their representatives in Congress to put the country in a secure state of defense, and unless so instructed by the people, our politicians will never do anything but dilly-dally with every subject of national importance.

We are slapped in the face, first on one side then on the other, and kicked about by nations which are picayunish in their resources in comparison with ourselves, and yet we take it all with indifference or a faint protest.

We are a strange combination as a nation; the same men who would resent an insult individually, or so provide themselves with weapons that no one would dare insult them, when taken collectively as a nation pitifully ask to be "let off" the moment the British lion shows his teeth, or the Prussian eagle raises his claws.

But it is not intended to appeal to the sentiment of the people of the United States, or to their sense of honor to rouse their interest in the navy. That has been tried too often, and has failed in every case, until truly patriotic men (and thank God there are a few such men left) have almost given up in despair, if not in disgust. This article will, it is hoped, prove, on other grounds than sentiment, the absolute necessity of a navy in time of peace by showing what it does when we are not at war.

Every one knows the navy has something to do with the defenses of the country, but—

What is the use of a navy in time of peace?

What does it do?

What does it consist of?

Who manages it?

How much does it cost us taxpayers?

Do we get any return for our money? and the like, are questions which every one, in his capacity of an American citizen, has a right to ask, and which should be answered in such a way that every school boy could understand.

It is easily understood by those of our countrymen living even in those parts of our land most remote from either ocean washing our shores, that a navy is necessary in time of war with a foreign country, and that then it would protect our coasts and prevent an invasion of our soil, and keep the enemy's war ships from destroying our cities, or from blockading our ports, and thus give the grain and beef—"the production of which is the very



life and soul of the West"—an opportunity to get out of the country, and to their markets; for it requires no great reasoning powers to understand that with the enemy hovering around our ports with his ships of war, no shipment of grain and beef could take place.

But the navy protects those same interests in time of peace, and in this way:

Suppose *no* nation had a navy, and that *no* armed force existed on the sea, what would be the result?

We would want to export our surplus grain and beef, and hundreds of other articles which we raise in excess of our needs in this country and exchange them for tea and coffee and other articles which we can not raise. We can not send them by rail across the ocean, we have to employ ships. *We can not get along without ships.*

Even in this age of steam and telegraph, can any one doubt that with no armed force to protect the ships with their valuable cargoes and small crews of two dozen or more men, that the pirate would not again infest the seas and prey upon commerce? Steam and the telegraph would aid him just as much as they would the merchant. But, it might be argued, arm the crews of the merchant ship, put guns and gunners on board. If you do that you have a navy, and a much more expensive and inefficient one than by the present methods.

The navies of the world drove the pirate from the seas. He became a universal enemy, and was hunted down by the war ships of all civilized nations, and there was no dissenting voice among them upon this one question of piracy. To prevent his return the existence of a naval force was necessary *and the display of such a force is all that prevents his return now.*

Of those who believe there would be no piracy did no navies exist in this age of enlightenment and of rapid communication, it might be asked if they thought property would at all be safe in any of our cities if the police were withdrawn from its protection. What is it that prevents many a thief from robbing property when he finds it apparently unprotected, *sees* no policemen as he looks up and down the street? It is his knowledge that the city *has* a police force, and that a policeman may be in the near vicinity, though not in sight.

*It is this moral effect of the existence of an armed force which prevents many robberies being committed on shore, and it is the same with the ocean.*

*Without an armed force on the ocean to protect cargoes in time of peace the temptation to become suddenly rich, and without any one knowing how, would be too great to be resisted. The navy is the police of the seas, and one class of property should be protected just as much as another. Shipping is entitled to the same treatment and care as any other form of invested capital.*

Acknowledging then that it is the existence of war vessels on the seas that prevents piracy and insures the safety of our cargoes of grain and beef, and other articles in their transit across the ocean, and that a navy in this way protects commerce in time of peace, *then, is it just that ONE nation should bear all the expense of keeping up a sufficient show of force in the shape of a navy to prevent the return of the pirates? All nations who have property on the ocean, or ships carrying cargoes from port to port, must aid in thus protecting the seas in proportion to the value of property sailing the ocean. And the maritime powers of the world must assist each other against the common enemy, just as the police of one country assist those of another in procuring and bringing to justice the extraditional criminals.*

It is not right or just for a country to have a merchant marine without a corresponding navy to protect it; it is unjust to other nations, and we have the second largest merchant marine in the world, and hardly rank as *fifth* as a naval power.

The country in time of peace, in the early stages of its existence, when our navy was as large in proportion to the inhabitants as it is now, had practically merchant ship after merchant

ship seized, not by individuals, but by nations which possessed more powerful navies, and the number of ships so seized by France alone counts up in the hundreds, and France is a friend of the United States if we have one in Europe.

It seems to be natural that the unprotected should be imposed upon. Wherever we glance throughout nature we find the mighty preying upon the weak, and even in the very plants the weaker are crowded out and must give way to the stronger. This is true of men, and it is likewise true of nations. For a proof consider the number of nations England has crowded out. We, too, have crowded out the Indian.

I suppose the Bey of Tunis would still be imposing upon our merchants in the Mediterranean if we had not aroused ourselves and shown him what a naval force could do, and made him respect it.

Many Americans engaged in commerce are temporarily resident abroad, and although they may be most law abiding, there still occur times when they are imposed upon, and in some cases incarcerated or maltreated, even murdered. The government owes these men protection. It is the solemn duty of the government to see that they are justly treated; and this can be done, in many cases, in no better way than by a show of force. One small gunboat in a port where one of our fellow citizens has been imposed upon will do more toward settling him right than thousands of appealing or of threatening words from a distance. There are hundreds of instances on record in the Navy and State Departments which might be cited in illustration of this, but the following will serve the purpose. They are taken from recent editions of the *Washington National Republican*:

In the spring of 1858 the United States steamer "Fulton," mounting six guns, was cruising in the West Indies. Information reached the commander that a revolution had broken out at Tampico; that the town was besieged, and that American merchant vessels were detained in the river. The "Fulton" proceeded with all despatch to Tampico, and found affairs as had been reported.

Tampico is situated six miles up the river of that name. The revolutionary and besieging party was within three miles of the city, and had established a custom house at the mouth of the river. Five American merchant vessels were in the river at the time. They had paid the necessary custom house dues at Tampico, and started down the river to proceed to sea. Upon approaching the mouth of the river they were directed to anchor until they had paid additional custom house dues. To this, of course, the American captains positively refused, as they had already paid the necessary legal dues. Consequently the vessels were detained under the guns of the besieging party, and had not the United States steamer "Fulton" made her appearance they would continue to have been detained. The commander of the "Fulton" demanded their instant release, which was complied with, and the vessels proceeded to sea accordingly.

One of the captains was very spunky, and gave those Mexicans a piece of his mind. For this he was taken out of his vessel and put in prison. The excuse for this which the Mexicans gave was that a small signal gun, which a man could easily carry, was found on board, and this was considered contraband. The commander of the "Fulton" went in person, demanded the release of this captain, took him off in his gig, and restored him to his vessel.

Gen. Gaza, of the besieging forces, hadn't an idea that there was an American man-of-war within a thousand miles of Tampico when he committed these high-handed proceedings, and he was greatly astonished when the "Fulton" made her appearance. It does not always matter so much about the size of a man-of-war on hand upon these occasions. A six or eight gun vessel may suffice, and will often effect the service required quite as well as a frigate. What is necessary is the sight of the American ensign and pennant backed by a few guns.

In September, 1873, a revolution of a violent character broke out at Panama, and the city was besieged. Whenever there is trouble on the Isthmus they make a "dead set" at the railroad. In case of war the government of Colombia guarantees to protect and preserve neutrality upon the Panama railroad. Upon this occasion the governor of Panama

declared his inability to protect the railroad. The commander-in-chief of the United States naval forces in the Pacific happened to be at Panama just in the "nick of time," with two good sized men of war, the "Pensacola" and "Benicia," and upon his own responsibility landed 250 men—seamen and marines—divided between the Panama railroad station and the custom house. The city of Panama and the Panama railroad were in imminent danger of being destroyed. The show of forces had the desired effect, without the necessity of firing a shot. Once the revolutionary party approached, with an attempt, apparently, to come upon the railroad, but a bold front shown by the United States forces evidently caused them to change their minds.

Four lines of steamers of four different nations were then running and connecting with the Panama railroad, viz.: American, English, French, and German. Passengers, freights, and specials continually passed over the road in safety and without interruption. These troubles lasted for a fortnight, when the insurrectionary forces retired and broke up, and the United States naval forces were withdrawn to their ships.

For these services the United States naval commander-in-chief received the thanks of the Panama Railroad Company, the several Pacific Mail Steamship Companies, and all the consuls and foreign merchants.

These are a few instances of which the writer is cognizant of what the navy does in time of peace. Scarcely a naval officer of moderate experience and length of service but has witnessed similar scenes in different parts of the world. They do not attract the attention of the public, and naval officers are not apt to blow their own trumpets.—*March 13, 1884.*

Under the Napoleon dynasty, when Murat was king of Naples, several American merchant vessels, with valuable cargoes, were captured and confiscated under protest, and taken into Neapolitan ports. The entire proceedings were pronounced arbitrary and thoroughly illegal. In course of time Napoleon and all his dynasties went under, and Naples and the Neapolitans were restored to their possessions and the government of their country once more. But the government of Naples was held responsible for the seizure and consequent loss to their owners of these vessels and cargoes, although these flagrant acts were committed under the French.

After a lapse of time a thorough investigation and an estimate of losses were made. A demand for indemnity was made and positively refused. Several years elapsed when Gen. Jackson became President of the United States, and he, with his accustomed emphasis, repeated the demand, which was again refused. In the year 1832 Gen. Jackson appointed a special minister (Hon. John Nelson, of Maryland) to Naples to press this demand. Commodore Daniel T. Patterson (who commanded the naval forces and coöperated with Gen. Jackson at New Orleans) was at this time commander-in-chief of the United States Mediterranean squadron, consisting of three fifty-gun frigates and three twenty-two-gun corvettes. The writer of this was a midshipman in the squadron.

It was arranged that one ship at a time should make her appearance at Naples. The commodore went in first, and a week after another ship arrived. Mr. Nelson then made the demand as directed by his government. It was refused. At the end of a week a third ship appeared, and so continued. The Neapolitan government became alarmed, began to look at the condition of the forts, mounted additional guns, built sand bag batteries, and kept up a constant drilling of their troops. When the fifth ship arrived the government gave in, acknowledged the claim, and ordered it to be paid just as the sixth ship entered the harbor.

The amount was not so large—about \$350,000—but there was a great principle involved. This money was owing to owners, captains, and crews of American merchant vessels, whose property had been illegally and unjustly taken from them.

And it may be asked when and whether they would ever have received it had it not been for the United States navy. This fully illustrates one of Nelson's maxims: "To negotiate with effect a naval force should always be at hand."—*About April 4, 1884.*

#### VIGOROUS, BUT TARDY.

The House committee on foreign affairs yesterday directed Representative Lamb to report to the House the following:

*Resolved,* That the President be directed to bring to the attention of the government of Venezuela the claim of John E. Wheelock, a citizen of the United States, for indemnity for gross outrages and tortures inflicted upon him by an officer of said Venezuelan government, and to demand and enforce in such manner as he may deem best an immediate settlement of said claim.

The report accompanying the resolution says: "Your committee is of the opinion that more vigorous measures than diplomatic correspondence are necessary to secure justice for the citizen of the United States thus grievously wronged." Mr. Wheelock's claim is for \$50,000.—*April 18, 1884.*

Even the missionary, the peaceful man of God, in his commendable work of extending the teachings of the Bible to semi-civilized people, often carries his life in his hand, and many have asked for the protection of a man-of-war.

Numbers of American missionaries in China can tell with what joy they have hailed "the good old flag backed by a few guns."

Since the massacre of foreigners (mostly missionaries) in Tientsin, China, in June, 1870, that place has scarcely ever been without the presence of an American war vessel, and missionaries resident there will not hesitate to acknowledge the feeling of security such a vessel brings with her, and the necessity of such a show of force.

While England is very prompt in redressing the wrongs of those of her subjects resident abroad, the United States is very derelict, and the difference in the respect shown by foreigners to Americans and Englishmen is very marked in consequence.

But there are other reasons than those of policing the sea and protecting our citizens abroad, why a navy is necessary in time of peace.

It requires time to build ships and guns, and to train men to handle them, and we must be prepared with suitable weapons to meet any enemy who may declare war against us.

Wars come upon us when least expected, and even we, who are advocates of settling all difficulties with foreign nations by arbitration, and who pride ourselves upon maintaining only a small army and navy, cannot escape the horrors of war.

If there is any truth in the saying that "History repeats itself," then the time for us to be at war is close at hand.

We are young as a nation, and although our tendencies have been peaceful, and although we have almost, *have* sacrificed our honor, yet, in spite of all that, we have never had a reign of peace for a longer period than thirty-five years, and in the one hundred and odd years of our existence, we, the "peaceful nation," have had *four foreign wars*. Two with Great Britain, one with France, and one with Mexico. Can any one believe we will never have another foreign war?

We are not prepared for war, and in time of peace we should prepare for war.

As stated above, we rank as a fifth-rate naval power, and our next war is going to be a foreign war—for we will hardly fight among ourselves again—and *then the navy will have to do most, if not all, of the fighting.*

Our resources are not as great as our people in their fancied security believe. For instance, the whole number of deep-sea sailor men from whom we could draw recruits, is only 60,000, including foreigners sailing under the American flag. These men are untrained for war purposes, and as much so as any man you might pick up in the streets is untrained as a cavalry man or artillery man, although he may have had some experience in riding a horse or in shooting birds with a shot gun.

The tendencies of the present age are to wars of short duration, and in our next war we will be "knocked out" in as comparatively short a time as Mr. Sullivan "knocks out" his opponents, unless we are better prepared than we are at present.

"At present England could bring, in thirty days, the greater part of her immense iron clad fleet to operate upon our coast, and the damage which this force could inflict upon the seaboard, and indirectly upon the whole country would be incal-

culable. In thirty days we would have paid in the way of ransom money and in the value of property destroyed the value of a dozen navies, to say nothing of the national disgrace, and a complete cessation of foreign and coastwise trade. In thirty days we could do nothing, *absolutely nothing* in the way of improvising a coast defense. Our naval vessels could not be recalled from foreign stations, and if they could their weakness and small number would only insure certain defeat."

It takes a year to build even a simple unarmored ship, whose thin sides of 10-16 of an inch can be penetrated by modern guns at a distance of several miles;

And three years to build such iron clads as most of the South American states even, possess;

And a year to build a modern steel gun of any power;

When all the skilled labor and appliances for manufacturing the material are at hand.

But our workmen, though skilled in other things, are not skilled in making the requisite kind of metal either for guns or armor, and in putting it together when it is obtained. We have not the immense steam hammers and plant for such colossal work.

Our country is exposed on all sides—Pacific, Atlantic, and lakes.

The country that goes to war with us is not going to treat us as the militia did the rioters in Cincinnati the other day, remain inactive until we can arm ourselves.

If England is to be our enemy (and there is no reason why she should not be, for she has never shown her friendship for us except by words. In her actions she has proved an enemy, and we must never forget the blockade runners and the "Alabama," and the fact that is largely due to her, that our civil war lasted so long), she will attack us both on the Atlantic coast and on the great lakes.

In the latter region she is much better prepared to injure us now, and we in a worse condition to prevent it, than in 1812.

Profiting by her experience, she is preparing a waterway that will admit her gunboats to the very heart of our country. It requires no close observation to realize that other motives than those of commerce induced England to purchase and expend millions of money upon the Welland Canal, and that it gives her a great strategical advantage.

That is one advantage she has over us, should the war be carried to the lakes.

Another is, the mouth of the St. Lawrence River—the route from the sea to the lakes—lies wholly within British territory.

Still another is, we have signed an agreement with England not to maintain more than one small gunboat on the lakes, and not to build any war vessels on the lakes.

In the interests of economy we have practically cut ourselves off from the right or privilege to construct what we please in our own territory. Next, it may be presumed, we will be asking permission to sneeze.

With the Welland Canal and the agreement not to build war vessels on the lakes, we have placed ourselves at great disadvantage.

That agreement does not affect England, for she possesses a waterway for her gunboats from the sea to the lakes. Our only waterway from the sea to the lakes, the Erie Canal, is not deep enough, nor are its locks large enough, for gunboats. England has one hundred such vessels which she could assemble at Montreal upon the *slightest* suspicion of war, and when the time came for action, they would proceed via the Welland Canal, and destroy Buffalo, Erie, Cleveland, Sandusky, Toledo, and all the other great cities on the lakes before we could improvise an effective defense, and certainly before we could build *one* ship to oppose her fleet. The "Michigan" would not be effective, the English fleet would soon sink her. It might be argued that Buffalo and the other ports would furnish merchant steamers in an emergency, which could serve as improvised gunboats. But even if such vessels could successfully

oppose a fleet of vessels built specially for war purposes, the guns, equipments and ammunition are not on hand to be put on board such ships, even if they were to be found conveniently moored to the docks at Buffalo, nor are the trained crews to be found at a moment's notice, and those men who are trained would be needed to move the regular ships of the navy on the seaboard, where the enemy would be even more vigorous in his operations.

Many people have a misconception of the effectiveness of the torpedo.

The torpedo is certainly a powerful and destructive weapon when it works all right, but you might plant torpedoes all over some of our harbors, and still they would not protect the cities from destruction, nor prevent the enemy from landing and capturing the city, in spite of the torpedoes.

At New York there is no necessity for a fleet to enter the harbor to destroy the city. There is a place south of Long Island, nine miles distant from the City Hall in New York, where there is plenty of water for a fleet of the largest ironclads to take up its position, from which it could batter down Brooklyn and New York. Some of the modern guns send shot weighing 2,000 lbs. (one ton) eleven miles.

Then too, there might appear a foreign Farragut to pass the torpedoes, losing perhaps some of his vessels, but still having enough left to accomplish his object.

The torpedo is by no means a *sure* weapon. During the war of the Rebellion the ship "Ironsides" was stationary for one hour directly over a torpedo which had a 5,000 lb. charge of powder, at Charleston. It failed to explode despite every effort of the operator on shore to get it to do its work.

If a ship happens to pass directly over a torpedo, and

If the operator touches the firing key at exactly the right moment, and

If the connection between the electrical battery and the torpedo fuse is all right, and

If the fuse itself is in good condition, and

If the charge in the torpedo has not deteriorated, the torpedo *may* explode and blow up the ship.

Too many "ifs" to make this a reliable weapon, and one to be solely depended upon.

Torpedoes, or submarine mines, unless protected by batteries, to prevent the enemy from quietly picking them up, are of no use whatever except to cause delay.

It is the custom in modern wars for the victor to demand of the vanquished large war indemnities, so that the people who are whipped not only suffer great losses incident to war itself, but must pay the expenses both they and their conquerors have incurred, and the people have to pay this in the shape of taxes.

Now, no one believes we are going to be conquered, but this is how an enemy's fleet off New York, for instance, will affect all the people in the United States.

They would send a shot or two in the vicinity of the city, from their position south of Long Island, just to show what they *could* do, and threaten to destroy the city if a tribute of anywhere from \$100,000,000 to \$200,000,000 is not forthcoming in twenty-four hours. It would be paid, as that amount does not anywhere near represent the value of property in New York City. The United States government would have to return this amount to the citizens who advanced it, for according to the constitution the government must provide for the common defense of the country. Then it would fall back on the taxpayers again, and *they* would have to pay it.

All that could be prevented by having the proper defense always ready.

The other important cities on the coasts are as vulnerable to attack as New York.

Just think of the billions of property which in this way is at the mercy of an enemy.

We forget that English soldiers once destroyed our capitol.



They could do it now, and think of the vast amount of money in the treasury at Washington which would fall into their hands, and the value of the property that would be destroyed, and of the valuable papers that would be lost.

"There is no insurance against the great evils of war so certain and CHEAP as the preparations for defense and offense."

We are less likely to be attacked if our great seaboard and lake cities are defended by heavy rifled guns, by ironclads and torpedoes, and if we have enough cruisers to threaten an enemy's commerce, and can take the offensive at once.

Offense, with the proper weapons, is the best kind of defense.

We must have a suitable navy to attack our enemy before he can get to our coast, and before he can either destroy or blockade our ports.

Our policy being a peaceful one, we are not going to engage in war except in self defense, and we do not need to keep up a large naval establishment in time of peace, *but what we have should be the very best that can be obtained, and each individual ship and gun, and the personnel, should be of the most effective kind.*

## ASTRONOMY OF THE HEAVENS FOR JUNE.

By PROF. M. B. GOFF.

### THE SUN.

In the northern hemisphere the longest day of this year is the 20th of this month; though in many places it would be difficult to notice that there was really any difference between the length of this day and that of a few of those preceding and succeeding. The sun has reached his farthest point northward, and, although he travels about his usual distance each day, he moves in a part of his orbit which is, for all practical purposes, parallel to the equator, and hence must rise about the same place and hour each morning, and set at the same place and hour every evening. About the 21st of December of each year we have the shortest day, with several of the neighboring days but very little longer; for the reason that at that date the sun reaches its southern limit and moves almost parallel to the equator.

It may be interesting to see how our neighbors fare in regard to longest days. By the working of a few problems in spherical trigonometry we find that our friends living on the equator have all their days the same length, namely, twelve hours. So that there is in that region no looking forward to the long winter evenings, nor any hoping for the shortening of summer's sultry days. They have, however, this advantage: If the sun's rays do sometimes "come down by a straight road," they do not continue so long at a time as with us. As we proceed north, we find in latitude  $30^{\circ} 48'$  that the longest day is fourteen hours, in latitude  $49^{\circ} 2'$ , sixteen hours; in  $58^{\circ} 27'$ , eighteen hours; in  $63^{\circ} 23'$ , twenty hours; in  $65^{\circ} 48'$ , twenty-two hours; in  $66^{\circ} 32'$ , twenty-four hours, no night at all; and  $51'$  further north, that is, in latitude  $67^{\circ} 23'$ , the longest day begins about the fifth of June, and lasts till about the fourth of July, and is about thirty days long; in  $73^{\circ} 40'$ , it is three months long; in  $84^{\circ} 5'$ , it is five months; and at the north pole six months. Practically the days are longer than here represented; for we have natural light enough to pursue most vocations both before sunrise and after sunset. In latitude  $63^{\circ} 23'$ , for example, where the day's extreme length is twenty hours, on account of the twilight the remaining four hours might as well be called daylight, for the sun descends only a few degrees below the horizon, and though hidden from sight, still through the medium of the atmosphere affords almost the usual light of day.

Of course our friends in the corresponding latitudes of the southern hemisphere are enjoying correspondingly short days and long nights. In  $63^{\circ} 23'$  south latitude the day is only four

hours long, and the night twenty hours. No wonder people sometimes say, "This is a queer world." Its mechanism is certainly very wonderful. If we wished to be somewhat exact, we would say that the sun enters *Cancer* and summer begins on June 20th, at 7:51 p. m., Washington mean time, and continues ninety-three days, fourteen hours twenty-two minutes. Other items are as follows: On the 1st, 15th, and 30th, the sun rises at 4:31, 4:28, and 4:29 a. m.; and on the same dates sets at 7:24, 7:32, and 7:34 p. m. During the month our days vary in length from fourteen hours fifty-three minutes to fifteen hours five minutes; and on the 20th, the time from early dawn till the end of twilight is nineteen hours thirty minutes. On the 3rd, at 4:00 p. m., the sun is in conjunction with Saturn; on the 14th, at 3:00 p. m.,  $90^{\circ}$  west of Uranus; on the 30th, at midnight, farthest from the earth; greatest elevation, in latitude  $41^{\circ} 30'$  north,  $71^{\circ} 57'$ . Diameter decreases from  $31' 36''$  on the 1st, to  $31' 32''$  on the 30th.

### THE MOON'S

Phases occur in the following order: Full moon on the 8th, at 2:41 p. m.; last quarter, on 16th, at 9:26 a. m.; new moon, on 23rd, at 12:25 a. m.; first quarter, on 30th, at 1:06 a. m. On the 1st, the moon sets at 12:38 a. m.; on the 15th, rises at 11:45 p. m.; and on the 29th, sets at 11:42 p. m. Is farthest from the earth on the 16th, at 10:18 p. m.; nearest to earth on 21st, at 10:30 p. m. Least meridian altitude on 9th,  $29^{\circ} 41'$ ; greatest altitude on the 22nd, amounting to  $67^{\circ} 18\frac{1}{2}'$ .

### MERCURY.

A pair of good sharp eyes looking out sufficiently early in the morning, can almost any day during the month get a view of this planet; especially will this be the case near the 12th, the day on which it reaches its greatest western elongation, amounting to  $23^{\circ} 10'$ . On the 1st, 15th, and 30th, the time of rising is 3:51, 3:23, and 3:37 a. m. On the 21st, at 12:41 p. m., it will be  $1^{\circ} 39'$  north of the moon, and on the 26th, at 6:00 p. m., one minute of arc north of Saturn.

### VENUS.

This planet which has for several months been so conspicuous in the western sky, reaches its greatest brilliancy on the 3rd, after which it will decrease in interest, and continue to appear each day smaller, until its light is again obscured by the sun, and after remaining for a short time hidden from view, again appears in the eastern horizon as the *Lucifer* (light-bearer) of the ancients. It will set at 10:24, 9:40, and 8:21 p. m., respectively, on the evenings of the 1st, 15th, and 30th. Its diameter will increase from  $35.8''$  to  $55.2''$ ; but as it "turns its back upon us," its increasing diameter will not add to the amount of light furnished the earth.

### MARS.

On the 1st Mars will be found quite close to, and a little to the east of the star Regulus, in the constellation *Leo*, and will move east somewhat rapidly, making a direct movement of  $14^{\circ} 31' 55.5''$  from the 1st to the 30th. His diameter decreases from  $6.6''$  to  $5.8''$ , indicating his continually increasing distance from the earth. He rises during the day and sets at the following hours: On the 2nd at 12:07 a. m.; on the 15th at 11:30 p. m.; and on the 30th at 10:49 p. m.

### JUPITER

During the month moves about six degrees eastwardly from a point a little west of *Prasepe*, in *Cancer*, leaving the Nebula a little to the north, and reaching, on the 30th, a point a little north-east of *Delta Cancri*. He comes to the meridian on the 1st, 15th, and 30th, at 3:34.6, 2:50.2, and 2:03.5, p. m., and sets on the same days at 10:49, 10:01, and 9:12 p. m., respectively.

### SATURN,

Who has for several months been making of himself such a fine display, exhibiting to those who were fortunate enough to possess a moderately good telescope, a splendid view of his rings, now retires abashed before the "King of Day;" during the first of the month, not even deigning "to put in an appear-

ance." But he only "bides his time." For during the succeeding months he will be cheerfully "at home" to early risers. It will be observed that on the 1st he rises after and sets before the sun, namely, at 4:51 a. m. and 7:23 p. m.; on the 15th, rises at 4:02, twenty-six minutes before the sun, and sets at 6:36 p. m., some fifty-six minutes earlier than the sun; and on the 30th rises at 3:11 a. m., and sets 5:47 p. m. On the 3rd, at 4:00 p. m. he is in conjunction with and about  $1^{\circ} 23'$  south of the sun; and on the 21st, at 10:30 p. m.,  $2^{\circ} 46'$  north of the moon. Diameter,  $15.6''$ .

## URANUS

Makes an advance movement of  $22' 30''$ , presenting a diameter of  $3.7''$ . Is evening star during the month, setting at the following times: On the 2nd at 1:07 a. m.; on the 16th at 12:12 a. m.; and on the 30th at 11:14 p. m. On the 14th at 3:00 p. m., is  $90^{\circ}$  east of the sun; on the 1st at 3:54 p. m., is  $3^{\circ} 21'$  north of the moon, and again on the 28th at 11:42 p. m.,  $3^{\circ} 21'$  north of the moon.

One of the odd things in astronomy is the story of the satellites of Uranus. In a work published as recently as 1852, we are gravely told that Uranus "is attended by six moons or satellites, which revolve about him in different periods, and at various distances. Four of them were discovered by Dr. Herschel and two by his sister, Caroline Herschel, with the promise of more to be discovered;" and then we are given their distances from the planet, and also their times of revolution, which vary from 224,000 to 1,556,000 miles as to distance, and from five days, twenty-one hours, twenty-five minutes, twenty seconds to one hundred and seven days, sixteen hours, thirty-nine minutes, fifty-six seconds, as to times of revolution. But now we are told Herschel's "satellites have been sought for in vain, both with Mr. Lassell's great reflectors and with the Washington twenty-six inch refractor, all of which are optically more powerful than the telescopes of Herschel. There may be additional satellites which have not yet been discovered; but if so, they must have been too faint to have been recognized by Herschel." Our latest information on this subject gives four satellites named Ariel, Umbriel, Titania, Oberon, in order outwardly from the planet, and their periodic times, respectively, 2.52, 4.14, 8.7, and 13.46 days; the credit of discovering the two outer ones being given to Herschel and that of the two inner being divided between Mr. Lassell and Mr. Struve.

## NEPTUNE

Will be one of our morning stars, rising at 3:35, 2:45, and 1:48 a. m., on the 1st, 15th, and 30th, respectively. His motion,  $58' 39''$  direct; diameter,  $2.5''$ .

## TO BLOSSOMS.

By R. HERRICK.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,  
Why do ye fall so fast?  
Your date is not so past,  
But you may stay yet here awhile  
To blush and gently smile,  
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be  
An hour or half's delight,  
And so to bid good-night?  
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth  
Merely to show your worth,  
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we  
May read how soon things have  
Their end, though ne'er so brave:  
And after they have shown their pride  
Like you, awhile, they glide  
Into the grave.

## THE SOLDIERS' HOME.

By OLIVER W. LONGAN,  
Adjutant General's Office, War Department.

Visitors to Washington, whether for the purpose of meeting friends, or, as strangers to "see the sights," are moved by common impulse to find their greatest gratification in all day tours from building to building, and from point to point, where the wonders of the place are to be found, and no ordinary matter can distract the attention from the one object which is the topic for discussion and arrangement through all the indoor hours of morning and evening while the visit lasts. Even the dreary drizzling rain which fairly divides the time with the sunshine of this weather-wise day can not dampen the ardor of the tourist, and on foot or on wheel the round is pursued regardless of fatigue and discomfort. Indeed, there is something of heroism both in the appearance and feeling manifest in the mien and move of the travelers as they walk about the streets or "climb to the dome," and after the wearied guest has departed and the family physician is called in to prescribe a tonic or stimulant for an exhausted nature upon which the duty of guide has been imposed in the days just past, he will invariably remark with exasperating irony which almost makes the patient determine never again to truthfully reveal the cause of infirmity, "of course you climbed to the dome."

The purpose being to invite the reader to the "dome" as the first point of view, a few words of description are offered. The dome of the capitol building is a conspicuous object from all parts of the city and affords a standpoint from which to obtain the best prospect of all the city and surrounding country. This fact, and because it fills a picture of beauty in a vista from a particular spot in the grounds of the Soldiers' Home, introduces it into this article.

From a balcony on the top of the dome, two hundred and sixteen feet from the ground, on the eastern front of the capitol, the eye takes in a scene of which Humboldt remarked, "I have not seen a more charming panorama in all my travels." West at a distance of nearly three miles is Arlington. The mansion, which was once the home of Robert E. Lee, resembles, in the distance, the "Hall in the Grove." Behind it is the city of the dead, a home for the remains of about 15,000 soldiers. North a little more than three miles is the home of the living soldier. The clock tower appears to be the only sign of habitation upon a well wooded hill.

As one of the many places of interest which receives the attention and merits the praise of visitors as a spot "beautiful for situation," a brief history and description is offered to the readers of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, but in neither will there be found any of the mellowness of age which is possessed by old-world places nor of the power which belongs to

"Things of earth, which time hath bent,  
A spirit's feeling; and where he hath lent  
His hand, but broke his scythe.

\* \* \* \* \*  
For which the palace of the present hour  
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower."

The credit of the origin of the movement to establish a retreat for the old and disabled soldiers of the United States army, appears to be due to Hon. James Barbour, Secretary of War under John Quincy Adams. In a report dated November 26, 1827, he suggests the founding of an army asylum. A report was made upon the subject by the Committee on Military Affairs in the House of Representatives May 21, 1828, and another February 27, 1829. Except the collection of some data upon the subject nothing further appears to have been done until in 1839 General Robert Anderson, "the hero of Fort Sumter," reviewed the work and submitted his plans and views to a number of older and more experienced officers of the army. Their responses indicate the high degree of favor with which they looked upon the project, but their words of

foreboding in pointing out the difficulties to be surmounted in bringing a measure through the Congress to give it a legal status gave evidence that their estimate of strategy did not confine its use to the military department. Receiving but little more than good wishes for his encouragement, the dauntless captain (such was the rank then held by General Anderson) went knocking at the doors of Congress, and a communication addressed by him February 12, 1840, to Hon. John Reynolds, M. C., embodying the details of his plan became the basis of a favorable report by the House Military Committee January 7, 1841, in which, after setting forth the usage of the service and the improvement which would follow an act which should give the faithful soldier "the confidence of comfortable provision for his old age when he shall be worn out in his country's service," the committee declare it to be a "high gratification" to recommend to the "favorable consideration of Congress the admirable plan submitted by Captain Anderson—a plan which imposes no additional burden on the community, but merely provides that the savings of the soldier, in the vigor of his age, may afford him a shelter in the times of his infirmity or old age."

Never did an apple afloat more provokingly elude a youth, as with hands resolutely clasped behind him, he bent over the tub of water and endeavored to take it with his teeth, than did the object of Captain Anderson play away from successful accomplishment. The experience of people who have sought the favor of the law-making or executive powers to obtain an object of personal good for themselves or others has taught them that, as old people look over their spectacles to see the movement on the other side, so do the servants of the public over the object presented to measure the strength of the impelling power, and that attitude is apt to remain unchanged until the impulsion becomes dynamic when the direction of view is turned into, and through the matter urged upon them. Something of this character must have been the experience of those pleading the cause of the "old soldier" for about twelve years. General Winfield Scott made special mention of the subject and strongly recommended it in his annual report dated November 20, 1845, and again in a report dated November 3, 1849, he says:

"While the army under my command lay at Pueblo a part of the summer of 1847, an humble petition to Congress in favor of an asylum \* \* \* for the benefit of *enlisted* men was drawn up and signed by, I believe, every commissioned officer. \* \* \* In connection with that petition I beg to add the following facts: On the capture of the city of Mexico, by the same army, I levied a contribution upon the inhabitants of \$150,000, in lieu of pillage, to which the city, by the usages of war, was, under the circumstances, liable." The disposition of this money was accounted for in a letter to the Secretary of War, dated at Mexico February 6, 1848, in which was enclosed a draft for \$100,000, concerning which the letter says: "I hope you will allow the draft to go to the credit of an *army asylum*, and make the subject known, in the way you deem best, to the military committee of Congress. That sum is, in small part, the price of the American blood so gallantly shed in this vicinity." Quoting again from the report of November 3, 1849: "The draft was made payable to me; and, in order to place the deposit beyond the control of any individual functionary whatever, I endorsed it, 'The Bank of America will place the within amount to the credit of *army asylum*, subject to the order of Congress.'" The remainder of the report is an earnest protest against the disposition of the draft (which the Secretary of War had caused to be turned into the United States treasury), and a renewed "petition that Congress may appropriate the whole to an *army asylum* for the worn out or decayed *enlisted* men (regulars and volunteers) yet in service, or who may have been honorably discharged therefrom." Thus, all along the line the history shows the difficulties which confronted the friends of the soldier, while

within the citadel the feeling of opposition was strong enough to evoke the following from a member of the House of Representatives, in a letter to General Anderson, dated January 31, 1851:

"The prejudices of the House against the army are strong, and stupid and indiscriminating opposition is made to all changes which do not propose to cut down the army. I am not hopeful of the success of any measure—of the number in contemplation—that looks to the improvement of the army." This language was descriptive of a most remarkable state of feeling, else the honorable member erred greatly in thinking that in the face of the recent achievements in Mexico the national legislature would strike down the bruised and broken battalions which had brought untold wealth to the people, as well as glory to the national standard. The action of a few weeks later indicated that however strong was the prejudice against the army there was a power somewhere which operated to protect and advance the interests so long and faithfully urged upon Congress in favor of the "army asylum," and on the 3d of March, 1851, the approval of the President was given to "An Act to found a military asylum for the relief and support of invalid and disabled soldiers of the army of the United States." The law constituted the general-in-chief commanding the army and seven other general officers a board of commissioners with the necessary powers for carrying out the purposes of the act, and provided for the detail of officers from the army for the position of governor, deputy governor, and secretary and treasurer, for each site which should be established. It gave the right of admission to benefit in the asylum to all discharged soldiers of twenty years' service, and all disqualified by wounds received or disease contracted in the service and in the line of military duty—excepting deserters, mutineers, habitual drunkards and convicted felons—and required the discharge from the asylum of those who, being under fifty years of age, should recover their health so as to be fit again for military duty. By the same act a specific appropriation of money (including the levy made by General Scott upon Mexico), amounting to \$183,110.42, was made to establish the asylum, and for its future maintenance provision was made to devote all monies derived from stoppages and fines by courts-martial, from pay forfeited by deserters, and from the effects of deceased soldiers unclaimed for three years—the latter to be subject to demand of legal heirs at any time—also from a deduction of twenty-five cents per month from each enlisted soldier, giving the volunteers or those belonging to organizations raised for a limited period the option of permitting the deduction from their pay to be made or not, as they chose, but making it obligatory in effect upon the *regular* soldier. An amendment to this law was made March 3, 1859, which changed the name of the institution to the "Soldiers' Home," reduced the number of commissioners to *three*, reduced the monthly deduction from the pay of the soldiers to twelve and one-half cents per month, and required pensioners to surrender their pensions to the Home while they should remain in and receive its benefits. Another amendment was made March 3, 1883, which made the Board of Commissioners to consist of the general-in-chief commanding the army, the commissary general, the adjutant general, the judge advocate general, the quartermaster general, the surgeon general, and the governor of the Home (all *ex-officio*), and provided for the pensions of inmate pensioners to be held in trust for their benefit, or to be paid to their parents, wives or children. With the exception of these amendments the provisions of the original law remain in force.

The first commissioners, with General Scott as the senior officer, lost no time in selecting a location for the "asylum." Parcels of ground on every side in the immediate vicinity of Washington City were offered at prices varying from \$50 to \$350 per acre. A portion of Mount Vernon was also offered at \$1,333.33 per acre. Two tracts north of the city, containing a



total of 256 acres, were purchased for \$57,500. On one of these tracts were good buildings, one of which, "the mansion," is now a summer residence for the President of the United States. Additions of ground since made to the original purchase have increased the number of acres to 500. The tract is nearly seven-eighths of a mile wide for about half its length from the southern boundary, which is irregular. The north half is reduced in width by a change of direction of the eastern boundary running westward about 400 yards. The western boundary nearly opposite the same point changes its course and runs northeast until it meets the eastern boundary at a point about one mile and three-eighths from the south line. In this north point nearly all of the buildings are situated. The ground is nearly level, being the broad top of a ridge which, upon the east side just outside the Home grounds, is of quite abrupt descent. A public road cuts off about fifteen acres, a portion of which is devoted to a national cemetery, while the remaining portion is a hillside grove in which, within a year past, a platform and seats have been erected for use on "decoration day." Within the main grounds a pear orchard covers the "point," and the first building near it is the library. The building was originally intended for a billiard room and bowling alley, and is the only building upon the grounds upon which the genius of the architect "run to waste." The main building a few yards south of the library was the first one erected after the purchase of the grounds for an asylum. It was commenced in 1852 and completed in 1857. It is of white marble, the front structure 151½ feet long by 57 feet wide, four stories high, with a clock tower in the center of the south front. A rear wing from the center covers nearly equal ground with the front. In the basement are the kitchens, store rooms, offices, smoking rooms, etc. Upon the first floor is the dining room, large enough to seat 340 men. The remainder of this floor, and all the other floors, is devoted to sleeping rooms, and of these—except in the matter of ventilation of a few of the upper rooms—it may be said that they are as nearly perfect for the uses intended as can well be made. Single beds, wire and hair mattresses, clean and comfortable clothing of woolen and linen, clean uncarpeted floors and pure air, a box or locker for each man, make up a sum of comfort for the lodging of one accustomed only to the blanket and the bunk, which is well nigh perfect, and not to be found for the same person in the most luxurious bed-chamber wealth could provide. On the east of the main building is the annex used principally as a dormitory. On the same side are the stables and shops, the former too close for a well regulated institution. Upon the west and next the main building is the mansion, the dwelling of the former proprietor, and now the summer residence of the President. It has been remodeled, and very little of the original appearance of the building which a few years since was almost buried in vines, is left. Directly south from the mansion and main building the ground falls off gradually for half a mile, while on either side the ridge extends in a graceful sweep for about five hundred yards to bluffs somewhat abrupt, but not enough so to mar the beauty of rounded form. Upon the western ridge going southward from the mansion are the following objects in their order: The office building, a one story brick structure, where the commissioners meet at least once every month; the governor's residence, and next the deputy governor's residence, both large, roomy, and comfortable double houses of the same material as the "main building," and of design in harmony with it. Next is a double building of brick occupied by the treasurer and the attending surgeon. These buildings all have a back-ground of woods which extends with the gradually sloping hill to the highway which here forms the western boundary of the grounds. The next object upon the western avenue is a portrait statue of General Scott, which was erected in 1874 upon a point of the ridge, which here extends to the east so as to make one side of a basin formed with the lower ground south of the mansion.

The statue is bronze, ten feet high, upon a granite pedestal placed in the center of a mound, around which is a circular drive for carriages. The figure is represented in uniform, with a military cloak, fastened at the throat and thrown back from the right shoulder; head uncovered, left arm slightly bent and the hand resting on the thigh, the right hand upon the breast and thrust under the partly open coat. The position is one of dignified repose. No strain of feeling is aroused in the observer, such as is felt in looking upon the various equine figures in the city, upon which is perpetuated in the figure of the officer, the tension of nerve and alertness which almost prompts an effort to break the spell and give the dead their rest.

Standing beside the statue, or seated upon the rustic bench close by, a view may be obtained which the visitor who has leisure may enjoy for an indefinite time. The city lies not far below. The eye can cover it all at one gaze. The dome of the capitol stands high above every other object—except that shaft of marble which bids fair to soon become the Washington monument—and far beyond is the broad Potomac, whose course is in the direction of view, and carries the eye on and on until objects become indistinct. Perhaps an officer close by may be observed lazily reclining upon the grass, while a soldier stands near him waving in various directions a white flag with a square block of color in the center. Presently the officer takes a small telescope from the earth beside him, and leveling it in a direction west of the city, looks steadily for a minute or two, lowers the glass and apparently writes down the result of his observation in a memorandum book. Looking in the same direction as did the officer the sight will be just strong enough to discern a flag-staff upon the top of the hills on the other side of the Potomac, perhaps five or six miles away. Curiosity may be gratified by a few questions, and from the answers it will be learned that the flag-staff marks the spot known as Fort Meyer, Virginia, the station of the United States signal corps, and the operation just witnessed was simply a practice lesson in transmitting a message by the use of the small flag, the motions of which to right, to left, to front, or by circle, indicated the letters or words of the message. A practice day upon this spot, by the signal men, is a diversion for many an old soldier whose monotonous life is greatly relieved even by a pantomime. A little east of south from the statue, about 400 yards distant, is Barnes' Hospital, named for General Joseph K. Barnes, deceased, late surgeon-general of the army, who was the senior officer of the commissioners of the Home, when the hospital was built nearly eight years ago. It is a model hospital in every respect, and has received unqualified approval from the foremost medical men of Europe, as well as of America. It is full of patients all the time. It was intended to accommodate sixty, but the average number is about eighty. Some are ailing, some are waiting, some of sight or limb are wanting, all are forever done with the fullness of physical life, and the surgeon looks upon them as his children, whose every want he must attend. Three hundred yards farther south is the portion of the grounds known as "Harewood," an estate of 191 acres added to the Home by purchase in 1872. A good portion of it is woods, through which are beautiful drives winding into labyrinths for one unaccustomed to them, for at three different points a stranger will be bewildered by following a well-worn track which returns upon itself, and may be traversed many times before some objects begin to have a familiar look. One of these places is bounded by a drive which is as irregular as would be the loop of a lasso thrown from the hand and permitted to drop upon the ground, an oblong irregular figure, from the northern end of which is the capitol "vista." Through the woods for a distance of 500 or 600 yards an opening has been cut just wide enough, and trimmed just high enough to admit a view of the dome of the capitol, which is invisible from points a step or two on either side of a particular spot. With the aid of very little imagina-

tion one may think the eye rests upon the temple in the new city which has been pictured in misty glory by so many artists.

Upon the "Harewood" grounds are the principal farm and dairy buildings. The cottage now occupied by the farmer was, in some of the years of war, the summer home of the "great war secretary," Edwin M. Stanton, the man who in the war times inspired more fear amongst his subordinates by the promptness and severity of his punishments for delinquencies than ever visited the same persons in the presence of an active foe. And yet when he stood upon the steps of the north front of the old War Department building, now gone down with him to the dust, and tried on that memorable 3d of April, 1865, to speak congratulatory words concerning the news which had come over the wires from the hand of President Lincoln, at City Point, Va., of a broken Rebellion and an evacuated Confederate capitol, his eyes were so full of tears that he did not see that the crowd which stood about and before him was composed of his apparently demoralized officers and clerks who had abandoned their desks and swarmed from the building by the windows as well as the doors; or, if he did see them, his voice was too much broken with the emotions, which were stronger than his stout heart, to permit him to administer a rebuke to those who almost without exception, at some time in the months and years just past, contributed their share to the result, and many had brought away the marks of the sacrifice.

The work of farming is confined to the products of a market garden, which can not be purchased for the purposes of the Home in as good condition as they can be raised upon the ground. The dairy is the most important institution of the Home, and the herd of from forty to fifty Alderney and Holstein cattle is by no means the least amongst the matters of interest to be seen upon the grounds. The work of the dairy is done by men. The cooking for the inmates, nursing the sick, and indeed all the indoor work usually done by women is done by men. Some of the employees are "civilians," so called to distinguish them from inmates who are employed upon light work.

There are five principal gates or entrances to the Home grounds; two upon the east side and three upon the west side. At each is a lodge and a gate-keeper. The first on the east is the Harewood gate, entering upon the grounds already mentioned, of the same name. From it the "East drive," after a serpentine course westward for about 500 yards up a pretty sharp grade, turns northward, and as it passes along east of the central portion of the grounds affords the finest view of the open country, the drive being upon high ground and the view unobstructed across the entire place. From the same gate "Corcoran Avenue," flanked on both sides by magnificent rows of shade trees, leads into the woods. "Sherman" gate is near the north point opposite the cemetery; "Scott" gate, or as familiarly known, "Eagle" gate because of the immense iron eagles upon the gate pillars, is directly opposite "Sherman" gate, and both lead to the buildings only a few steps distant. There is a large gate a few steps west of the Scott statue so little used as not to be dignified with a name. The most important gate is one nearest the city upon the west side. It is reached by an avenue from "Seventh Street Road," a continuation of the most important street running north and south in Washington. The avenue is the property of the Home, although the land on either side is owned by private parties. It is called "Whitney Avenue," and the gate bears the same name. The ornaments upon the gate pillars or piers, which are of brick capped with stone, are large vases said to be copies of a vase designed by Thorwaldsen. The first view upon entering this gate is the one which may properly be called the "prettiest" when the word is used as meaning an appearance which gives momentary pleasure, but may not be remembered as one would remember the scenery and lake at Chautauqua. About two hundred feet from the gate are two little lakes which serve to assure the visitor that there really

is real water on the place. By artificial means one of these lakes is held at a level about ten feet above the other, and by pipes carried to the center of the lower, a pretty, single jet fountain is formed. The north end of the upper lake is crossed by a substantial iron bridge, and the south end of the lower one is covered by a short granite span. Between the two all effort to find any satisfaction in the waste (?) of water is futile. But for miniatures they are really pretty, and with the three swans bumping up against the green shore as they float backward and swim forward, the half dozen white ducks with their heads in the mud and their dozen red legs and feet in the air in active effort to kick themselves farther into the mud, and the two wild geese, domesticated by the loss of part of a pinion each, as they stand sullenly by looking like fettered savages, all combine to afford a diversion which may not be found anywhere else by the visitor.

The drives throughout the grounds will afford a ride of ten or eleven miles without going twice over the same spot, except at crossings. They are beautiful, hard, well kept, graveled courses. The gutters are models, and of themselves works of beauty, as they are paved with selected stone, nearly white, nearly of a size, and none much larger than a large egg, all in their natural form or shape. But it all affords but little genuine good to the old soldier. If he ventures out upon the road his walk is beset with dangers, and a sudden fright from a dashing team almost upon him drives away all gratification he might receive by looking from a place of safety upon the handsome equipages whirling by. Except the "short cuts" through the grass—and these are few and under prohibition—there is but one foot-path of any length in the grounds, and that is of brick, between the main building and the hospital. In most cases, to traverse this, is not even a matter of melancholy pleasure. The many privileges ready made for the citizens of Washington, without care or cost to them, are no doubt appreciated by them, but if a due weight of appreciation could be given to the cost, both original in money and cumulative in deprivation to those whose right it is to use them, the use of extended drives in a beautiful park away from the heat and dust of the streets, and yet so near as to be at the door, would lead all the rest.

The Soldiers' Home in the District of Columbia is unquestionably a grand institution, and in providing creature comforts, can probably not be improved upon, but it fails to meet a want which is known and recognized by the authorities having it in charge. Perhaps the one word which will best express it is *diversion*, not in the sense of amusement, but to take one away from his melancholies and permit no reaction. The inmates are men who have formed habits which grew under circumstances of constantly recurring excitement.

They are able to understand that the best years of their lives have passed, and that the best powers of their bodies have been used, while nearly half of the allotted time of life, as measured by the number of their years, ought to still be to their credit, but they feel in some way that their hands are empty. True, they have every comfort for animal life, and in the little red stone chapel, the three services every Sunday are more than they ever knew before as a provision for their spiritual welfare, and they have the same freedom from care to which they have been accustomed through their military life, but each one sees that all he has is shared by five hundred others, and in it all he has no single part over which he can exercise individual control, not even himself. Everything tells him his work is done, and there is no more in the give and take of life over which he can plan and work. Discontent is inevitable, and until some plan is devised for bringing the military service, or most of its features, to the Home, and having there a counterpart of the camp and its duties, not to be imposed as set tasks, but to be taken up and directed by the men who all their lives have been under direction, and ought now to enjoy the privilege of apparent control, a remedy will probably not

be found. It took years to overcome in a measure the dislike and suspicion with which the old soldier regarded the Home. It was a manifestation of interest in him which was new and unusual, and by him untried. Progress has been made in the past years toward overcoming the matters which may be mentioned as difficulties in the problem of how to take care of men who ought to be simply aided in taking care of themselves by supplying them to a proper extent with means or material, and throwing upon them sufficient responsibility to create the *occupation*, which is the greatest need of the institution. This will gradually be worked out, and then the Home will be what it should, a place for work and life, and less of a place for waiting and death.

## EIGHT CENTURIES WITH WALTER SCOTT.

By WALLACE BRUCE.

It has been truly said that Walter Scott's novels have done more to warm the hearts of the English people toward their northern brethren than any other influence during the last century. The two races, unlike in national traditions and social characteristics, differing as to climatic influence and formation of country, with a blood-stained record since the days of Kenneth Mac Alpine, were not naturally allied, or well prepared for immediate and lasting friendship. To borrow the language of surgery: It was not a national break to be easily "knitted," but a sort of compound fracture.

For thirty generations English and Scot had literally "glowered" across the border. Constrained in the narrow island of Britain, they had struggled like Roman gladiators in a wave-washed Coliseum, from which there was no escape. In the world's history there is no other record of two races, with so many divergent points, and so much ancestral hatred, solidifying into one harmonious nation; and it is to the glory of Scott to have contributed to so grand a consummation. "All war," Bulwer says, "is a misunderstanding." It seemed to be the mission of our novelist to introduce England and Scotland to each other, and to make future misunderstanding impossible. Some of the volumes and characters, which we are to consider in this and in the following paper, emphasize and illustrate this conclusion.

"The Pirate," next in historic sequence, has little to do with the history of reigns and dynasties. With the exception of a single paragraph, which refers incidentally to the commotion between Highlanders and Lowlanders, between Williamites and Jacobites, one would not dream that there was such a thing as a government in the world. The reader, in spite of the warlike title, finds himself in a northern Arcadia. In the hospitable home of Magnus Troil we have a picture of a Norwegian Udaller—one of the last survivors, who kept alive the customs of Scandinavia in the Orkney and Zetland Islands. What Cedric, the Saxon, was to his people, as a prototype of antique manners in the reign of Richard, the Lion Hearted, Magnus Troil is to the few surviving Norwegians at the close of the last century in the stormy islands of the north. We sit at his board, and hear Sagas rehearsed by fishermen, who preserved among themselves the ancient Norse tongue. We listen to the dark romance of other days when the black raven banner ruled the seas. We are taken back in fancy to moonlit bays, where mermaids mingle their voices with the moaning waves. The monstrous leviathans of the deep again seem real, and the sea-snake, with towering head, girdles with its green folds the misty islands of Shetland. We find captains negotiating for favorable voyages with weird hags and insane witches—antique insurance brokers, who were willing to take payment without giving indemnity. We find in Norna—the wild prophetess—who half believed her own divinations, a legitimate descendant of the Voluspæ, or divining women,

who, from Hebraic and Dephic times, have wielded power through centuries of superstition. We find Christian inhabitants of well governed and hospitable villages, who regard the spoils of the sea, and castaway wrecks, as kindly dispensations of Providence. We are introduced to a primitive people still clinging to the belief that a supernatural race, allied to the fairies, sometimes propitious to mortals, but more frequently capricious and malevolent, worked below the earth as artificers of iron and precious metals. We see lovers still pledging their troth and taking the Promise of Oden at the Standing Stones of Stennis, and note the patriotism and proud spirit of Minna Troil, as she responds to her lover's description of other lands of palm and cocoa,

Fair realms of continual summer,  
And fields ever fragrant with flowers.

"No," she answers, "my own rude country has charms for me, even desolate as you think it, and depressed as it surely is, which no other land on earth can offer to me. I endeavor in vain to represent to myself those visions of trees and of groves, which my eye never saw; but my imagination can conceive no sight in nature more sublime than these waves, when agitated by a storm, or more beautiful, than when they come, as they now do, rolling in calm tranquility to the shore. Not the fairest scene in a foreign land—not the brightest sunbeam that ever shone upon the richest landscape, would win my thoughts for a moment from that lofty rock, misty hill and wide rolling ocean. Hailand is the land of my deceased ancestors, and of my living father, and in Hailand will I live and die."

The *Bride of Lammermoor* reveals the iniquitous administration of law in Scotland during the closing years of King William's reign. The Scottish viceregents, raised to power by the strength of faction, had friends to reward and enemies to humble. The old adage was literally verified: "Show me the man, and I will show you the law." It is said that officers in high stations affected little scruple concerning bribery. "Pieces of plate, and bags of money, were sent in presents to the King's counsel, to influence their conduct, and poured forth," says a contemporary writer, "like billets of wood upon the floors, without even the decency of concealment." The story opens with a burial and its attendant ceremony; and this key-note of sadness gives the tone or concert pitch to the sorrowful drama. The ready wit and crafty subterfuges of the old butler, Caleb Balderstone, somewhat relieve and lighten up the somberness of the tragedy. But it is not our purpose to trace the plot, or to point the moral of the swift and awful punishment which follows pride and injustice.

As in "The Pirate," we find but one paragraph relating to concurrent history, so in the "*Bride of Lammermoor*" we have but one historic glimpse of passing events, when the Tory party obtained, in the Scottish, as in the English councils of Queen Anne, a short lived ascendancy. There were at this time three parties in Scotland: the Unionists, who were destined providentially to triumph; the Jacobites, who desired the national independence of the kingdom; the third party, who were waiting to see the course of events. The reign of William, just completed, was not favorably regarded by the Scottish nation. His memory was justly honored in England, and revered by the Protestants of Ireland as a deliverer from civil and religious servitude. In Scotland he had likewise rendered great service to the right of worshipping God according to the dictates of one's own conscience, but in civil matters he had infringed upon the prerogatives of the people—an infringement not speedily to be forgotten. Scott, in his "*Tales of a Grandfather*," calls attention to this long cherished national resentment in the following paragraph: "On the fifth of November, 1788, when a full century had elapsed after the Revolution, some friends to constitutional liberty proposed that the return of the day should be solemnized by an agreement to erect a monument to the memory of King William, and the services which he had rendered to the British kingdoms. At



this period an anonymous letter appeared in one of the Edinburgh newspapers, ironically applauding the undertaking, and proposing as two subjects of the entablature, for the base of the projected column, the massacre of Glencoe, and the distresses of the Scottish colonies at Darien. The proposal was abandoned as soon as the insinuation was made public."

When Queen Anne came to the throne it was thought prudent to make some provision which would insure a Protestant government for all time to Britain. The English Parliament therefore passed an Act of Succession in June, 1700: "Settling the crown, on the failure of Queen Anne and her issue, upon the grand-daughter of King James the First, of England—Sophia, Electress Dowager of Hanover, and her descendants. Queen Anne, and her statesmanlike adviser, Godolphin, saw the necessity of uniting Scotland in this agreement; but the Scottish people complained that they were not only required to surrender their public rights, according to the terms proposed, but also to yield them up to the very nation who had been most malevolent to them in all respects; who had been their constant enemies during a thousand years of almost continual war; and who, even since they had been united under the same crown, had shown in the massacre of Glencoe, and the disasters of Darien, at what a slight price they held the lives and rights of their northern neighbors."

"The Tale of the Black Dwarf" is related to the time of this fierce discussion in Scotland, as to the adoption or rejection of this proposed union; when mobs and rabble crowded High Street; when the hall of meeting, contrary to the privileges of Edinburgh, was surrounded by guards and soldiery; when the debaters were often "in the form of a Polish Diet, with their swords in their hands, or at least their hands on their swords." After a vain struggle the Scottish commissioners were compelled to submit to an incorporating union, and on the twenty-second of April the Parliament of Scotland adjourned forever. For the moment all parties were indignant. Papists, Prelatists, and Presbyterians were united in the common feeling that the country had been treated with injustice. Lord Belhaven, in a celebrated speech, which made the strongest impression on the people, declared that he saw, in prophetic vision, "The peers of Scotland, whose ancestors had raised tribute in England, now walking in the Courts of Requests, like so many English attorneys, laying aside their swords, lest self-defense should be called murder—he saw the Scottish barons with their lips padlocked to avoid the penalties of unknown laws—he saw the Scottish lawyers struck mute and confounded at being subjected to the intricacies and technical jargon of an unknown jurisprudence—he saw the merchants excluded from trade by the English monopolies—the artisans ruined for want of custom—the gentry reduced to indigence—the lower ranks to starvation and beggary. 'But above all, my lord,' he continued, 'I think I see our ancient mother Caledonia, like Cæsar, sitting in the midst of our senate, ruefully looking around her, covering herself with her royal mantle, awaiting the fatal blow, and breathing out her last with the exclamation, "And thou too, my son." "' These prophetic words made the deepest impression, until the effect was in some degree dispelled by Lord Marchmont, who rising to reply, said: "I have been much struck with the noble lord's vision, but I conceive that the exposition of it might be given in a few words: I woke, and behold it was a dream."

If in these critical times the King of France had kept his promise to the son of James the Second, or if his Scottish friends had been more united or possessed a leader of distinguished talent, the House of Stuart might have repossessed their ancient throne of Scotland. The French fleet indeed brought the Pretender with an army of five thousand men to the Frith of Forth, but, frightened by the English fleet, returned to France without landing. It was an enterprise entirely devoid of spirit, and the closing chapters of the "Black Dwarf" re-

veal a pitiful picture of the apathy of the movement, and the indecision and incapacity of the Pretender's adherents.

"Rob Roy" introduces us to the wild fastnesses which lie between Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine. The state of the country is still unsettled. The Highlanders have been kept comparatively quiet since the days of King William by giving pensions to the leading chiefs, upon the principle of feeding the wilder and fiercer animals in order to keep them tractable; but, like a rock poised on a precipice, the clans seem ready at an instant to break loose and precipitate themselves upon the lowlands; the Jacobites still retain hope of restoring the Stuart line. The Whigs, continually on the alert, anticipate every movement; the slightest whisper in Paris is heard at the London Court; it also appeared that Louis the Fourteenth was now disposed to encourage any plot to disturb the reigning monarch of England; the Pretender hastened to Paris upon receiving tidings of the death of Queen Anne, but his reception was so unfavorable that he returned to Lorraine, "with the sad assurance that the monarch of France was determined to adhere to the treaty of Utrecht, by an important article of which he had recognized the succession of the House of Hanover to the Crown of Great Britain."

George the First landed at Greenwich, September seventeenth, 1714, and quietly assumed the government; but the seething plot of Macbeth's witches was not yet skimmed. The rebellion known as "The Affair of 1715" was organized and guided by the Earl of Mar. The clans were again in arms, and the Pretender again hailed as king. In the battle of Sheriffmuir, which followed soon afterward, an outlawed clan whose name for generations was only mentioned in whisper, "nameless by day" and fierce through oppression, remained inactive upon the field. They were ordered by the Earl of Mar to charge the enemy, but the bold chieftain answered with haughty indifference: "If you can not win without us you will not with us." The speaker was Robert MacGregor, more generally known as Rob Roy. Like Robin Hood of England he is said to have been a kind and gentle robber, who harried the rich and relieved the poor. As Scott says in his introduction to the romance: "He maintained through good report and bad report a wonderful degree of importance in popular recollection. He owed his fame in a great measure to his residing on the very verge of the Highlands, and playing such pranks in the beginning of the eighteenth century as are usually ascribed to the freebooters of the middle ages—and that within forty miles of Glasgow, a great commercial city, the seat of a learned university. Thus a character like his, blending the wild virtues, the subtle policy, and unrestrained license of an American Indian, was flourishing in Scotland during the Augustan age of Queen Anne and George the First—the sept of MacGregor claimed a descent from Alpin, King of Scots, who ruled about 787. Hence their original patronymic is Mac Alpine. They occupied at one period very extensive possessions in Perthshire and Argyleshire, which they imprudently continued to hold by the right of the sword. Their neighbors, the Earls of Argyle and Breadalbane, managed to have this property engrossed in deeds and charters, which they easily obtained from the crown." In plain English, they stole it, and obtained a commission by an Act of Privy Council in 1563 to pursue the claim with fire and sword. No wonder that the Mac Gregors came to have little regard for the law which had little regard for them. In sympathy for the oppressed outlaw, Wordsworth breaks out in enthusiastic tribute:

Say then that he was wise as brave,  
As wise in thought as bold in deed;  
For in the principles of things  
He sought his moral creed.

Said generous Rob, "What need of books?  
Burn all the statutes and their shelves!  
They stir us up against our kind,  
And worse, against ourselves.

The creatures see of flood and field,  
And those that travel on the wind;  
With them no strife can last; they live  
In peace and peace of mind.

For why? because the good old rule  
Sufficeth them; the simple plan,  
That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can."

Blackstone would probably have regarded this as a feeble tenure of property, and Scott was too good a lawyer to excuse the robber and blackmailer on such primitive and poetic principles. He puts a more natural and sensible excuse in the mouth of the honest bailie, Nicol Jarvie: "Robin was anes a weel-doing, pains-taking drover, as ye wad see amang ten thousand. It was a pleasure to see him in his belted plaid and brogues, wi' his target at his back, and claymore and dirk at his belt. And he was baith civil and just in his dealings; and if he thought his chapman had made a hard bargain, he would gie him back five shillings out o' the pund sterling. But the times came hard, and Rob was venturesome, and the creditors, mair especially some grit neighbors o' his, grippit to his living and land; and they say his wife was turned out o' the house to the hillside, and sair misguided to the boot. Weel, Rob cam hame, and fand desolation, God pity us! where he left plenty; he looked east, west, south, north, and saw neither hauld nor hope—neither beild nor shelter, sae he e'en pu'd the bonnet ower his brow, belted the broadsword to his side, took to the brae-side, and became a broken man."

He had indeed suffered, and the harsh treatment which his wife had received from the soldiery was enough to have roused a less ferocious man to revenge. Her spirit seems to have been cast in the same mould, and Scott presents her in heroic guise, assuming the command of the clan in her husband's absence. "Stand," she said, with a commanding tone to the English soldiers, "and tell me what ye seek in Mac Gregor's country?" "She wore her plaid, not drawn around her head and shoulders, as is the fashion of the women in Scotland, but disposed around her body, as the Highland soldiers wear theirs. She had a man's bonnet, with a feather in it, an unsheathed sword in her hand, and a pair of pistols at her girdle."

"What seek ye here?" she asked again of Captain Thornton, who had himself advanced to reconnoiter. "We seek the outlaw, Rob Roy Mac Gregor Campbell," answered the officer, "and make no war on women; therefore offer no vain opposition to the king's troops, and assure yourself of civil treatment."

"Ay," retorted the Amazon, "I am no stranger to your tender mercies. You have left me neither name nor fame—my mother's bones will shrink aside in their grave when mine are laid beside them—ye have left me neither house nor hold, blanket nor bedding, cattle to feed us, or flocks to clothe us—ye have taken from us all—all! The very names of our ancestors have ye taken away, and now ye come for our lives."

There is another character which lives long and pleasantly in the reader's memory—the warm hearted bumptious bailie, Nicol Jarvie, a Scotchman profoundly impressed with a sense of his own extraordinary ability, who never forgot to quote from his father, the deacon, and never lost his appreciation of the "siller." Scott has drawn this character with marvelous art. It stands out like a living portrait, and the reader loves him because he is as brave as he is canny. The scene in the Highland inn, where he found his sword rusted fast in the scabbard, and seized the red hot poker for a weapon, is at once dramatic and humorous.

The shifting of the scene of the story from the north of England to Glasgow, and thence to the Highlands, is naturally done, and without creaking of machinery. We have just enough of the villain Rashley and his nefarious plotting to give the continuous interest of uncertainty; and Die Vernon (pardon me, reader, for compressing her in a closing paragraph),

with ready wit and sterling sense, flits about like a hoydenish angel—but in spite of eccentricities a ministering angel of peace and comfort. In the happiness of Frank Osbaldistone, who wins her hand in the closing chapter, we forget the defeat of the Jacobite party, or the fact that the Pretender is again an exile from the throne of his fathers.

"The Heart of Midlothian" opens with a description of the celebrated Porteous Mob at Edinburgh, in 1736. Two smugglers, Wilson and Robertson, who were reduced to poverty, robbed the collector to make good their own loss. They were arrested, tried, and condemned to death. As the Parliament was endeavoring to make the income of Scotland a source of revenue to the common exchequer, smuggling was not looked upon by the people as a very heinous offense. In fact, it was almost universal in every port north of the Tweed during the reigns of George the First and George the Second. The people, unaccustomed to duties, considered them in the light of national oppression; and the sentence of death pronounced against Wilson and Robertson was considered severe and unjust. The prisoners attempted an escape, but were discovered. The day of execution came. It was customary for persons sentenced to death to attend preparatory service at the kirk. On this occasion the church was thronged. Wilson, who was a very powerful man, at the conclusion of the exercises seized two of the guards with his hands, at the same time catching the collar of the third with his teeth. He cried to his companion to run, and the crowd, whose sympathies were with the prisoners, allowed Robertson to mix with the people and escape. Wilson was executed. The City Guard, under the command of Porteous, was insulted by the citizens. The Guard fired upon them with deadly aim. Porteous was tried and condemned for murder. King George at this time was on the Continent, and Queen Caroline, acting in his absence, sent a reprieve to Porteous. Edinburgh was now thoroughly aroused. They asked if a poor smuggler, accused of stealing, should hang without a reprieve, while a hard hearted and despised man, who shot down the people of their chief city without mercy, should go scathless. A mob, apparently of the better class of citizens, too orderly to need even a leader, attacked the Tolbooth. Porteous was taken by force and hung at night in the Grassmarket.

The Queen was incensed. "A bill was prepared and brought into Parliament for the punishment of the city of Edinburgh, in a very vindictive spirit, proposing to abolish the city charter, demolish the city walls, take away the town guard, and declare the provost incapable of holding any office of public trust." Scotland was fortunate at that time in possessing a great leader, John, Duke of Argyle and Greenwich. His talents as a statesman and a soldier were generally admitted; he was not without ambition, but "without the illness that attends it"—that irregularity of thought and aim which often excites great men to grasp the means of raising themselves to power, at the risk of throwing a kingdom into confusion. Pope has distinguished him as

"Argyle, the state's whole thunder born to wield,  
And shake alike the senate and the field."

Soaring above the petty distinctions of faction, his voice was raised, whether in office or opposition, for those measures which were at once just and lenient. His independent and haughty mode of expressing himself in Parliament, and acting in public, were ill calculated to attract royal favor; but his high military talents enabled him, during the memorable year 1715, to render such services to the House of Hanover, as, perhaps, were too great to be either acknowledged or repaid. His spirited and witty reply to the queen was quoted and chuckled over from Berwick to Inverness: "Sooner than submit to such an insult as this Porteous Mob," said the Queen to the Duke, "I will make Scotland a hunting field." "In that case," answered Argyle, "I will take leave of your Majesty, and go down to my own country to get my hounds ready."



His speech in Parliament in reference to the dismantling of Edinburgh reveals the straightforward character of the man. He retorted upon the Chancellor, Lord Hardwick, the insinuation that he had stated himself in this case rather as a party than as a judge: "I appeal," said Argyle, "to the House—to the nation, if I can be justly branded with the infamy of being a jobber or a partisan. Have I been a briber of votes? a buyer of boroughs? the agent of corruption for any purpose, or on behalf of any party? Consider my life, examine my actions in the field and in the cabinet, and see where there lies a blot that can attach to my honor. I have shown myself the friend of my country—the loyal subject of my king. I am ready to do so again, without an instant's regard to the frowns or smiles of a court. I have experienced both, and am prepared with indifference for either. I have given my reasons for opposing this bill, and have made it appear that it is repugnant to the international treaty of union, to the liberty of Scotland, and, reflectively, to that of England, to common justice, to common sense, and to the public interest. Shall the metropolis of Scotland, the capital of an independent nation, the residence of a long line of monarchs, by whom that noble city was graced and dignified—shall such a city, for the fault of an unknown body of rioters, be deprived of its honors and privileges—its gates and its guards? And shall a native Scotsman tamely behold the havoc? I glory, my lords, in opposing such unjust rigor, and reckon it my dearest pride and honor to stand up in defense of my native country, while thus laid open to undeserved shame and unjust spoliation." In this tribute of Scott, and this speech, which he has recorded in one of his best known novels, Argyle stands out as a noble representative of a family powerful through centuries; ay, so thoroughly revered to-day in Scotland that an old Scotch woman on a comparatively recent wedding morn remarked that the Queen must be a happy woman noo, since her daughter has married the son of Argyle.

So much for the historic setting of this well known story, which makes the reader acquainted with Arthur's Seat, with High Street, the Old Tolbooth, the Grassmarket and the Church of St. Giles. We see in the unbending and uncompromising character of David Deans a descendant of the Covenanters, who could hardly understand how a Presbyterian could acknowledge a government that did not acknowledge the Solemn League and Covenant. We see his house made desolate by the misfortune and misguidance of his daughter Effie. We trace the unswerving rectitude of Jeanie's character, destined to triumph at last over all obstacles. We witness the dramatic scene in the court room, and read her eloquent appeal before the Queen in the great park of Richmond. We go with her through strange villages, and over solitary heaths. But through insult and disaster we find her serenely relying upon that Providence which she knew was all-kind and all-powerful.

She accomplished her mission and lived to enjoy the blessedness of well doing. And Effie, ah! poor Effie! she inherited wealth and possession, but lived to see her husband shot by a Gypsy band; while her son, reared among outlaws, became a wanderer, lost to the view of herself and the world. In the contrast of these sisters' lives we recognize the truth of the oft-quoted lines:

"'Tis better to be lowly born  
And range with humble livers in content,  
Than wear a golden sorrow."

Scott closes this dramatic story with these words: "This tale will not be told in vain, if it shall be found to illustrate the great truth, that guilt, though it may attain temporal splendor, can never confer real happiness; that the evil consequences of our crimes long survive their commission, and like the ghosts of the murdered, forever haunt the steps of the malefactor; and that the paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace."

## SOME LONDON PREACHERS.

Canon Liddon and the Bishop of Peterborough stand out as unquestionably the two first preachers of the Established Church of England. There is a story of a private soldier having gone to St. Paul's on an afternoon when Dr. Liddon was to preach. The printed paper with the hymn was handed to him, but not understanding that it was offered gratis he refused it with a shake of the head, saying: "You don't suppose I should be here if I had got any money?" Most of the people who go to hear the eloquent Canon are different from this soldier, for they would pay—and very liberally—to get seats near the pulpit. On the afternoons of the Sundays when Dr. Liddon is in residence, the Cathedral presents an extraordinary sight with its huge nave and aisles densely thronged. So far as the preacher's voice will reach people stand, straining eyes and ears, and fortunately Dr. Liddon's voice resounds well under the dome; though now and then it becomes indistinct through the preacher's speaking too fast in his excitement. Two other things occasionally mar Dr. Liddon's delivery. Shortness of sight makes him often stoop to consult Bible or notes, and again he bows the head in a marked manner when he utters the holy name; but when he thus bends he goes on speaking, so that his words fall on the pulpit cushion and are deadened, which produces upon people who are at a little distance off, the effect of continual stoppages and gaps in the sermon. No other defects beside these, however, can be noted in orations which for beauty of language, elevation of thought and lucidity in reasoning, could not be surpassed. We have heard Dr. Liddon many times at Oxford and in London, and have observed that the impression produced by his eloquence was always the same, no matter who might be listening to him. We remember, in particular, a sermon of his on the text: "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation." It was absolutely magnificent to hear him prophesy the gradual progress of the world toward a higher state. Every man, from the greatest to the least, was made to feel his share of responsibility in advancing or retarding the evolution of mankind, and while the consequences of evil were pointed out as extending to incalculable lengths, there was a sublime hopefulness in the promise that the smallest good offering brought to the Creator would be multiplied by Him as the "five loaves were multiplied."

Optimism—which is nothing but great faith—pervades Dr. Liddon's preaching. He never leaves his hearers under the apprehension that in any struggle between the good and the bad forces of this world, the bad are going to get the best of it. He knows human nature too well, however, to exaggerate what can be done by any single human being. "The first lesson in true wisdom"—he said in one of his most recent sermons—"is the limited nature of our faculties, the reality and extent of our ignorance;" and there is a curious mixture of religious and mundane philosophy in the following remarks about the presumption of St. Peter, a few minutes before he denied his Master:

We only weaken ourselves by dwelling upon mischiefs which we can not hope to remedy. We have only a certain amount of thought, of feeling, of resolve, each one of us, to dispose of. And when this has been expended unavailingly on the abstract, on the intangible, it is expended; it is no longer ours, and we can not employ it when and where we need it close at home. \* \* \* Peter failed as he did, because he had expended his moral strength in words, and had no sufficient force to dispose of when the time came for action and for suffering.

These observations made in a grand sermon, "The Lord was not in the fire," may also be quoted:

Religious passion carried to the highest point of enthusiasm is a great agency in human life; but religious passion may easily be too inconsiderate, too truculent, too entirely wanting in tenderness and in charity, to be in any sense divine. Christendom has been ablaze again and again with fires; and those fires are not extinct in our own day and country, of which it may certainly be said that the Lord is not in them.



The Bishop of Peterborough has not often been heard in London of late years, but whenever he is advertised to preach, crowds flock to hear him. He need not be compared with Liddon, for the personal appearance, style, and opinions of the two men are quite different. But whereas the Canon sometimes preaches above the understanding of dull men, the Bishop's eloquence never soars much above earth. It is a rousing eloquence, spirited, combative, often sarcastic and always directed against some evil which is preoccupying public attention at the time being. Dr. Magee is not merely a hater, but an aggressive enemy of "humbug," clothe itself in what garb it may. With his animated Celtic features, long upper lip, large mouth, energetic nose and shaggy eyebrows, with his gruffness and broad smile which breaks up the whole of his face into comical lines, he has all the look of a humorist. The glance all round which he takes at his congregation when he has got into the pulpit, is that of a master. His first words arrest attention, and if some unlucky man drops a book during his exordium, that man will stare hard at the pulpit and pretend to have no connection whatever with the book, lest his lordship's eyes should suddenly be turned upon him like two fiery points of interrogation. Presently, when the Bishop warms to his work, his arms hit out from the shoulder like piston-rods wrapped in lawn; down come his large hands with great slaps on his book or cushion, and if he is preaching in a church where the beadle has not heard of his little ways and has not been careful to give the cushions a beating, enough dust will be raised to make a fine powdering for the heads of the people in the pew beneath.

Plainspoken and shrewd, discussing all questions with easy arguments, never stooping to subtleties, clear in his delivery, happy in the choice of words, he keeps his hearers bound like Ogmius, that god of eloquence among the Gauls who used to be represented with chains flowing out of his mouth. On occasions he rises to the highest flights of oratory, but never loses sight of his congregation, who have always been carried along by him through the successive degrees of his own enthusiasm. He should be heard delivering a charity sermon, for this is a duty which he discharges in no perfunctory fashion. He masters his subject thoroughly; speaks of the poor or afflicted for whom he is pleading like one who knows them; and his advice as to supplying their wants is never dictated by eccentric philanthropy, but springs from that true benevolence which has common sense for its source. He was being asked to interest himself in a carpenter's clever young apprentice whom some good people wanted to send to college. "Let him first graduate as a good carpenter," said the Bishop; "when he has become a skilled craftsman, so that he is proud of his trade and can fall back upon it if others fail, then will be the time to see if he is fit for anything better."

A popular vote would probably give the position of third amongst the best preachers of the day to Archdeacon Farrar. In his own church of St. Margaret, the Archdeacon shines with a subdued light. Those who have chatted with him by his own fireside, and know him to be the most amiable, unaffected of *causeurs*, those who remember him at Harrow as a most genial boy-loving master, will miss nothing of the good-natured simplicity which they liked in him, if they hear him in his own church discoursing about matters that concern his parish. But in the Abbey he is different. There, his massive face settles into a hard, expressionless look; his voice, which is loud and roughish, is pitched in a monotonous key; and his manner altogether lacks animation, even when his subject imperatively demands it. To illustrate any common reflection on the vicissitudes of life, the Archdeacon drags in the destruction of Pompeii with the latest mining accident; the overthrow of Darius with that of Osman Digna, the rainbow that appeared to Noah with Mr. Norman Lockyer's explanations of recent glorious sunsets; and all these juxtapositions come down so pat as to suggest the irreverent idea that the book which the

venerable preacher was studying during the prayers must have been an annotated copy of Maunders's "Treasury of Knowledge."

Mr. Spurgeon stands head and shoulders above all the Non-conformist preachers. Somebody once expressed a regret that the great Baptist minister was not a member of the Establishment, to which the late Bishop of Winchester answered by quoting a portion of the tenth commandment. But Mr. Spurgeon was much more aggressive in those days than he is now; he has softened much of late years, and churchmen can go to hear him without fear of being offended. On the days when he preaches his Tabernacle holds a multitude. It is a huge hall, and to see gallery upon gallery crowded with eager faces—some six thousand—all turned toward the pastor whose voice has the power of troubling men to the depths of their hearts, is a stirring sight. Mr. Spurgeon's is not a high-class congregation, and the preacher knows that its understanding can best be opened by metaphors and parables borrowed from the customs of the retail trade, and with similes taken from the colloquialisms of the streets. Laughter is not forbidden at the Tabernacle, and the congregation often breaks into titters, but the merriment is always directed against some piece of hypocrisy which the preacher has exposed, and it does one good to hear. He says:

"You are always for giving God short measure, just as if He had not made the pint pot."

"You don't expect the Queen to carry your letters for nothing, but when you are posting a letter heavenward you won't trouble to stick a little bit of Christian faith on the right-hand corner of the envelope, and you won't put a correct address on either, and then you wonder the letter isn't delivered, so that you don't get your remittance by next post."

"You trust Mr. Jones to pay you your wages regularly, and you say he's a good master, but you don't think God can be trusted like Mr. Jones; you won't serve him because you don't believe in the pay."

"You have heard of the man who diminished his dose of food every day to see on how little he could live, till he came to half a biscuit and then died; but, I tell you, most of you have tried on how little religion you could live, and many of you have got to the half-biscuit dose."

These whimsicalities, always effective, constitute but the foam of Mr. Spurgeon's oratory; the torrent which casts them up is broad, deep and of overwhelming power. Mr. Spurgeon is among preachers as Mr. Bright among parliamentary orators. All desire to criticise vanishes, every faculty is subdued into admiration, when he has concluded a sermon with a burst of his truly inspired eloquence, leaving the whole of his congregation amazed and the vast majority of its members anxious or hopeful, but in any case roused as if they had seen the heavens open. We are compelled to add that Mr. Spurgeon has in the Baptist communion no co-minister wielding a tenth of his power, and that those who, having gone to the Tabernacle to hear him, have to listen to some other man, will be disappointed in more ways than one.—*Temple Bar*.

## THE PRAYER OF SOCRATES.

By JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

Grant, O Olympian gods supreme,  
Not my wish, and not my dream;  
Grant me neither gold that shines,  
Nor ruddy copper in the mines,  
Nor power to wield the tyrant's rod  
And be a fool, and seem a god,  
Nor precious robe with jeweled fringe  
Splendid with sea-born purple tinge,  
Nor silken vest on downy pillow,  
Nor hammock hard on heaving billow;  
But give all goodly things that be  
Good for the whole and best for me.  
My thoughts are foolish, blind and crude;  
Thou only knowest what is good.

## C. L. S. C. WORK.

By Rev. J. H. VINCENT, D. D., SUPERINTENDENT OF INSTRUCTION.

To a correspondent who forwards some poetry for personal examination and criticism, and who wants to know how she can get her production before the public. *Answer:*

One of the most difficult things in literature is to give a fair judgment of poetry. There is one invaluable test by which a writer may know concerning the estimate of competent critics, and that is by sending poems or other contributions to such magazines as *The Century*, *Harper's*, *Atlantic Monthly*, etc., or to such weekly papers as the *New York Independent*, the *Christian Advocate*, the *Christian Union*, the *Evangelist*, etc. If the editors of these publications approve sufficiently to publish and pay for a poem, the writer may congratulate herself. The commendations of friends who hear a thing read, or who have a bias in favor of the author, or who, as in my case, have sympathy with young persons who are attempting to make fame and financial compensation for themselves, are not always entirely trustworthy, and I therefore commend you to one of the most invaluable tests of real poetic ability: Submit your productions to the severest critics.

Phœbe S. Parker, of Roscoe, Ill., has recently joined the C. L. S. C. She will be 89 years old May 30, 1884. She joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in the year 1810, is a great reader, and has no difficulty in keeping up with the class, and she enjoys the work heartily. May she live to graduate.

A lady from the West, residing in a city where there is "a public library, in which is an excellent collection of standard works of all kinds, the current literature of the day and all the leading periodicals, reviews," etc., finds it difficult "to read all the other good things she would like to read and, at the same time, keep up the C. L. S. C. course." For example, she "cares nothing about 'Easy Lessons in Vegetable Biology,' and would rather spend her time reading something she enjoys, such as Farrar's 'Life of Christ,' Mackenzie's 'Nineteenth Century,' Kingsley's 'Life and Letters.'" She says: "Having begun this work, I do not want to turn back, yet I am very much inclined sometimes to drop a book I am reading, and take up one I would much rather read, not in the course."

In answer to this devoted friend of the C. L. S. C., a member of the class of 1887, I desire to say:

(1.) That the greater range of literature with which one is familiar, the greater the desire to read widely, and one may be tempted, while reading anything, to wish that she had undertaken something else, and it will be a good discipline of the will, having begun a course, to carry it through, since there is nothing in the course that can be pronounced "trash," or be considered useless.

(2.) The aim of the C. L. S. C. is not merely to give pleasant or classic reading, although the style or character of the reading should be worthy of commendation by the most cultivated taste. The object of the C. L. S. C. is to give the "college student's outlook"—to present in a series of brief readings the whole world of history, literature, science and art. This is for the benefit of college graduates, who in college spent so much time with the languages and mathematics, for purposes of mental discipline, that they failed to enjoy the charms of the literature itself. It is also for the benefit of others, who, having studied the physical sciences years before, desire now to review, seeing that so many changes are continually taking place in the hypotheses and settled conclusions of the scientists. The course is also designed for people who have never enjoyed college training, that they may have the benefit of the outlook which is to be enjoyed by their children later on.

(3.) A course so wide-reaching will embrace many topics about which certain people care nothing; but one of the greatest advantages of reading is the training of one to read because he ought to know rather than because he has a particular aptitude or delight in that direction.

I hope that my genial, candid, "enthusiastic" Chautauquan of the class of 1887, from beyond the Mississippi, will continue in the ranks of the C. L. S. C.

"Has any plan been devised by which graduates may go on with the regular classes as long as they wish, reading new and re-reading old subjects?" *Answer:* We give a seal for the re-reading of former years, and also a special seal for those who continue year after year to read.

Our excellent Canadian friend, Mr. James L. Hughes, writes: In answer to your query respecting the origin of the name "Canada," I have the honor to state that the best authorities agree in deriving it from an Indian word "Kan-na-ta," meaning a village. It is certain that Stadacona (Quebec) was spoken of as "Kan-na-ta," and Champlain found it to be a common name applied to Indian villages. This is the received origin of the name. Some attribute its origin to the Spaniards, who first visited the country in search of mines, but finding none frequently exclaimed, "Aca Node," "here is nothing." This is not now accepted as reliable. Several others have been given, only one of which may be mentioned to show its absurdity. Some one claimed that the French supplied their workmen in the colony with canned food, and that each man was allowed a can a day! Hence the name.

A QUESTION.—"Some of our class reject the pronunciation of Goethe's name as given by Prof. Wilkinson in the Latin Course. Please confirm—in the next number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN—the Professor, or give us the correct pronunciation according to the highest standard."

An Answer.—The Rev. Dr. Jos. A. Seiss, of Philadelphia, pastor of the leading Lutheran Church in Philadelphia, gives the following clear and satisfactory answer to the question, "How shall we pronounce the word GOETHE?"

"There can be no doubt about the pronunciation of the name of Goethe to those familiar with the sounds and powers of the German alphabet, which are always and in all relations the same. The diphthong *oe*, often written *ö*, has the sound and force of *a* in *gate*. The remainder of the name, *the*, has the sound of *teh*, pronounced nearly the same as the English *ty*, with a slight vergence toward *ta* as in *take*. Giving to the letters these sounds, the pronunciation of Goethe would be represented by *Gateh* in English phonography, or *Gayty*. It is hard for any other than a German tongue to give exactly the sound of *oe*; the above is as nearly as it can be represented in English letters.

Yours truly,

"JOS. A. SEISS."

"45 East 68th St., NEW YORK, 17th April, '84.

"DEAR SIR:—In the name of Goethe the *oe* is pronounced like the *u* in the words "but," "hut," "rut," only long. You stretch the *u* in those words and you will have the vowel of the German *oe* as nearly as you can get it. The *th* is pronounced like *t*, and the *e* at the close has the sound of the *e* in "let," "get," etc., but is half swallowed. You see that it is very difficult to express in English letters the pronunciation of the name of Goethe. Very truly yours,

"J. H. VINCENT, ESQ.

C. SCHURZ."

If members of the C. L. S. C. fail to receive prompt reply to their letters addressed to the Superintendent of Instruction, they will please remember the multitude of duties which crowd upon him, especially at this time. He will, as soon as practicable, reply to every letter on his table.

## OUTLINE OF C. L. S. C. READINGS.

JUNE, 1884.

The Required Readings for June include the second part of "Pictures from English History," Chautauqua Text-Books—No. 4, English History, and No. 43, Good Manners, and the Required Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

*First Week* (ending June 9).—1. Pictures from English History, from chapter xxi, page 139 to page 175.

2. Readings in Roman History in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

3. Sunday Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for June 1.

4. Sunday Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for June 8.

*Second Week* (ending June 16).—1. Pictures from English History, from page 175 to page 207.

2. Readings in Art in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

3. Sunday Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for June 15.

*Third Week* (ending June 23).—1. Pictures from English History, from page 207 to page 241.

2. Criticisms on American Literature in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

3. Sunday Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for June 22.

*Fourth Week* (ending June 30).—1. Pictures from English History, from page 241 to page 273.

2. Readings in United States History in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

3. Sunday Readings for June 30.

## LOCAL CIRCLES.

Letter-writing, that is genuine letter-writing, where one fills a half-dozen sheets with happy thoughts, spicy comments and fresh ideas has become, if not a lost art, at least an old-fashioned accomplishment. We lose much, both of culture and pleasure, when we neglect our letters. Animated, interested, breezy letter-writing produces almost the same feeling of sympathy and good fellowship as a face-to-face visit, and no means of social intercourse quicker brings into activity our best mental gifts. We fancy that among the many good works of the C. L. S. C. must be included as one of the first, the incentive which it has given to letter-writing in its "Correspondence Circle." It may surprise some of our readers to know that already this circle numbers several hundred members. Our first report from a local circle of correspondents comes from Jersey City, N. J., and is very suggestive of what may be done. The secretary writes: "Our little circle thinks it time to claim a place in the family. We are septangular, perfect in number if in no other respect. We can not strictly be called 'local,' as our angles are far reaching. Three of our members live on Staten Island, one at Spring Valley, one at Tappan, one in New York City, and one in Jersey City. Our communication is maintained by correspondence. We commenced our reading in October, 1882, and for one year plodded along without the help to be gained from association. Then it was agreed to carry on the work of a circle by correspondence. This plan has been in successful operation for six months, and it has proved of great benefit and interest to us all. The object of the circle is to awaken a more active interest in and incite to a more thorough study of the course of readings prescribed by the C. L. S. C., therefore it is resolved: First, that on the first day of every month each member shall prepare a list of questions (containing not less than ten nor more than twenty) on the prescribed readings of the preceding month, and forward as many copies of the list as there are members in the circle to the secretary, who shall distribute them to the members. These questions must be answered and returned to the secretary within two weeks of the time of reception, after which the collection of answered questions must be passed from one member to another throughout the entire circle. Second—The questions must be such as will admit of answers which can be written on two lines of common note paper. We are seven busy people, our president is an active business man, three of our members are teachers, and we have all to use the cor-

ners of time to keep up with our studies. The preparation and answering of our lists of questions and answers adds greatly to our labor, but we all agree that *it pays*. We are all loyal Chautauquans. Please count us in."

The wonderful class of '87 is doing a great deal of enthusiastic work, if one is to judge from the throngs of reports that come to us. We have never had as many new circles to report as we have this month, and at no time have the reports been more enthusiastic and suggestive. Biddeford, Me., starts the list with a circle of nearly fifty. They have a capital idea in their "German evening," in which the history, literature and music of the "Fatherland" was honored by carefully selected exercises. Very similar to this must have been the "Tour through Germany" which the Knoxville, Tenn., circle took one evening not long ago. They had a delightful time, as their letter shows: "One member conducted the party from Knoxville to New York, across the ocean to Bremen, and then to Frankfort. Another member took us to a German hotel, then sightseeing in Frankfort, and to a German home, where our hostess kindly showed us over her house and explained many of their customs. This member of the circle was also our guide on all our journeys, and pointed out many of the peculiarities of the customs and people, and called our attention to many amusing incidents. Other members of the circle described the principal cities which we visited, government buildings, art galleries, pictures, etc. Altogether, the evening we spent in Germany was one of the most delightful of the year."

From the hill town of East Barrington, N. H., a friend sends a most interesting account of the founding of their circle. "This is a scattered farming community," she writes, "containing an unusual number—for its population—of people desirous of more intellectual advantages than have hitherto been within their reach. We are too far from the cities to derive much benefit from lectures, libraries, etc., and are not rich enough to have them at home. Chautauqua offers just what we need. My oldest son is a member of the class of 1886. The other children are 'picking up' a great deal, and will join as soon as they are old enough. I did not join with him—for I feared with my many cares I should not find the requisite time; but I can not let the books alone, and have kept step with him so far. He read alone the first year. Every one to whom he recommended the course—and that was every acquaintance—shook their heads doubtfully. 'Greek, Russian History, Geology? O, no! we are not "up" to that.' I did not like that. I knew better, and procured a copy of 'Hall in the Grove' and sent it on its mission. Result—a C. L. S. C. organized January 1, 1884. Four regular members, and a number of local ones, which increased with every meeting, and who all announced their determination to 'begin squarely next October.' Many of our members are in my Bible class, and I can see the fruits of their reading every week. At home I see it every day. I would not have dared to report our little band as a circle, were it not for the notice in the March number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN—'If there are but two members associated in study, report as a circle.' You may judge of our enthusiasm when I say that some members drive four miles in a New Hampshire winter to attend the meetings." It takes a great deal of pluck, as well as enthusiasm, for people to brave New Hampshire winters, but no more, perhaps, than the little circle at North Weymouth, Mass., has to exercise in carrying out all the work of a full-grown circle while numbering but two. In spite of numbers they meet on Monday evening of each week, and look forward with great deal of pleasure to those meetings. They generally question each other on the studies of the previous week, and sometimes read essays on what has been studied. On the memorial nights they invite in some of their friends, varying the order of exercises, and doing their best to entertain. What a lesson to some of us who adjourn if the leader is absent, and who enforce but one



parliamentary rule—that of requiring a quorum to have a meeting!

From **Brighton, Beverly, Melrose and Shirley, Mass.**, we hear of new classes. At **Roxbury** a circle of twenty-three was organized in November last. One of their members declares that he never enjoyed anything more. Twelve busy people form the "Pansy" Circle, of **Chelsea**, the second circle of that city, organized last October. They write that they are obliged to plan a great deal to find time to accomplish their readings, but that they are so interested that they do not often fail.

The "Raymond Circle" formed on January 1st, and composed of eighteen members, is the third class now in active operation at **Lynn**. Eight new circles from **Massachusetts** in one report!

At **Greenwich, Conn.**, the members of the class of '87 have organized the "Sappho Circle."

**Babylon, R. I.**, has a circle of over thirty, which has been in operation since last October. It is said that a dozen circles were formed in **Providence, R. I.**, last fall; if this be true they have not all reported, although we have three reports of new organizations before us: The "Clio Circle" numbering forty-two, the "Whittier Circle" of thirteen, and the "Milton Circle" with twenty-two members. These circles all mention as one of their greatest social pleasures, the interchange of courtesies by the circles on Memorial Days. On Longfellow's Day, "Milton Circle" entertained their C. L. S. C. friends in the city.

To the already goodly list of **New York** circles we have six new ones to add from the following towns: **Bath, Cicero, Manchester, Pultney, West Galway, and Gouverneur**. The circle at **Bath** has a membership of thirty, a full corps of officers, and a prepared program, which they find both pleasant and profitable. At **Cicero** the circle was not formed until January 1, but the reading has been so enjoyable that they have done double work to "catch up." The circle of fourteen at **Manchester** have honored themselves by giving their class the name of the "Mary A. Lathbury Circle." Miss Lathbury's birthplace and early home was **Manchester**. At **Gouverneur** the circle has increased to thirty-eight members since its organization, and they seem particularly interested. The work has been done so willingly that the secretary writes: "It has been pleasant to note how ready the members are to respond when called upon to prepare articles for the society, and what thorough work they are willing to do, though they are all busy people." In the report of their Longfellow memorial we were pleased to notice that they had a paper on "Longfellow's prose-writings," a subject which was almost entirely neglected in most of the programs. There are many fine things in Longfellow's prose. An evening spent with the poet is hardly complete if it neglects "Outre-Mer," "Hyperion," and "Kavanagh." The experience of the **Gouverneur** circle is that of many others when it writes: "One of the chief benefits which we derive from our meetings is that which comes from knowing each other better. Our circle is made up of people who would not often be called together by other interests, so that beside the benefit that comes from the reading and study, we have each added to our list of friends many whom we can not lose."

The secretary writes from the circle of fifteen at **Tunkhannock, Pa.**: "I can say, not boasting, but confidently, that but few, if any, circles are more wide awake or thorough in the course;" while from **West Middlesex**, of the same state, they send word that they are trying by careful study to hail their fellow students from the top round of the ladder.

A vigorous, growing circle exists at **Reading, Pa.** In March they held a public meeting which did much to extend public interest in the C. L. S. C. They prepared an excellent program, taking care to select subjects which would show the scope of the Chautauqua work, and presented it so entertainingly that many were aroused to interest in the work.

From **Corry, Pa.**, the "Omega" is reported, and from **Troy**

**Center**, of the same state, a member of the new circle organized there in January, 1884, writes of the influence of their reading: "Though we are country people we find both enjoyment and improvement in our reading. The meager knowledge of the farmer has widened into that of their more fortunate brethren. I doubt if some of the hopes, inspirations and longings that have been kindled by this winter's studies will be satisfied by the old ways of spending the few leisure moments that come to us."

**Lancaster, Pa.**, organized a circle in December, the first in the city, and so called "No. 1."

The **Asbury C. L. S. C.** in **Wilmington, Del.**, numbering about twenty-five members, was organized September last. They write: "Our meetings, held semi-monthly, are exceedingly interesting, being conducted on the conversational plan, affording us an opportunity of hearing the opinions and ideas of the different members, giving us new thoughts, as well as impressing what we have read more indelibly upon our memories; we also have questions prepared by different members on some particular branch of our studies."

We are always glad to hear of new circles in the South. This month we have an excellent item from **Richmond, Va.** A circle was formed there last November with a membership of six, and it has steadily increased, until they now have a membership of thirty, which comprises nearly all of the male teachers in the city and three of the principals. They have given two public entertainments, both of which met with marked success.

At **Media, Ohio**, there is a C. L. S. C. "Olive Branch" of ten members, which so arranges its programs that each member has something to do at each meeting—a most excellent plan to insure interest and attention. At **Springboro, Ohio**, is another new circle of four members, but so zealous that in spite of numbers they have observed all the "Days." **Saint Paris, Ohio**, reports a class of fourteen, organized in October last, most of whom, they write, are reading the **White Seal Course** in addition to their regular work. At **Franklin, Ohio**, is a quartette of readers, brought together by one lady's visit last summer to the **Monteagle Assembly**, and she now writes of their circle: "We meet once a week. Read and talk, and query and give information most informally, and always have delightful times. We have decided that outside of our Chautauqua work we are the four *busiest people in town*, yet we find time to do our work. Not so thoroughly as we would like, but in such a way as to derive much benefit from it."

At both **Franklin and Crawfordsville, Ind.**, there are new circles, each numbering twenty-eight members. The circle at **Marion** (a beautiful town of about 5,000 inhabitants in central Indiana), is the result of the efforts of a few ladies who, after much thought, and many misgivings, started out one afternoon to try and interest the ladies of their town in the good work. The time was surely just right for such an enterprise, for they met with a success beyond their most sanguine expectations. Fortunately they succeeded in enlisting many of their friends, who were ladies of influence, and now have a flourishing organization known as the "Marion C. C." They have a membership of twenty-three, an average attendance of about twenty, and all so deeply interested, that they write that there is not one but anticipates the four years' course.

**Preston, Carbondale and Tuscola**, towns of Illinois, have each formed new circles this year. The **Tuscola** circle rejoices in a member who, having traveled through Europe, delights them by picturing **St. Peter's, St. Paul's, the Appian Way, the Coliseum, Westminster Abbey**, and many other places of historic interest.

A new circle which was formed last October at **Kalamazoo, Mich.**, reports a very promising outlook in the growth of the work there; while the circle at **Erie, Mich.**, organized in the fall, and now numbering twenty-eight members, says: "We have every reason to hope for a large addition to our member-

ship in October next." Perhaps the secret is to be found in the interest they are taking in their work, for they write: "We congratulate ourselves on the pleasure afforded us by our studies, and on the improvement from month to month in the work of individual members."

We like that sort of interest in the C. L. S. C. which leads members to do everything in their power to follow the methods outlined by the leaders. It is such interest that makes the Circle grow—a case to the point comes from Winfield, Mich., from a member, who writes: "I have secured a student to join in the studies of the C. L. S. C. for the class of '87, and so am able to report as a circle from this place, though only two of us." Too often "only two of us" is made an excuse for not joining the Plainfield office.

"We are doing very thorough work, not only reading, but studying," writes the secretary of the Litchfield, Mich., circle. Howell, Mich., has a circle of thirty-five '87s. They had the privilege of welcoming the president of the class of '87, the Rev. Frank Russell, on the 20th of February last, on the evening of which day he delivered his popular lecture on the "Man Invisible," there under the auspices of their local circle. They took occasion to celebrate his coming with a reunion of the Chautauqua circles of the county. A most excellent idea, and one that evidently did both the fortunate hosts and guests much good, for they declare that they feel sure that all present were encouraged to press on to help swell the "Pansy" class of '87 to 20,000.

The "Flour City," Minneapolis, Minn., circle, commenced work the first of November. "Our number," they write, "does not exceed twenty. We meet every Monday night for two hours, even when the thermometer has been on its way from twenty-five to thirty-five below zero. There is a great deal of pressure upon our lives in this thriving city, and we have not attempted to follow out attractive lines of study suggested, but have followed the course carefully, varying our exercises from time to time. We get up maps and charts, and exhibit pictures of places that we study about. Recently we spent the evening with the German authors from whose pens extracts have appeared. Each member present had a character, and all were well prepared. It proved one of our most delightful evenings."

A "Chautauqua Triangle" meets weekly at Grinnell, Iowa. From Brighton, Iowa, a class of nine is reported, and from Ackley, of the same state, a lady writes: "Our circle of about a dozen members has just been organized, what it lacks in numbers being made up in enthusiasm. We are to meet weekly. We have considerable variety among our members, some being college graduates, and others wishing they were; some being C. L. S. C. graduates, and others hoping to become such in '86 or '87, and still others, knowing that they can not pass through the 'beautiful golden gate' before '88. For the sake of such we unite in reading the 'Bryant Course' for the rest of this C. L. S. C. year, the old C. L. S. C.ists taking that work in addition to the regular reading, on which all will enter in the fall."

A little company of readers have formed a new circle at Dav-enport, Iowa. The interest in the C. L. S. C. course is increasing constantly, there being now over fifty persons who are taking the whole or parts of the course.

Our friends at Corydon, Iowa, have been experiencing the effects of being too social. Their club of fifteen was organized last fall. Their meetings were always pleasant, but as they had no plan in their work they often found themselves unwittingly off the topic. Fortunately they discovered their mistake, and voted to reform. They write: "The two most profitable meetings we have yet had, were the two since 'the change.' Now we think we have the 'Chautauqua Idea.'"

Kansas sends word of two new clubs; one at Elk Falls, of nine members, and another at Andover, of seven.

From New Market, Platt County, Mo., we have received the

program of the exercises held on Longfellow's Day by the circle of four there.

The teachers of the Natchez union schools, at Natchez, Missouri, were formed into a circle in December.

In Southern Dakota, at Bijou Hills, the circle of '87 has been holding weekly meetings all winter, and writes that notwithstanding the limited advantages on the frontier they are not discouraged, but live in hopes of having a larger circle next year.

In January there was formed a circle at McGregor, Texas. Two of the members are of the class of '82, and until recently lived in New York state, having spent nine happy summers at Chautauqua. One of the beautiful things about Chautauqua is that you can carry it with you—even as far as Texas, and that, as these two friends have done, you can impart its strength and inspiration to others.

The first report which THE CHAUTAUQUAN has received from Wyoming Territory comes from Cheyenne, where, in February, a circle was organized consisting of eight active members, who pledged themselves to complete the four years' course of study. With true Western vim they write: "Although small in numbers, we are earnest in purpose, and are determined to be in the front ranks among the classes of 1887."

Canon City, Col., has organized a circle of ten busy house-keepers, who, though they have long been away from the discipline of the school room, yet find that it becomes continually easier to master the readings.

Linden, California, has a class of seven regular members, with a few "socials."

There is a great deal of genuine, healthy, social life in the C. L. S. C., and a great many pleasant plans followed by different circles, which can not fail to be suggestive to others. The "Alpha" circle, of Lewiston, Maine, closed the year of 1882-3 with a social at the home of one of the members. While making merry over cake and ice cream, the writing of a book by the circle, each member contributing one chapter, was proposed. The idea was at once accepted by all. The plan of the book, subject, etc., was decided upon, two of the members volunteering to write a poem. The first meeting of the circle this Chautauqua year was a lakeside picnic, at which the party added to the usual picnic sports the election of officers for this year, and the reading of the first chapter of their book. We hope that book will be finished and reported. They are not alone in their "Chautauqua picnic." The Galesburg, Ill. circle kept alive their enthusiasm last summer by holding one in the vacation, to which all Chautauquans of the city were invited, whether graduates or not.

Perhaps the chief social event in the C. L. S. C. world so far this year has been the Alumni banquet held by the classes of '82 and '83, in Boston, on February 23d, in honor of Dr. Vincent, and Dr. Hurlbut. The *Boston Journal* gave a full account of the event, and from it we quote: "The ladies and gentlemen who by virtue of their diplomas became members of the 'Hall in the Grove'—so the *menu* announced—were presided over for the day by Rev. O. S. Baketel. Prof. W. F. Sherwin acted as toast-master, and never did a more humorous or genial master call for responses. He wanted a short, pleasant, instructive, amusing, cheerful, delightful, jocose, scientific speech from every one, and thought that five or six minutes' speaking would surely not take ten minutes' time. The class representatives called upon endeavored to follow out this request, the first one, Rev. George Benedict, of Hanson class, of '87, condensing his short, pleasant, etc., oration to half a dozen words uttered in one minute. As soon as the toastmaster realized that '87's speech was disposed of, he called upon him 'who had been under the snow so long,' Rev. B. P. Snow, of Biddeford, Me., class of '86, and Mr. Snow described in glowing colors the work of the C. L. S. C. in popularizing culture for older people, declaring that it was not a college of universal smatter, but one of real work and progress. Rev. J. E. Fullerton, of Hopkinton,

who responded for the class of '85, spoke of the Chautauqua movement as Christian, popular, progressive and peculiarly American. For the classes of '84 and '83, Rev. W. N. Richardson, of East Saugus, and Rev. Alexander Dight, of Holliston, respectively, responded. Each speaker had naturally spoken in immeasurably high terms of the ability and wisdom of his own particular class, but it remained for the final class representative, Rev. Dr. J. L. Hurlbut, of '82, to put the climax on humorous mock modesty and class exaltation by eulogizing the first graduating class of the Circle to the very highest skies, declaring that it possessed so much knowledge that there was scarcely enough left to go around among the other classes, and, moreover, it had laid the foundation of the great people's college. A few hearty words laudatory of the founder of the Chautauqua movement, Dr. Vincent, and then the speaker announced that henceforth that day, February 23d, the anniversary of the birthday of the beloved Superintendent of Instruction, was to be recognized and celebrated as 'Founder's Day.' When the applause which greeted this announcement had subsided, toastmaster Sherwin bade the assembly 'do just as I do,' and then taught them the 'Chautauqua salute' with variations, consisting of fifteen waves of the handkerchief in front and above the head. Dr. Vincent arose after this salute, and having expressed his appreciation and thanks, spoke to his pupils on the distinctive character of the C. L. S. C. 'A short dialogue,' announced toastmaster Sherwin, 'will now be given,' and in accordance with this instruction Rev. Mr. Full, of South Framingham, recited his prepared part, which closed with a presentation to the Superintendent of two valuable sets of books, the works of Hawthorne and Oliver Wendell Holmes, as a slight token of the admiration of the alumni. The second part of the dialogue came from Dr. Vincent, who, although entirely unprepared and taken completely by surprise, yet acknowledged in graceful terms the gift of his friends. A final prayer, and then the alumni of C. L. S. C. separated for their homes."

The class of '82 has set an excellent example to all succeeding classes by the way in which they have kept up their "class feeling"—especially has the New England Branch been faithful in paying allegiance to their Alma Mater, and in holding fast to the class bonds. Last August, at Framingham, they held a very pleasant reunion. The president of the N. E. branch of class of '86, Mr. Pike, presided. Speeches were made by many gentlemen, well-known workers in the C. L. S. C. Songs were sung and a class poem read. A delightful affair in every respect, and one that the yshould try to repeat each summer.

We do not often find new Memorial Days being added to the list, but the "Merrimac" C. L. S. C. of Newburyport, Mass., has added one. "Although Whittier's birthday is not a 'Memorial,' yet we felt we must observe it, as he belongs almost to us, living just across 'Our River,' which he has enshrined in verse, and from which we receive our title." This class is enjoying some excellent "helps" in their work. Quite recently a gentleman, well fitted for the work, kindly favored them with an address on Biology, supplementing his words with microscopic views. They have now, in prospectus, a whole evening with the microscope, through the courtesy of an educated German resident, and also hope from him a "Talk" on his nation's customs and ceremonies.

From the list of special occasions we must not omit the entertainment which the circle of Hampshire, Ill., held at the close of their last year of study. They had a Chautauqua banquet, each member having the privilege of inviting one guest. A very interesting literary program was prepared by the members, consisting of essays, recitations and music, followed by toasts. All present declared the evening delightful. The circle has increased this year from twelve to twenty-three.

Not many lectures have been reported as yet. Under the auspices of the C. L. S. C. of Nashville, Tenn., Dr. J. H. Worman, the well known German professor in the C. S. L., lec-

tured March 3rd, at the Nashville College for Young Ladies, on "Modern Art." The society is to be congratulated on securing so able a speaker as Prof. Worman. At Milwaukee, Wis., the six circles, Alpha, Beta, Grand Avenue, Delta, Iota, and Bay View, had a delightful entertainment the 29th of March, when President Farrar, of the Milwaukee College, devoted an hour and a half to "Views of Architecture" from the earliest Egyptians down to the present time, given with the fine stereopticon which he uses every week in the Ladies' Art Class of over two hundred members.

The old circles seem to be doing splendid work. Richford, N. Y., reports a steadily increasing interest and determination. A member of the "Harlem" Circle, New York City, describes in an entertaining letter their method of quizzing. It is good. The quizzing forms a regular feature of the program, and is limited to fifteen minutes. It is conducted by some one previously appointed. After that any member may question the quizzier for a few minutes longer. Our correspondent has been doing some useful C. L. S. C. work. He sent one of his old copies of THE CHAUTAUQUAN home, and the people there were so much pleased with its plan, that they are planning for some similar organization in their midst.

At Ithaca, N. Y., the circle is fortunate enough to be in reach of Cornell University and its professors. They are improving their opportunities, too, having recently had lectures on "Architecture" and "Political Economy."

We like the ring of the report from South Lansing, N. J. It is worth while to belong to a circle of two if it can be as pleasant as this one: "In number we are but two (sisters)—the only C. L. S. C. in this place. The duties of the usual officers of circles are borne by either member, as opportunity seems to favor. Examinations, reviews, exercises in pronunciation and definition are held at the most unconscionable hours by a self-constituted leader. Suddenly a member, inspired by some new reading, or a suggested thought, resolves into an animated question box; or perhaps, presumes to criticise some notable book. In this systemless manner we conduct our unadorned meeting, and though our method, or rather, lack of method, may not be commendable to other circles, it certainly helps to meet the exigencies of ours. As we take leave of the regular course—for we are '84s—we would join our voices to the chorus of Chautauqua enthusiasts."

Naples, N. Y., has a circle of twelve, of the class of '86, the fruit of the zealous work of one lady. This same friend was instrumental in arousing interest in the reading at West Bloomfield, where now there is a class of thirty. She accomplished this, she writes, while visiting the town, by introducing the C. L. S. C. into every tea party she attended while there.

A two-year-old club exists at New Wilmington, Pa., from which we have never before heard. There are twenty-four members. "As a rule," writes the secretary, "our members are teachers and business men and women who have little spare time, but that little is enthusiastically and profitably employed. We are fortunate in possessing several members who are graduates of Westminster and other colleges. The studies are made interesting by a thorough recitation in each study. Obscure points are brought out and discussed freely and searchingly. The exercises are spiced by essays on, and recitations from favorite authors and subjects. Also by question box, debates, and music."

The pleasant circle at Hillsboro, O., is enjoying the reading and doing very thorough work.

There are two excellent features in the report received from the society at South Toledo, O. The members hand in a list of words to the vice president to be corrected—including mispronounced words, or those about whose pronunciation they are undecided, and they are at once corrected—the discussion over points doing much toward fixing the correct forms in their minds. Their city, on the banks of the Maumee River,



historical ground, with old Fort Miami and Meigs standing sentinel over their respective charges, South Toledo and Perrysburg, and these enterprising students have wisely made the most of their location. They write: "In connection with our reading of Canadian and American History, in which the greatest interest was taken, 'we dived down deep' into the subject, had the history of this memorable spot written by our secretary, who gave an account of the battle of Fallen Timbers in 1794, fought between General Wayne, accompanied by General Scott and their forces, and Indians under command of Blue Jacket and Little Turtle, with their Canadian allies. The points of interest mentioned being so familiar to us; also gave the history of the settlement of Maumee (now South Toledo), with the progress of the place, and difficulties encountered, mentioning old pioneers, interesting events, etc. A newspaper sketch of a celebration held here in 1840 in honor of 'Old Tippecanoe' was read by our vice president. On this occasion we had an informal meeting, inviting guests to participate in our pleasure."

The Alpha and Beta circles of Quincy, Ill., are doing enthusiastic work. On Longfellow's day they joined their forces, carrying out an appropriate program.

An effort to increase the membership has resulted in nearly doubling the numbers at Petersburg, Ill. The circle is in its second year, and rejoices in a wide awake president, who does his best to make this circle a success, and to extend its influence.

Nashville, Tenn., boasts a live circle of thirty-seven members and many friends under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. Recently at their regular session in the parlors of the Association they executed a series of exercises which were as thoroughly produced as they were appreciatively listened to. Roman literature was the theme of the hour, and most luminous lights were glanced at in essays short, concise and pointed. Fifteen essays were read, and reports were read on facts, on pronunciation of names, and on general pronunciation.

We have already heard good things of the C. L. S. C. at Niles, Mich. There are some zealous members in the circle, one of whom, a teacher, has been utilizing her reading very successfully in her school room. Hawthorne's biographical stories have been adopted for the Friday reading, and each pupil is expected to reproduce orally, if called upon, the whole sketch. The reading has been found very attractive to the pupils.

At Sheboygan, Wis., the circle still flourishes. They have been having delightful evenings this year over their studies. The secretary writes: "At our last meeting we had for our lesson the first half of French History in THE CHAUTAUQUAN and the first part of the Latin Preparatory Course in English. One of the ladies furnished a paper on the 'Siege of Calais,' and another gave a talk upon the 'Massacre of St. Bartholomew.' One of our members who spent last year abroad brought a most excellent map of Rome and many fine photographs of the Coliseum, the Pantheon, and other places of interest, which helped us greatly in our study of the seven-hilled city. We spent several delightful evenings upon Political Economy, one of the gentlemen who has given much study to the subject acting as leader."

At Faribault, Minn., they are dividing their time between Art and American Literature. Though there are many letters before us still untouched, we must close the box, taking just a glance from a letter lately received from far away Honolulu, in which a lady writes: "After enjoying five months' reading with Dr. Wythe's circle, of Oakland, California, I found I had become quite a Chautauqua enthusiast. So after moving here I sought out a few to start a circle. I succeeded in finding four willing to try, and so we began; we have now doubled in numbers, but have not succeeded in finding a permanent leader, but for all our drawbacks we enjoy it immensely, and intend to keep on, hoping some one will come to the rescue."

## CHAUTAUQUA FOR 1884.

Many of our friends, planning for their summer trips just now, are wondering, no doubt, what good things Chautauqua will have to offer this season. For their sakes we give just a glimpse of what is being prepared for the Chautauqua School of Languages and Chautauqua Teachers' Retreat. With the July number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, we shall forward to each of our subscribers a copy of the Advance Number of the *Assembly Herald*, which will contain full information about Chautauqua for 1884.

The Chautauqua School of Languages will open on Saturday, July 12th, and continue for six weeks. It is the aim of the school to illustrate the best methods of teaching languages and to furnish instruction in languages for students.

The Teachers' Retreat will open Saturday, July 12th, and continue three weeks. It is the aim of the Retreat to benefit secular teachers by combining with the recreative delights of the summer vacation, the stimulating and quickening influence of the summer school.

Following are the departments of the C. S. L. for 1884:

1. *German*. Prof. J. H. Worman, Ph.D., Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn. Three classes: Beginners, Middle and Advanced.

2. *French*. Prof. A. Lalande, Louisville, Ky. Three classes: Beginners, Intermediate and Advanced.

3. *Spanish*. Prof. J. H. Worman, Ph.D., Nashville, Tenn. Beginners class only.

4. *Greek*. Henry Lummis, A.M., Stoneham, Mass. Three classes: Beginners, Intermediate and Advanced.

5. *Latin*. E. S. Shumway, A.M., Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J. Five classes: Teachers' Method class, College class, Preparatory, Beginners, Circles and Colloquia.

6. *English Language and Literature*. W. D. MacClintock, 3 Winthrop Place, New York City. Anglo-Saxon, Shakspeare and Chaucer.

7. *The Chautauqua School of Hebrew*. William R. Harper, Ph. D., Morgan Park, near Chicago, Ill. Four classes: Elementary, Intermediate, Progressive and Exegetical. Four weeks—July 21st, August 16th.

8. *New Testament Greek*. Rev. A. A. Wright, Boston, Mass. Two divisions: 1. Grammatical; 2. Lexicographical and Exegetical. Four weeks—July 25th, August 22nd.

The rate of admission to all the exercises of the C. S. L. and C. T. R. for the session of six weeks will be \$12.00. Arrangements have been made for special classes in several branches. We give a list of these classes and their cost:

Elocution, fifteen lessons, \$5.00; Elocution, ten lessons, \$4.00; Elocution, five lessons, \$3.00; Elocution, private, per hour, \$3.00. Clay Modeling, per hour, \$0.40. Drawing, fifteen lessons, \$5.00; Drawing, ten lessons, \$4.00; Drawing, five lessons, \$3.00. Phonography, twenty lessons, \$10.00. Voice culture, ten lessons, \$10.00. Harmony, ten lessons, \$10.00. Music in day school eight lessons free to C. S. L. and C. T. R. Mineralogy and Lithology, ten lessons, \$2.00. Botany, ten lessons, \$2.00.

The rate of admission to the grounds will be, in July, twenty-five cents a day; in August, forty cents a day. A week ticket in July, \$1.00; a week ticket in August, \$2.00. Tickets for the entire term in July, \$2.00; tickets for the August Assembly meetings, \$3.00. An arrangement is made by which full course tickets may be secured for July and August for \$4.00.

It is incredible how important it is that the corporeal frame should be kept under the influence of constant, continuous, and unbroken order, and free from the impressions of vicissitude, which always more or less derange the corporeal functions. After all, it is continued temperance which sustains the body for the longest period of time, and which most surely preserves it free from sickness.—*Von Humboldt*.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

FIFTY QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON PICTURES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY—FROM PAGE 145 TO THE END OF THE BOOK.

By A. M. MARTIN, GENERAL SECRETARY C. L. S. C.

1. Q. What were the "Wars of the Roses"? A. They were civil conflicts between the Yorkists and Lancastrians, the former having for their emblem a white rose and the latter a red rose.
2. Q. How many kings had the House of York and how many the House of Lancaster? A. Each House had three kings.
3. Q. During the reign of Henry VII. who led the French to victory against the English, and was afterward burned at the stake on a charge of heresy? A. Joan of Arc, the "Maid of Orleans."
4. Q. Who were the three sovereigns of the House of York? A. Edward IV., Edward V., and Richard III.
5. Q. Who was the first sovereign of the House of Tudor? A. Henry VII., who descended from Edward III. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., and so the Houses of York and Lancaster were united.
6. Q. During the reign of Henry VII. what great geographical discovery was made? A. The discovery of America by Christopher Columbus.
7. Q. How has Henry VIII., the successor of Henry VII., been characterized? A. As "the most tyrannical of kings, and the most bloodthirsty of husbands."
8. Q. How many wives did Henry VIII. marry? A. Six.
9. Q. What two great events in England mark the reign of Henry VIII.? A. The beginning of the English Reformation, and the publication of the Bible in English.
10. Q. What three children of Henry VIII. succeeded him in succession to the English throne? A. Edward VI., Mary and Elizabeth.
11. Q. How is the character of Mary described by Motley? A. "As bloody Queen Mary she will ever be remembered with horror and detestation in Great Britain."
12. Q. What religion did Mary attempt to restore in England? A. The Roman Catholic religion.
13. Q. What are the names of three prominent Protestant martyrs who were burned at the stake during Mary's reign? A. Latimer, Cranmer and John Rogers.
14. Q. What religion did Elizabeth reestablish upon her accession to the throne? A. The Protestant religion.
15. Q. What rival to the throne was executed during Elizabeth's reign? A. Mary, Queen of Scots.
16. Q. What great fleet sent by Spain to establish Catholicism in England, during Elizabeth's sovereignty, met with a disastrous defeat? A. The Spanish Armada.
17. Q. How many years did Elizabeth reign? A. Forty-five years.
18. Q. What great English dramatist lived during her reign? A. William Shakspeare.
19. Q. What noted poet wrote during her reign? A. Edmund Spenser.
20. Q. What prominent favorite of the Queen was executed during the reign of Elizabeth? A. Lord Essex.
21. Q. Who succeeded Elizabeth to the throne? A. James I., son of Mary Queen of Scots.
22. Q. Of what House was the first sovereign? A. The House of Stuart.
23. Q. From the time of the accession of James I., what two crowns were united? A. Those of England and Scotland.
24. Q. What great conspiracy was discovered during the reign of James I.? A. The gunpowder plot, a conspiracy to destroy both Houses of Parliament, the king and the royal family.
25. Q. What noted publication occurred during the reign of James I.? A. The authorized version of the Bible.
26. Q. Name four prominent men of letters who lived during the reign of James I.? A. Ben Jonson, poet; Beaumont and Fletcher, dramatists; and Francis Bacon, jurist, statesman and philosopher.
27. Q. Who was the successor to James I. on the throne of England? A. His son, Charles I.
28. Q. What noted Parliament was summoned by King Charles? A. The Long Parliament.
29. Q. How long did this Parliament continue in session? A. Thirteen years.
30. Q. What was the fate of Charles I.? A. He was tried, condemned and executed on a charge of treason in levying war against the Parliament.
31. Q. After the execution of Charles what form of government was proclaimed in England? A. A Commonwealth.
32. Q. Who was made the first Lord Protector of the Commonwealth? A. Oliver Cromwell.
33. Q. Give the names of three illustrious persons who lived about this time. A. Milton, Bunyan and Dryden.
34. Q. Upon the death of Oliver Cromwell, who was proclaimed Protector of the Commonwealth? A. His son, Richard Cromwell.
35. Q. Eight months afterward, upon Richard Cromwell resigning the Protectorate, who became king of England? A. Charles II., son of Charles I.
36. Q. What two great calamities occurred in London during the reign of Charles II.? A. The great plague and the great fire. By the former a hundred thousand people perished, and by the latter the greater part of the city was burned.
37. Q. Who was the successor of Charles II.? A. His brother, James II.
38. Q. What was the result of the revolution of 1688. A. James II. abdicated the throne, and William and Mary jointly reigned.
39. Q. What historic battle occurred in 1609? A. The battle of the Boyne.
40. Q. Mention the names of three great persons who lived during this reign? A. John Locke, Sir Isaac Newton and Sir Christopher Wren.
41. Q. Who was the next English sovereign on the throne? A. Anne, daughter of James II.
42. Q. What age of literature is the reign of Anne called? A. The Augustan age of English literature.
43. Q. What are five of the illustrious names of this age? A. Addison, Steele, Swift, Watts and Pope.
44. Q. With the reign of George I., grandson of James I., and successor of Anne, what House acceded to the throne? A. The House of Hanover.
45. Q. What great speculation impoverished thousands during this reign? A. "The South Sea Bubble."
46. Q. What are the names of the three sovereigns who successively reigned after George I.? A. George II., George III., and George IV.
47. Q. Whose reign was the longest in English history? A. That of George IV., extending over sixty years.
48. Q. What colonies revolted during the reign of George IV. and obtained their independence? A. The American colonies.
49. Q. What two great statesmen lived during the reign of George IV.? A. Pitt and Fox.
50. Q. Who is the present sovereign of England? A. Queen Victoria, granddaughter of George III.

DEATH is a mighty mediator. There all the flames of rage are extinguished, hatred is appeased, and angelic pity, like a weeping sister, bends with gentle and close embrace over the funeral urn.—Schiller.

## CHAUTAUQUA NORMAL COURSE.

Season of 1884.

## LESSON X.—BIBLE SECTION.

*The Doctrines of the Bible.*

By REV. J. L. HURLBUT, D.D., AND R. S. HOLMES, A.M.

*Docere* means I teach. *Doctum*, a teaching. *Doctrina*, the result of teaching—*learning*. The doctrines of the Bible are simply its teachings. They are the teachings of God to the race, contained in the record of his dealings with the race. These dealings of God produced a supernatural history, in the course of which man originated and fell, the nature and character of the Creator appeared, the presence, power and effects of sin were made known, and the original and ultimate purposes of God with the race were declared. The outline of these teachings or doctrines is not designed to be exhaustive, nor is it formed on the model of any treatise on systematic theology. It aims to prompt to further study in the classics of theology, and to plainly state a few essential truths. These doctrines of the Bible are:

1. *The Doctrine Concerning Beginnings.* (a) God was without beginning—Genesis 1:1. First fact—"The Eternal God." (b) The Holy Spirit was without beginning—Gen. 1:2. Second fact—"The Eternal Spirit." (c) The Word was without beginning—John 1:1. Third fact—"The Eternal Son." Essential doctrine: the Triune God; unbegun, coequal, eternal. (d) All else, the whole vast universe, began by the power of God—Gen. 1:1—through the Son—John 1:3. Fourth fact—"Man God's offspring." Essential doctrine: The Fatherhood of God; his sovereignty and right to demand obedience of his creatures.

2. *The Doctrine Concerning Relations.* (a) God is Creator: hence *powerful*; a *spirit*—John 4:24—hence unseen; *without beginning or ending, hence infinite and eternal*—Ps. 90:1. Formula: "God is a spirit, infinite, eternal and unchangeable in his being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness and truth." (b) *Man is the creature.* Essentially a thing created; he dies daily, to be recreated daily. What of himself man destroys, the Creator by daily sustenance replaces. He is therefore the bread-giver, *Hlafford—Lord*. The gifts of the Creator are beneficent; so he is the Good-One, God. The Creator is also guardian, protector—that is, *Father*.

Relation restated. The Creator, Lord, God, Father. The creature—a dependent child. The law of paternity—like produces like. Essential doctrine—man was originally like God, in harmony with him and at peace with him—Gen. 1:27.

3. *The Doctrine Concerning Positions.* (a) Man supreme in creation. God calls himself Father of no other created thing. *Man a thinker, hence supreme.* (b) *Man free in the midst of creation.* No other power to dispute his right. In fellowship with God, his Father. In a place of his Father's choice, under rules of his Father's making; with a work of his Father's planning—Gen. 2:15-16—with power to follow his own will—(Gen. 2:17, last clause)—answerable to no one but his Father. Essential Doctrines—The sovereignty of God—the freedom of man. (c) *Man confronted by a foe*—Gen. 3:1—A sinful power in the universe: sin before man—2 Peter 2:4, 1 John 3:8. *Picture*—The Almighty Father—the boundless earth—the wide permission; the single restraint; the only child; the tempter; the fall; sin's victory—Romans 5:12. Essential doctrine: By man sin entered the world, and death by sin, imparting to man a sinful nature, and separating man from God.

4. *The Doctrine Concerning Results.* (a) Separation from God; Eden lost; toil, pain and death—Gen. 3:17-19:23. (b) The kingdom of death—Romans 5:14; its prince, Satan; its subjects unclean—Job 15:14-16; its history a record of "sin, schism, and the clash of personalities." (c) Eternal pun-

ishment probable from analogy, reasonable, just. Let the student carefully examine the testimony.

5. *The Doctrine Concerning Rescue.* (a) Promised early in history—Gen. 3:15. (b) *Divine*—John 3:16. (c) Yet *human*—Gen. 3:15; Romans 5:18; Luke 3:23 and ff. Central fact of history, the God-man. (d) Restoration to God's likeness—1 John 3:2. (e) A life-giving rescue—Romans 6:23. (f) A cleansing rescue; find the symbolic use of water in Bible. (g) Obtained through suffering and propitiatory death—Isaiah 53. (h) Established by resurrection—Ps. 16:10, 49:15; Hosea 13:14. Essential doctrine: Salvation from God as a free gift of his grace for all who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.

6. *The Doctrine Concerning Instruction.* (a) God himself the teacher of the race. *Adam—Abel*—the Altar and Sacrifice. Note: *service* and *sacrifice*, man's first lesson; the ark and Noah; rescue from sin's penalty through obedience, man's second lesson; Abraham—reckoned as righteous, because believing, man's third lesson. (b) Moses the teacher of the race; the tabernacle in the wilderness; the same lessons repeated; God using his servant by direct instruction and communion. (c) The prophets the teachers of the race—Samuel—Malachi—the same lesson repeated; God teaching by inspiration; the home; the church; holy men speaking as moved by the Holy Ghost. (d) God by his Son the teacher of the race; Jesus Christ, Galilee, Samaria, Judea, the manger, the desert, the cross, the Easter morn, lessons, service, obedience, sacrifice, victory. (e) God by his teacher of the race.

## SUNDAY-SCHOOL SECTION.

## LESSON X.—THE TEACHING PROCESS.—ILLUSTRATION.

[This lesson is adapted from the outline of Dr. Vincent, in the Chautauqua Normal Guide.]

I. *There are four Uses of Illustrations.*

1. They win and hold *attention*. The ear is quickened to interest by a story; the eye is arrested by the picture or the chalk mark. Nothing awakens and retains the interest more than the illustration, whether heard or seen.

2. They aid the *apprehension*. The statement of a truth is made plain where it is illustrated, as the rule in arithmetic is seen more clearly in the light of an example; and the definition of a scientific word in the dictionary by the picture accompanying it.

3. They aid the *memory*. It is not the text, nor the line of thought, but the illustrations, which keep the sermon or the lesson from being forgotten.

4. They awaken the *conscience*. How many have been aroused to conviction of sin by the parable of the Prodigal Son; and what is that but an illustration? So, many, like Zinzendorf, have been awakened by some picture of a Bible scene. Mr. Moody's stories have sent the truth home as deeply as his exhortations.

II. *There are four Classes of Illustrations.*

1. Those which depend upon the *sight*, and derive their interest from the pupil's delight in seeing. Such are maps, pictures, diagrams, etc., and when drawn in presence of the scholar, though ever so rudely, they have an increased interest and power.

2. Those which depend upon the *imagination*. At no period in life is the imagination as strong as in childhood, when a rag doll can be a baby and a picture has real life. Thence come "word-pictures," fairy stories, imaginary scenes, etc., as illustrations of the lesson.

3. Those which depend upon *comparison*. To see resemblance in things different, or the correspondence between the outward and the spiritual, is as old as the parable of the sower, and the miracle of the loaves. "The likes of the lesson" form a fruitful field for the use of illustration.

4. Those which depend upon *knowledge*. More than for anything else children are eager to know; and the story has



an added value which is true. History, science, art, and indeed every department of knowledge will furnish illustrations of spiritual truth.

### III. How to obtain Illustrations.

1. By gaining knowledge, especially Bible knowledge. The wider the teacher's range of thought, the more readily will he find illustrations to fit his thought. Particularly will the incidents of Bible story be found to furnish the frame for his thoughts in the class. Know the stories of the Bible, and you will have an encyclopædia of illustration in your mind.

2. By the habit of observation. People find what they are seeking for, and the teacher who is looking for illustrations will find them everywhere, in books, among men, on the railway train, and in the forest.

3. *By the preservation of illustrations.* The scrap book for clippings, the blank book for stray suggestions, the envelope, will all have their uses. Plans innumerable have been given, but each worker's own plan is the best for himself.

4. *By practice in the use of illustrations.* The way to use them is to use them, and use will give ease. The teacher who

has once made the experiment will repeat it, and find that his rough drawing, or his map, or his story will always attract the eager attention of his scholars.

### IV. A few hints as to the use of Illustrations.

1. Have a clear idea of the subject to be taught. Learn the lesson first of all, and know what you are to teach, before you seek for your illustration.

2. Use illustrations only in the line of the teaching. Never tell a story for the sake of the story, but always to impress a truth; and let the truth be so plain that the story must carry its own application.

3. Obtain the help of the scholar in illustration. Let the pupils suggest Bible incidents or Bible characters which present the traits of character which the lesson enforces. Never add a feature to the portrait which the scholar can himself give from his own knowledge.

4. Do not use too many illustrations. Let not the lesson serve merely as a vehicle for story-telling, or picture drawing, or blackboarding; but keep *the truth* at all times in the foreground.

## EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

### TO THE CLASS OF 1884—GREETING.

The completing of a course of study affords one of the few unalloyed satisfactions of life. It is an end reached—and it has been reached by personal effort. The class is at the goal, and it is there because it chose to be there, and resolutely and persistently labored to be there. We get many good things without effort, but they give us less satisfaction than meaner things which we have earned. There is a charm in winning a race, which does not consist either in being at the end of it, or in getting a prize. The victory is "our very own," as the children say. But in a course of study completed one feels that the prize is worth his pains. He may feel discontented with the imperfections of his knowledge, but he would not for the world be put back where he began. We hold many things only with our hands; the fruits of a course of study are more secure—they are in our minds and hearts, and therefore can not fall out of our possession, or be wrested from us.

It is a good thing for the student to take the refreshment of looking back to the place of beginning. "What was I when I began?" This sense of gain is apt to be supplanted by discontent and looking forward; but the student should give himself the comfort of the backward glance. No one has pursued our course of reading and study to the end without very great improvement in mental power and method, or without large additions to his knowledge. "Look to the hole of the pit." Take a long look at your old self and do not hesitate to prefer the new self. You are wiser, stronger, better. Allow yourself the luxury of fully realizing that. And how little it has cost you! A piecing together of fragments of time that would otherwise have been wasted, that is the greater part of the cost of your course. Whatever else you have spent you would have spent less wisely if you had not been in the course. You have sacrificed nothing of any moment to this object. All else that you had you keep still; this fruit of patient study you have as a clean and pure gain. It is a matter to be happy about. A good hour of self-complacency will do you no harm. Indulge your self-respect a little. All might do what you have done; most of them have not done it. Your graduation is of itself a proof that you have pluck, constancy, and self-control.

It is worth while to consider the elements of this victory. You have mixed time and method with reading and study. Hap-hazard study would not yield the fruit; it could not be

ripened in a day. "Four months—and harvest." Nor could method be left out. There is method in any work; method distinguishes work from play. There is method on the farm, in the mill, in the store. There must be method in gaining knowledge. Method makes tasks easy and combines many strokes into one result. In this combination of time and method lies the power of a course of study. All the mental effort is probably put forth by others spasmodically and unmethodically. You are at the end simply because you harnessed your efforts with years and system. Only stable and earnest characters are capable of the patient continuance in well-doing which is necessary to the completion of a course of study. College men say that the majority of those who begin a course fall out by the way; and they add that, whatever pretenses are used, the real reason is usually defective character. It is a rule in all undertakings of mankind; holdfast is the master quality. The men and women who complete the C. L. S. C. course do so on purpose and because they are capable of tenacity of purpose, and it is an education in tenacity. The man who has run such a race *through* is capable of running other races. He has learned how to "keep pegging away," as Lincoln put it. He knows how to run—how to study. He likes to study. He has only begun in the great museum of knowledge, but he will go on searching its shelves until he is graduated into the large university of immortality. Ingratitude to our past selves is a human frailty which is often displayed, even ostentatiously, by men and women. Many there are who boast that they learned nothing at school; there are more who complain that they were taught nothing. Dr. Samuel Johnson was truer to himself in saying that he had learned nothing since. We hope that C. L. S. C. graduates will never fall into this cant. Be just now and always to yourselves and to those who have guided you through this journey. You have not learned everything, but you have learned how to learn. What you build yourself into hereafter will be built on this foundation. If you come to more wisdom do not be guilty of the meanness of despising these foundations. If the building rises high and stands firm, the glory of it will be these well-laid stones. If the building does not rise, yours the fault, for you will have neglected the solid base which invites you to build. Go on with the building; but do not forget now and again to bless the years when you were laying the first blocks of a studious life. In short,

we have read you a little homily on self-respect. Take an honest satisfaction in your course; keep a just respect for your tenacity and application; cherish your love for those who have helped and inspired you in the good work.

#### THE DECLINE OF OUR WORKMAN.

The manufacturing classes of this country doubtless present a much more favorable condition of the workmen than prevails in other countries. The men who are generally described as laborers—whether they work isolated or in bodies—occupy a higher level of life than the same class in the old world. We may pass by, as being, in dispute, the question of the protective system's relation to this fact. The higher condition of workmen is partly a result of democratic institutions and the absence of social grades in society; partly also of the youth of this country and its abundance of natural bounties. We have had the unexampled good fortune to be a young country rapidly developing wealth. A democratic level, a republican simplicity, vast stores of undeveloped natural wealth, and a system of free schools and free churches, have probably conspired to produce a high grade of workmen. We naturally desire to keep this feature of American society and industry. We note with alarm any sign that workmen are dropping to a lower level. It is not exclusively a humanitarian feeling which prompts us to maintain our workmen on a high level. We have all come to be interested in the prosperity of this section of the community. The economic usefulness of a man may be as conveniently measured by what he consumes as by what he does. In fact, his consuming power is the more accurate measure of his value. It is not so much a question of the number of strokes per day of which he is capable, as of the power he has to buy and use what his fellows produce. In this country the workman's consuming power is probably at least twice as great as it is in Europe. This means that forty per cent. of our people buy twice as much as the corresponding forty per cent. buy in Europe. The effect is to greatly enlarge the market which we are all supplying with various kinds of goods. The reduction of this growing section of our population to the European condition would cause a contraction of the market, and an arrest of our industrial development, such as we have never experienced. We should be able to *make* just as many goods as now, but the people who now buy them would be obliged to reduce their buying, and this reduction would make an appalling aggregate. If twenty millions of people should at once reduce their annual purchases by one-half, the effect would be a more complete bankruptcy of us all than we have ever dreamed of. The reduction might come about slowly and with less peril; but even then the stagnation would be fatal to a large portion of the community. The truth is that we have a new factor in our industrial life, a new economic co-efficient. It is the well-paid workman, who is a relatively large consumer. Relatively to population the market we are all engaged in supplying is a much larger market than exists in Europe. We are built upon a foundation of which this well-paid laborer is an important part. We added an immense mass to this foundation when we emancipated the slaves. We increased the demand for goods by the difference between the cost of supporting a slave and that of supporting a free man. The new factor is a sum to be estimated only by the study of our own country. It never before existed in any country. It is a fact without a precedent; and it is so large that the whole fabric of our prosperity rests upon it. Gradgrind may persuade himself that he does not care whether poor men can buy goods or not; but his persuasion to that indifference will give way just as soon as the poor cease to buy his goods. In short, Gradgrind can not afford to see the buying power of workmen reduced with complacency. It means, whenever it becomes a *general* fact, ruin for Gradgrind. Whoever has anything or produces anything has given bonds for the maintenance of workmen's wages.

Well, then, the alarm has already been sounded. We do not refer to the "tariff reform"—though that *may* be fatal—but to more certain matters over which the tariff laws have no power. It is affirmed that the character, social status, aspirations and self-respect of workmen in this country has already fallen. An observer in a manufacturing center recently said: "The change in ten years is frightful. The old hands have risen in life or gone west. The new hands live in smaller quarters, care less for the comfort of their families, and buy fewer goods of any kind. They read less, take newspapers more rarely, are less careful to dress well on Sunday, and see their children in rags with a complacency which was unknown ten years ago. The new people are from Europe, and nine in ten of them have brought their old habits with them. Higher wages mean to them only more rum and more idleness."

We hope that this is an exaggeration. But even if it be only very partially true, it opens an unexpected vista, and an alarming one. The only way to maintain workmen's wages is to keep up workmen's characters. If the character grows debased the wages will drop to that lower level. A higher grade of living is the only possible security for higher wages. Workmen can not long get high wages to spend in rum shops. Wages will sink to the level of their life. But if the common market is to suffer so great a loss as this fall in wages and consuming power would occasion, then we must all suffer. Nor is this all. The failure would be that of our civilization. We are, every way, in all sources, most deeply interested in arresting the threatened decline of the American workman.

#### EFFICIENCY AND TENURE.

• The tenure of office in this country will be the subject of animated discussion for some years. Civil Service Reform aims to correct an abuse, and will probably achieve that end; but it is not certain that the right method of reform has been found. The ideal of good service is presented by a bank in which men serve indefinitely, and yet must serve efficiently. They are removed if they fail; they are not removed if they succeed. The difficulty in applying this rule to any form of public service lies in removals for cause. How to secure the removal of the man who fails? In the bank it is a simple thing to discharge a clerk. In public life it is not at all simple or easy. The clerk has no vested right to his place in the bank; in a department at Washington, a clerk has a vested right to his place. The bank removes because it chooses to do so. The government must invent some pretext or *prove* inefficiency. Tenure during good behavior makes a *quasi* property of the office.

The ministry presents a good example of the workings of office tenure. Thousands of churches are without installed pastors, and one of the reasons given is that churches find it easier to install a man than to dismiss him. In the Methodist Church a hot discussion over the rule which limits continuous service in one church to three years has afforded good observers a fine opportunity to see the play of feeling and motive around the tenure principle. The change proposed has met with a crushing defeat, because Methodists are more anxious to keep the power to get rid of a poor pastor than they are to get the power to keep a good one. Why? Because they have much more experience of inefficient men than of efficient men. In short, the church says to itself: "Pastors usually fail; they rarely succeed; it is best to be able to send them away quietly." This is not complimentary to the ministry, but it is the substance of the argument which has defeated a plan which had the sympathy of the best men in Methodism. The fact that in other denominations changes of pastors are about as frequent as among Methodists has the same explanation. For some reason the inefficient ministers are believed to be more numerous than the efficient. There is a suspicion in the general mind that this is true all round the circle of salaried life, and that we need swift and easy and decorous means of removing our public and semi-public servants more than we need to

fortify the good men in their positions. In the large view, what ails us is poor work; and people in general think that the poor work is already tied fast to us. The human nature of the public has been too much overlooked. The human nature of the employed has hardly ever received appropriate attention. There are two kinds of persons to be considered in estimating the effect of time limits in any service. To one kind of man security of tenure is a means of increased efficiency. He is zealous and enterprising in his vocation. He is acutely conscientious toward his employers, the more so the less they are visible and near to him. To be secure in his place is to this man freedom to do good work and conduct his career to fruitful issues. Any other tenure means to him a harassing uncertainty in all plans and wearying anxieties about bread and butter questions. Such a man can not serve a cause of any kind well on an uncertain or limited tenure of office. The only possible uncertainty for him—the only one consistent with good work—is that which concerns the quality of his work. That species of uncertainty is one which he feels to be in his power. He will do his work so well that no uncertainty shall exist. But at the other extreme is a man to whose success the sense of security is fatal. He works best under the whip of uncertainty. He becomes lazy when the fear of removal does not exist. Between the two extremes—conscientious enthusiasm at one end and place-keeping inefficiency at the other—are men of a variety of tendencies to one or the other character. Colleges probably present the best view of the effect of security of tenure. The general public does not possess intimate knowledge of the results of the system in seats of learning; but now and then an intestine broil uncovers the college life, and invariably discloses an unsatisfactory condition. For a good professor fixed tenure is most wholesome; for a poor one it is unwhole-

some in its effects on his character and work. A man of wide experience in colleges tells us that there is not a college in the country but is lugging inefficient men; and he expresses the opinion that less than half of the college men are the best men for their places. In short, even in the college, unfit men get places and keep them, to the great detriment of the college. In an average institution four thoroughly good men carry six other men. A few give the college its character; the majority are a burden, and some men in this majority gloat over their supposed right to be lugged by the college. Any rule which should rid colleges of mere place-holders, of men weak in character, negligent in work, and far behind the times in scholarship would double the usefulness and the patronage of colleges in ten years. But if certainty of tenure is bad in college, it must be worse elsewhere.

What is generally desired in the matter of tenure in service of any sort is to cut off the chances for the purchase and sale of places, and for the capricious and interested removal of good men. The scandals growing up in public life from this base caprice in the appointing power have sickened the popular stomach. Take, for example, the forced resignation of a stenographer, at the end of a session, in order that the speaker of the House of Representatives might appoint his own nephew to the place *for the vacation*, during which there were no duties. The filthiness of the proceeding surpasses belief; and yet it seems not to have provoked any proper indignation in Congress. But fixed tenure has more evils than it cures, and some middle way should be found. We can not afford to ignore the fact that average men need the spur. The highly conscientious and enterprising servant is yet too rare in the world for it to be safe to adjust the terms of service to his character and to leave the majority free from the whip.

## EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

An English magazine writer on Egypt points out the difficulty which is encountered in all the public life of the Nile country—it is the habit of submission to personal despotic authority. The only system of government which is possible is the old, old one—for it has unfitted the people for any other. An enlightened despotism might give the country rest and prosperity. But western Europe, now master in Egypt, has outgrown the capacity to administer a despotism.

Professor Goldwin Smith has recently stated that Canada is becoming more French. The French not only gain in population faster than the English in what was once called New France, but they are spreading out into the Canadian New England. In Quebec there are only 7,000 British people. The Canadian Frenchmen are cultivating, he says, the relations to France with increasing zeal. The sober truth is, we believe, that the English in Canada never had a chance of salvation except through annexation to the United States. We were never anxious about that; but they ought to have been.

Smuggling is not altogether a lost art. It is said that it is practiced for a livelihood on the Maine coast with some success. The fishermen are said to be experts in the business. But it is not a large business, and our government does not lose much, nor does any one get rich by breaking the revenue laws.

Somebody says that a ranch in Texas has 25,000 more acres than the state of Rhode Island. But don't infer that this country is going to be a land of large farms. We have always had some such farms; but the number of them is decreasing. They

never pay, and no social distinction attaches to their proprietors.

In Boston, Easter morning, Dr. Withrow dwelt upon the overwhelming evidence of the fact of Christ's resurrection. Rev. Minot J. Savage said, at the same hour in the same city, that we have not the slightest evidence that any Apostle ever saw Christ after he was crucified and buried. It seems that there is at least one theological difference of creed extant in our harmonious time. Mr. Savage might profitably read Paul's testimony on this subject.

Mr. W. S. Hallock, the editor of the *Christian at Work*, has been in Bermuda this season, and in a letter to his paper recalls the fact that the first settlers of that island were a drove of hogs who escaped thither from a wrecked vessel. They thrived so well that the next comers found the land filled with swine. Mr. Hallock adds: "It is probably the only successful instance of the commune to be found in all history." The point scored is that communism is good for hogs.

This spring the West Indian war is in Cuba. It is commonly held in Hayti. An expedition headed by one Agüero escaped from Key West in April and, being joined in Cuba by many dissatisfied persons, made some headway as a revolution. Our government promptly issued orders to prevent the reinforcement of Agüero from this country. The hot weather will suppress the revolutionists—if they are natives of the United States.

Waiters on roller-skates is a novelty introduced into an Omaha hotel. Labor-saving contrivances in the household



seem to have stopped with the sewing machine—and it is denied by husbands that this machine saves labor. It is rather a means of putting more work on a dress with the same amount of labor of the hand.

Herbert Spencer has been trying to prove that slavery is little different from our ordinary social freedom. A man must work, he says, most of the time for another person in either case. Yes, but it is a great satisfaction to select the man you will work for. And, in freedom, the workman is always working for himself. Mr. Spencer should try being a slave for a length of time sufficient to teach him the moral distinction between that state and freedom.

One of the papers, noticing the death of a fast trotting horse, says that he was ill only fifteen minutes. Similar statements are frequently made respecting distinguished men; and the prayer book contains a petition to be delivered from sudden death. We note the facts for the sake of remarking that sudden death by disease, either in horses or men, never happens. Diseases act much more slowly, and the man who dies of a fever has probably been ill for months. The moral is, attend to the first symptoms of illness.

The United States recently transferred a prisoner from the north to the south for the benefit of his health. He was a "moonshiner," and had killed several men who had attempted to arrest him. The solicitude for his health shows that we are not wanting in philanthropy toward prisoners.

The native Christians of India are taking the intellectual lead in that country. At the University examinations in Madras there were 2,702 Brahmans, 1,303 non-Brahman-Hindoos, 107 Mohammedans, and 332 Christians. Forty-five per cent. of the Christians passed, and only thirty-five per cent. of the Brahmans, while the other classes were still lower. In India there are seventeen million Brahmans and two million Christians. The former increase at the rate of six per cent. in ten years, and the latter at the rate of eighty-five per cent. These facts furnish a very striking proof of Christian progress in India.

Reminiscences of Anthony Trollope continue to appear in English periodicals. Two manly traits of his character are dwelt upon. He was punctual in keeping his literary engagements, and he never pretended to be indifferent about his pay for work. He made a bargain and kept his promise—and did both like a man. The traditional literary man did neither; he was always behind with his copy, and always pretended that he did not care for remuneration. Trollope's example deserves all the good things that are said of it.

The *Edinburgh Review* expresses the opinion that the novels written by girls must be unreal and insubstantial. The girls ought not, it thinks, to know anything about life, and probably do not know anything about it. The girl knows less of the world than the boy of her own age, and nobody expects the boy to write a novel. Yes, but then the girl often does produce a good story and the boy never does.

Art is *sti'* long. Steam has not yet been successfully applied to it. A parent said to a teacher of music: "How long will it require to fit my daughter to appear in public? Will nine months do?" The teacher replied: "Nine years, madam. Even a boot-maker takes seven." Hurrying to the front inflicts upon society a great deal of very poor art.

The vexed question has set in with great vigor in the coal country. Some very "heathenish and filthy" people, called Hungarians, have come in and are competing with low wages. They use no soap, and save all the cost of cleanliness. The question we refer to is whether American labor is to keep its high level of decency, comfort and education. It is noticeable that the Chinese are rapidly climbing to that level. Perhaps these Hungarians will.

Russia finds it increasingly difficult to live in the same house with modern civilization. Count Ignatieff killed five newspapers during a year when he was Minister of the Interior. Count Tolstoi has killed nine in two years. Nihilist plots have made some sympathy for Russia; but the fatal disease of that country is despotism.

Our medical colleges, in some sections if not everywhere, need an improvement in the standard of requirements. A story is told of a western one at whose examinations a student answered correctly only three out of twenty-five questions, and was affably informed that his examination was "entirely satisfactory." It is intimated, too, that the questions were very easy.

Dr. James A. H. Murray, the editor of the new English Dictionary, is a hard worked teacher in a non-conformist school in the suburbs of London. His good work on the first part of the dictionary, recently published, has attracted attention, and it is said that Oxford will give him a good place, and that Mr. Gladstone will add a government pension. The British eye is very quick to detect rare merit.

The British press is dealing severely with this country for tolerating dynamite conspirators. But up to this date no proof is furnished that there is any dynamite conspiracy here. Some indolent gentlemen in New York raise money for use against England and profess to be at the bottom of the dynamite business. But it is plain enough that they would not boast of it if they were really guilty, and that they collect the money for their own use. "Liberating Ireland" by taking up collections is an easy mode of gaining a livelihood.

The French have won another victory over the Black Flags in Tonquin. A very gratifying fact is that thus far the Chinese have not turned upon and maltreated the foreigners within their gates. A general massacre of traders, travelers and missionaries was feared when this trouble began; but it would seem that contact with Europeans has modified the Chinese feeling toward foreigners. It is reported that high officials have lost their offices, perhaps also their heads, but the foreign population has not been disturbed.

The political cauldrons are boiling. But an acute observer still sees that the general public is less partisan than it was ten years ago, or even four years ago. It is a wholesome state of things. Good men will stand the best chance of election, provided that they have some capacity to win popular affection. In politics, at least, there are no good icebergs.

A city marshal was shot dead in Dakota last month by a liquor dealer resisting an attempt to close his place at midnight. Lawlessness and recklessness are becoming more and more prominent characteristics of the liquor traffic; and this is a good sign in a bad situation. The decent men got out of the traffic some time ago; the semi-decent men followed them. The class remaining in the business can not have many friends, and will be disposed of by and by as nuisances.

It is said that the educated Chinese are rapidly becoming materialists. They have lost their old religion and are taking refuge in European scientific materialism. The meaning of this fact is that in Japan, as in America, the fight is between Christianity and materialistic dogmas. It is the same the world over, where enlightenment exists. These two struggle for the dominion of the world.

Actors and actresses have made a scandalous record on the question of marriage during the last four years. Any newspaper reader can make his own catalogue. That theater life is a terrible one for a virtuous woman. The horrible surroundings of an actress—the trial by fire which she undergoes, and so rarely survives, is a crushing argument against the stage.

One of the striking things to an American traveling in Europe is the cheap cab. After many trials and failures that great convenience has been introduced into New York under very promising conditions. A new company has organized the system and seems to be on a solid foundation. The cheap cab is a sign of civilization which has hitherto been wanting in our large cities. The world moves.

A relic of the battle of the Boyne appeared in Newfoundland last month. Orangemen were fired upon by Catholics. It is a pity that the battle of the Boyne can not be confined to Ireland. There seems to be no propriety in transporting it to this continent every year.

New York and Brooklyn are to be the Chinese center in this country. The yellow men are not persecuted there. The number of them now in those cities is estimated at from 3,500 to 5,000. Christian schools among them are growing rapidly. There are now twenty-two schools, with 910 scholars. Most of these schools were organized last year; only three of them are more than four years old.

Prince Bismarck recently said: "The telegraph fearfully multiplies my work." Does it not multiply the work of all men in public positions? The telegraph travels fast and helps to make us work fast.

A correspondent asks us to make an itinerary for six months' travel in Europe. Such a plan of travel would require too much space. Write to a New York publisher for a small book on the subject. There are many such books. To "read up" for the journey, procure two or three of the best books on the subject of European travel. Harper & Brothers publish a good one; there are several others. If you are about to invest from \$600 to \$1,000 in such a journey, you will do well to begin with an outlay of from ten to twenty dollars for special books.

The French have spent four years and \$20,000,000 on the Panama Canal, and have not made great progress. An American who worked for a year on the canal, and got off with his life, reports that fever is the great enemy of the undertaking. He says that five thousand deaths of workmen occurred in three months. The company kept fifteen thousand men at work by bringing in shiploads of new men as fast as death destroyed its workmen. If the canal is ever finished it will have cost a hundred and fifty millions of dollars, and as many thousand lives.

General Gordon is at this writing still shut up in Khartoum, and England seems to be doing nothing to save him. Egypt is politically and financially bankrupt, and Mr. Gladstone's ministry is threatened with overthrow because it has not managed the unmanageable Nile question. There is only one easy settlement of Egyptian affairs, and that is an English government of Egypt.

The drunken man is an increasing nuisance. Recently, in a Brooklyn, N. Y., theater he cried "fire," and caused a frightful panic. In a New York City theater he was an alderman, and interrupted the performance long enough to get arrested and marched off to the lock-up. He is always engaged in quarrels in which blood is drawn. In a western city, last month, he killed his best friend. We all have other business, but we ought not to neglect this drunken man, or the places where he is manufactured.

Something new in the matter of mixed metaphor appears in the New York Times. A correspondent, writing of a political organization, described some elements of it as "cancerous bar-nacles." We notice, too, a new verb in politics. A dreary and egoistic speaker at a convention is said to have "pepperauced himself over an impatient audience."

A wealthy New Yorker, recently deceased, disposed by will of some two millions of property which he had gained chiefly through the rewards and opportunities of public position. He bequeathed only \$15,000 to benevolent causes. A man has the right to dispose of his estate as he will; but then the public has a judgment as to whether he disposes of it in the right way. And less than one per cent. to benevolence is not the right proportion.

There is a bad type of independence in politics. It is that whose shape is made by personal malignity, and whose method is slander and vituperation. Just at this season this sort of independence is noisy. It is a kind of politics which should have little influence.

A recent writing criticises the wealthy men of the country for negligence in the matter of making their wealth minister to philanthropy. Probably most of our millionaires are too busy to see the point, but the point is sharp and will stick in the world's remembrance of many of them. The only moral justification for holding a large property is philanthropic use of it. Neglect of the kind mentioned breeds socialists and weakens the moral safeguards of all private property.

Fortwo years, Mrs. Carrie B. Kilgore, a lady holding a diploma as bachelor of laws, granted her by the University of Pennsylvania, has been endeavoring to gain admittance to the bar, but has been refused, on the ground that the law was out of woman's sphere, that it had been put there by custom, and that the aforesaid "sphere" could only be enlarged by action of the legislature. A Pennsylvania judge with a different idea has, however, been found. He declares, and very correctly: "If there is any longer any such thing as what old-fashioned philosophers and essayists used to call the sphere of woman, it must now be admitted to be a sphere with an infinite and indeterminable radius." Mrs. Kilgore can, at last, use her hard-earned right to practice.

The late A. F. Bellows excelled in landscape, and the value of his productions has doubled since his lamented death last year. Four charming landscapes from his brush are among Prang's forthcoming publications. They are in his happiest manner, with the tender poetic treatment that especially distinguished his work. Essentially American in feeling, his choice of subjects was always of quiet home scenes, and he is without a rival in the delineation of landscape, seeking his theme among quiet meadows and in pastoral districts, in preference to the wilder mountain views which tempt so many of our American artists. The house which is sending out this artist's work has given us this year a large amount of very valuable productions. Their Easter cards, we remember, were unusually fine; among them the mediæval cards printed in red and black, and the prints and cards on old hand-made paper, encased in parchment paper, were the most attractive novelties.

Mr. Matthew Arnold had some unpleasant journalistic experiences in his late American trip. Flippant newspaper men punned and joked and told malicious stories about this dignified and scholarly gentleman until he has been driven to the opinion—and perhaps it is a correct one—that "mendacious personal gossip is the bane of American journalism."

An unavoidable delay prevented our getting the following names into the list of graduates of the class of '83. We are glad to be able to insert them now: Mrs. Sarah McElwain, Martin, Kansas; John R. Bowman, Iowa; Mrs. Matilda J. Hay, Pennsylvania; Mary S. Fish, California; Lucyannah Morrill Clark, Wisconsin; Annie M. Botsford, New York; Frances W. Judd, New York.

## C. L. S. C. NOTES ON REQUIRED READINGS FOR JUNE.

## PICTURES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

P. 141.—"Erpingham." An English general, distinguished for personal courage, a chief excellence in feudal times.

"Truncheon," trun'shun. A baton or military staff, employed in directing the movements of troops.

P. 143. "Three French Dukes." Since the fourteenth century the eldest son of the king of France, and heir apparent to the crown, is surnamed Dauphin. "Count" (from which comes companion) is one of the imperial court, a nobleman in rank, about equal to an English earl. Dukes (from *dux*, leader, or *duco* to lead) were princes in peace, and leaders of clans in war.

P. 145.—"Jack Cade." A man of low condition; Irish by birth; once an exile because of his crimes, but having returned to England he became the successful leader in riotous demonstrations of most disastrous consequences. He had great power of control over a turbulent crowd, but the rioters became insubordinate, and the injuries were such that a price was offered for the leader's head, and Jack was assassinated.

"Cheapside." Part of a principal thoroughfare in London, north of the Thames, and nearly parallel with it. If the name, as is supposed, at first marked the locality where shop-keepers, content with small profits, sold their goods cheap, it is less appropriate now. As the city extended new names were given to the same street passing through the successive additions to the city. Going west on Cheapside the avenue widens, and is in succession called New Gate, Holborn Viaduct, New Oxford, Uxbridge and High Street.

P. 146.—"Duke of Somerset," sum'ar-set. Edward Seymour, Lord Protector of England, was uncle to Edward VI., during whose minority he acted as regent of the realm—a most powerful nobleman. His brilliant victory over the Scots at Pinkey greatly strengthened his influence. There was much in his administration to be commended, but the execution of his own brother, and that of the accomplished Earl of Surrey, left a stain on his otherwise fair record. Through the machinations of his rival, he was deprived of his high office, and perished, on Tower Hill in 1552.

"Earl of Warwick," wôr'ick. Richard Neville, a powerful chief at that time, and a cousin of King Edward IV. He was a most remarkable man, and his character and methods are a study. A powerful antagonist, and brave in battle, he was also a shrewd politician, and was much concerned with the affairs of the government. He does not seem to have coveted civic honors for himself, or to have had any aspirations for regal authority. His ambition was rather to make kings, and to unmake them when their character or policy did not suit. By marriage he succeeded to the earldom, and the vast estates of Warwick. He fell at the battle of Barnet.

P. 149.—"Margaret of Anjou," an'joo. Daughter of a French count, and Queen of England—a woman of fine talents, well educated, and full of energy. She became unpopular with the English and was forced to flee from the country. She may have lacked womanly delicacy, but did not deserve the adverse criticism received. Her circumstances justified many of her seeming improprieties.

P. 150.—"Towton," often written Touton. The scene of the bloodiest battle of English history. A hundred thousand were engaged, and the carnage was terrible.

"Vimeira," ve-mi'râ. A town in Portugal where, during the same campaign, the French were again repulsed with great loss.

"Talavera," tâ-lâ'va-râ. In the province of Toledo, Spain. The battle referred to took place in 1809, when Sir Arthur Wellesley defeated the French.

"Albuera," al-boô-a'râ. A small town in the province of Estremadura, Spain, where the English were victorious in 1811. This victory cost them nearly four fifths of the men engaged.

"Salamanca," sal-â-manc'a. The capital of a province of the same name in Spain, on the river Tormes, 120 miles northwest from Madrid. Wellington defeated the French here in 1812—a victory which put southern Spain into England's power.

"Vittoria," ve-to're-â. On the road from Bayonne to Madrid, where Wellesley defeated Joseph Bonaparte, in 1813, capturing 150 guns and

\$5,000,000 of military and other stores, the accumulations of five years' occupation of the place.

P. 152.—"Montagu," môn'ta-gn'. The orthography is not uniform. He was of the powerful family of Nevilles, and brother of the Earl of Warwick. They fell together on the bloody field at Barnet.

"Gloucester," glôs'ter. This was Richard, brother of the king.

"Coniers," kon'i-ers.

P. 153.—"Cognizance," kôg'ni-zans. A badge to indicate a person of distinction, or the party to which he belongs. Flags are used for the same purpose on modern battlefields.

P. 154.—"D'Eyncourt," da'in-cour'.

"Cromwell." Not Oliver, of course, but one of his ancestors, probably Thomas, who afterward became widely known as a statesman and politician in the service of Henry VIII.

P. 155.—"Redoubted." Regarded with fear, dreaded.

P. 156.—"Exeter," Earl of. The Earl was brother-in-law to Edward, and fought with the Lancastrians in the civil war.

P. 157.—"The Destrier's Breast," das'tre-a'. A French word meaning charger or war horse.

P. 158.—"Victorious Touton." On the bloody field of Towton, or Touton, at a crisis in the battle, Warwick had killed his favorite steed in the sight of his soldiers, kissing and swearing by the cross on the hilt of his sword to share with them a common fate, whether of life or death. He was victorious then.

P. 160.—"Casque," cask. A piece of defensive armor to protect the head and neck in battle.

P. 162.—"Tewksbury," takes'bér-e. A town in Gloucestershire, on the Avon and Severn. Edward there defeated the Lancastrians.

"Mirwall Abbey." A quiet retreat not far from Leicester, north-northwest from London.

P. 163.—"Fleshed," flesht. Used murderously on human flesh, especially for the first time.

"Harquebuse," hâr'kwe-bûse. An old-fashioned gun resembling a musket, and supported, when in use, upon a forked stick.

"Morris pike." An obsolete expression for a Moorish pike.

P. 164.—"Frushed," frusht. Trimmed, adjusted.

P. 166.—"Tournay," toor'nâ'. A city of some historic importance in Belgium, on the river Scheldt, near the French border. It was the birthplace of Perkin Warbeck.

P. 169.—"Beaulieu," bâ-li. A secluded place, sought for refuge.

P. 171.—"Ardres," ardr; "Fraucois," frôn'swâ'.

"St. Michael," mî'kal. Jews, Mahomedans, and Romanists reverence St. Michael as their guardian angel. A favorite symbol of protection was an image of the saint, with drawn sword in hand, conquering the dragon.

P. 172.—"Duprat," du-prâ'. A French minister of state, and a diplomat of ability.

"Louise of Savoy," sav'oy or sa-voi'. Once a sovereign duchy, since a department of France, south of Switzerland, and west of Italy.

P. 173.—"Sieur de Fleuranges," se'ur' deh fluh'rông'.

P. 174.—"Guisnes," gheen. In France, not far from Ardres.

P. 175.—"Almoner." An officer connected with religious houses, intrusted principally with the distribution of alms, and also serving as chaplain to the sick, or those condemned to die.

P. 181.—"Prebendary," preb'end-a-ry. A clergyman attached to a collegiate or cathedral church, who has his prebend or maintenance in consideration of his officiating at stated times in the church services.

"Caermarthen," kar-mar'then. The chief town in Caermarthenshire, South Wales, a beautifully situated parliamentary borough, on the river Towy, a few miles from the bay. Caermarthen was the scene of the final struggle for Welsh independence under Llewellyn, the last of the princes.

P. 187. "Babington conspiracy." Anthony Babington, a gentleman of ancient and opulent family, when young became a leader of a band of zealous Catholics who were smarting under the persecutions to which the members of that communion were exposed in the days of Elizabeth. Their primary object was to promote the Catholic cause. When Mary, Queen of Scots, was forced to flee to England as a suppliant, Babing-



ton and his associates became interested in her. They conspired to rescue Mary and assassinate Elizabeth. The conspirators, when arrested, rather gloried in the undertaking; as to the fate intended for Elizabeth, Babington declared it no crime, in his estimation, to take the life of a sovereign "who had stript him and his brethren of all their political rights and reduced them to the condition of helots in the land of their fathers." They were sentenced and executed.

P. 192.—"In manus, Domine tuas, commendo animam meam," Into thy hands, O Lord, I commit my spirit.

P. 193.—"Fotheringay." A town in Northamptonshire. Its famous castle was the birthplace of Richard III. Here Mary, Queen of Scots, was imprisoned and executed. The Dukes of York, Richard and Edward, are buried at Fotheringay.

P. 194.—"The Lizard." The extreme southern point of land in England, on the British Channel.

"Looe." A town of the Cornish mining region in the southern part of Cornwall.

P. 195.—"Drake," Sir Francis. A most daring and efficient naval officer, and one of the founders of the naval greatness of England. In 1587 he was sent in command of a fleet to Cadiz, where, by a bold dash, he destroyed one hundred ships destined for the invasion of England, and the next year he commanded as vice-admiral in the victory obtained over the Spanish Armada.

"Frobisher," frob'ish-er, Sir Martin. An English navigator of the fifteenth century, who made many discoveries in the arctic regions, and was the first explorer for a northwest passage. He had a command in the great sea fight against the Spaniards in 1588.

"Hawkins," Sir John. He was previously associated with Drake in several important expeditions, and served as rear-admiral in the fight that, together with the elements, destroyed the Armada.

"Weathergage." The position of a ship to the windward of another. Hence a favorable position for making an attack with sailing vessels.

"Medina Sidonia," ma-de-nā se-do-ne-ā. Shortly before the time fixed for the sailing of the fleet and army for the invasion of England, owing to the death of the admiral Santa Cruz, and also his rear-admiral, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, the extreme southern province of Spain, a man unacquainted with naval matters, was made captain-general of the fleet. He had, however, for his rear-admiral, Martinez Recalde, an expert seaman.

"Recalde," ra-kāl'da.

P. 196.—"Oquendo," o-kān'do; "Pedro de Valdez," pe'dro da vāl-dēth'.

"Andalusian," an'da-lu'shi-an. The southern part of Spain. It was formerly called Vandalusia, because of the Vandals who settled there. It is a delightful country, having a mild climate, and generally a fertile soil. Cadiz is the principal seaport and commercial city.

P. 197.—"Guipuzcoan," ge-poo's'ko-an. The smallest but most densely populated of what are known as the Basque provinces; three Spanish provinces distinguished from all other divisions, in the character, language, and manners of the people. They have few of the characteristics of Spaniards, and acquired political privileges not enjoyed by others, and a form of government nearly republican.

P. 198.—"Gravelines," grāv'len'. A small fortified and seaport town of France, in a marshy region at the mouth of the river Aa.

"Galleons." Ships of three or four decks, used by the Spaniards both for war and commerce.

"Galleasses." A kind of combination of the galleon and the galley; propelled both by sails and oars.

"Sir Henry Palmer," "Sir William Winter." English officers who were active in the attack on the Spanish fleet.

P. 199.—"Alonso de Leyra," a-lon'zo da lei'rā; "Diego Flores de Valdez," de-a'go flo'reth da vāl'deth; "Bertendona," bē'tan-do-nā; "Don Francisco de Toledo," don fran-ches'ko da to-la'do; "Pimental," pe-man'tāl; "Telles Enriquez," tel'leth ān-re'keth.

"Luzon," loo-thon'; "Garibay," gā-re-bi'.

P. 200.—"Borlase," bor-laz'. A captain in the fleet of Van der Does.

"Admiral Van der Does," doos. A Hollander.

P. 201.—"Ribadavia," re-bā-dā've-ā. A kind of Spanish wine.

"Lepanto." A seaport town of Greece, on the Gulf of Lepanto. In 1571 it was the scene of one of the greatest and most important naval battles ever fought. The Turkish sultan, Selim, with two hundred

and fifty royal galleys and many smaller vessels, engaged the allied forces of Spain, Italy and the Venetian Republic, and was defeated with loss in killed and prisoners of thirty thousand men. The decline of the Turkish empire dates from the battle of Lepanto.

P. 203.—"Essex." (1567-1601.) Essex's career had been a romantic one. From his first appearance at court at 17, he captivated Elizabeth. He was present at the battle of Zutphen, and joined an expedition against Portugal in 1596. His position as court favorite caused many intrigues to be formed against him, but he kept the queen's favor, although often offending her. Elizabeth had ordered him imprisoned after the Ireland expedition, more to correct than to destroy him, but upon being dismissed he attempted to compel the queen to dismiss his enemies by raising a force against her. This led to his execution.

P. 207.—"Walter Raleigh." (1552-1618.) Navigator, author, courtier and commander. His first public services were his explorations in North America, during which he occupied the region named Virginia. Having given up his patent for exploration in the New World, he became interested in a project for the conquest of El Dorado. In pursuit of this he sailed in 1595 to South America, but soon returned. He assisted at the capture of Cadiz in 1596. After the death of Elizabeth he lost favor with the throne and was accused of treason and convicted. For thirteen years he was confined in the Tower, where he wrote his "History of the World." In 1615 he obtained his release to open a gold mine in Guinea. The search was unsuccessful. Having encountered in battle at St. Thomas a party of Spaniards, on his return the Spanish court demanded that he be punished, and the king, James I., resolved to execute the sentence passed on him fifteen years before.

"Coke," kōok. (1549-1634.) An eminent English judge and jurist. At the trial of Raleigh in 1603 his position was that of attorney-general. During the trial he showed the greatest insolence to Raleigh.

"Yelverton," yel'ver-ton. (1566-1630.) An English statesman and jurist.

P. 208.—"Distich," dīst'ik. A couple of verses or poetic lines making complete sense.

P. 209.—"St. Giles." A favorite saint in France, England and Scotland. Many localities and public places were named from the saints. The reference here is to a drinking place named in honor of St. Giles. It was situated near Tyburn, which, until 1783, was the chief place of execution in London. Since that date Old Bailey, or Newgate, has been the place of execution.

"Oldys," ol'dis. (1687-1761.) An English biographer and bibliographer. He wrote a life of Sir Walter Raleigh, prefixed to Raleigh's "History of the World."

P. 210.—"Arundel," ar'un-del. (1540?-1639.) The first Lord Arundel. He had served in the war against the Turks under the German emperor, and from him had received the title of Count of the Roman Empire.

P. 211.—"Naunton," naun'ton. An English statesman, who died in 1635. He was secretary of state under James I., and the author of an account of the court of Queen Elizabeth.

"Paul's Walk," Bond Street, London, was known as St. Paul's, before the commonwealth. Here crowds of loungers used to collect to gossip. They soon became known as *Paul's Walkers*; now they are called *Bond Street Loungers*.

"Mantle." According to this old story, as the queen was going from the royal barge to the palace she came to a spot where the ground was so wet that she stopped. Raleigh immediately covered the spot with his rich cloak, on which she stepped. For his gallantry he is said to have received his knighthood and a grant of 12,000 acres of forfeited land in Ireland.

P. 212.—"Spanish Main." The circular bank of islands forming the northern and eastern boundaries of the Caribbean Sea. It is not the sea that is meant, but the bank of islands.

P. 213.—"Roundheads." The Puritans, so called because they wore their hair short, while the Royalists wore long hair covering their shoulders.

"Cavaliers." The adherents of Charles I. were members of the royal party, knights or gentlemen, to whom the name cavaliers was ordinarily applied.

P. 214.—"Janizaries," jän'i-za-ries. A Turkish word. "A soldier

of a privileged military class which formed the nucleus of the Turkish infantry, but was suppressed in 1826."

P. 215.—"Turenne," tü-rén'. (1611-1675.) A famous general and marshal of France, who during his whole life was actively engaged in the French wars.

"Counterscarp," coun'ter-scarp. The exterior slope of a ditch, made for preventing an approach to a town or fortress.

P. 216.—"Pelagian." Holding the doctrines of Pelagius, who denied the received tenets in regard to free will, original sin, grace, and the merit of good works.

"Bulstrode," bul'strode. (1588-1659.) An English jurist.

P. 217.—"Sidney." (1622-1683.) An eminent English patriot. He belonged to the army of parliament, but held no office under Cromwell. When Charles II. was restored he was on the continent, where he remained. In 1666 he solicited Louis XIV. to aid him in establishing a republic in England, and having returned to England he joined the leaders of the popular party. In 1683 he was tried as an accomplice in the Rye House plot, and executed.

"Ludlow." (1620-1693.) A republican general who assisted in founding the English republic, but was opposed to Cromwell's ambition. He had been commander of the army, but his opposition to Cromwell lost him the position. On Oliver's death he was replaced, but at the Restoration escaped to France, where he spent the remainder of his life.

P. 227.—"O. S." Dates reckoned according to the calendar of Julius Caesar, who first attempted to make the calendar year coincide with the motions of the sun, are said to be *Old Style* as contrasted with the dates of the Gregorian calendar. This latter corrected the mistake of the former, and was adopted by Catholic countries about 1582, but Protestant England did not accept it until 1752.

P. 228.—"Shomberg," shom'berg. (1616-1690.)

P. 233.—"Jeffreys." (1648-1689.) A lawyer of great ferocity. In 1685 he caused 320 of Monmouth's adherents to be hung, and 841 to be sold as slaves.

P. 234.—"South Sea Bubble." This scheme was proposed in 1711, by the Earl of Oxford, in order to provide for the national debt. The debt was taken by prominent merchants, to whom the government agreed to pay for a certain time six per cent. interest, and to whom they gave a monopoly of the trade of the South Seas. From 1711 to 1718 the scheme was honestly carried out, but after that time all scruples were thrown aside, and the rage of speculation here described followed.

P. 235.—"The Rue Quincampoix." A street of Paris where John Law developed his South Sea Bubble. He was a Scottish financier (1671-1729), who had won a place in London society, and supported himself by gaming. In 1715 he persuaded the Regent of France to favor his schemes, obtained a charter for a bank, and in connection with it formed this company, which had the exclusive right of trade between France and Louisiana, China, India, etc. The stock rose to twenty times its original value. He was appointed minister of finance in 1720, but confidence was soon lost in his plan, and notes on his bank rapidly fell. Law was obliged to leave France, and finally died poor.

P. 236.—"Scire Facias." Cause it to be known.

P. 237.—"Walpole." (1676-1745.) Walpole had been prominent in politics since the accession of George I., and in 1715 was made first lord of the treasury.

P. 241.—"Lord Mahon." The fifth Earl of Stanhope. He was prominent in public affairs during his life, but his fame rests upon his historical works, of which he published several. "A History of England, from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Versailles," is the best known.

"Maxima rerum Roma." Rome greatest of all things.

P. 242.—"Newcastle." (1693-1768.) An English Whig.

P. 243.—"Pelham." (1694-1754.) A brother of the above, who in 1742 succeeded Walpole as chancellor of the exchequer. He was one of the chief ministers of state 1743-1744.

"Godolphin," go-dol'phin. An eminent English statesman, in the service of Charles II., afterward retained in office under James II., and made first lord of the treasury under William and Mary. Under Queen Anne he was again put in this position, from which he had been removed in 1697, and retained it until 1710. He died in 1712.

P. 244.—"Aix," aks; "Roche fort," roth'fort, or rosh'for; "St.

Malos," or St. Malo, mā'lo'; "Cherbourg," sher'burg, or sher'boor'. See map of France in THE CHAULTAUQUAN for March.

"Kensington." A palace at Kensington, a western suburb of London, the birthplace of Queen Victoria.

"Grand Alliance." An alliance formed in 1689 by England, Germany, the States-General, and afterward by Spain and Savoy, to prevent the union of Spain and France.

"Goree," go'ra'. An island on the west coast of Africa belonging to France.

"Guadaloupe," gwád-loop. The most important island of the French West Indies.

"Toulon," too'lón'. A seaport of southern France, at the head of a bay of the Mediterranean. It is the largest fort on the Sea, covering 240 acres.

"Boscawen," bos'ca-wen. (1711-1761.) An English admiral.

"Lagos," lá'goce. On the coast of Portugal.

P. 245.—"Conflans," kon-flon. (1690-1777.) At this time marshal of France.

"Hawke," hawk. (1715-1781.) An English admiral. In 1765 he became first lord of the admiralty, and in 1776 was raised to the peerage.

"Chandernagore," chan'der-na-gō're; "Pondicherry," pon'de-shēr'ree.

"Clive." The founder of the British empire in India.

"Coote." A British general who distinguished himself in wars of India.

"Bengal," ben-gal'; "Bahar," ba-har'; "Orissa," o-ris'sa; "Carnatic," car-nat'ic. Divisions of India at the time of the struggle of the English for possession.

"Achar," ac-kar'; "Aurangzebe," ō'rūng-zab'. Emperors of Hindoostan.

P. 247.—"Guildhall," guild'hall. A public building of London which serves as a town hall. All important public meetings, elections and city feasts are held here. Monuments of several statesmen adorn the hall.

P. 248.—"Sackville." The offense referred to was this: At the battle of Minden, in 1759, Lord Sackville commanded the British troops under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, but refused to obey orders. On return to England he was tried for this and dismissed from service.

P. 251.—"Mecklenburg Strelitz," meck'len-burg strel'itz. The eastern division of the two parts into which the territory of Mecklenburg is divided.

P. 254.—"Landgrave," länd'gra-vine. The wife of a landgrave, a German nobleman holding about the rank of an English earl or French count.

"Hesse Homburg," hess hom'burg. A former German landgraviate now belonging to Prussia.

P. 255.—"Les Misérables," the poor. A popular novel by Victor Hugo.

"Austerlitz," aus'ter-lits. A town of Moravia, where in 1805 Napoleon had gained a brilliant victory over the Prussian and Russian forces.

"Waterloo." A village of Belgium, about eight miles southeast of Brussels.

"Blücher," bloo'ker. (1742-1819.) A Prussian field-marshal, sent to the aid of Wellington.

P. 256.—"Nivelles," ne'vel'. A road running to Nivelles, a town about seventeen miles south of Brussels.

"Genappe," ja'nāp'; "Ohaine," ō'hān'; "Braine l' Alleud," bran lāl-leu'.

"Mont St. Jean." A village near Waterloo.

"Hougoumont," oo'gō-mōn'. A château and wood.

"Reille," rāl. (1775-1860.) A French general, who was at this time an aid-de-camp of Napoleon. In 1847 he was made marshal of France.

"La Belle Alliance," lā bel āl'e'ōns'. A farm near Waterloo.

"La Haye Sainte," lā ai sant. A farm house.

P. 258.—"Milhaud," mil'hō'.

"Lefebvre Desnouettes," lēh'favr' da'noo-ēt'. (1773-1822.) A French general.

"Gendarme," zhōng-dārm'. An obsolete name for heavy cavalry.

"Chasseurs," shās'sūr. Light cavalry.

"Veillons au Sainte," etc. Guard the welfare of the empire.

"Ney," nā. (1769-1815.) One of the most prominent of Napoleon's generals. After Napoleon's abdication Ney joined Louis XVIII., but on the return of Napoleon, rejoined him. After the battle of Waterloo he was arrested, condemned, and shot.

P. 259.—"Moskova," mos-ko'va. A river of Russia, on which the French defeated the Russians.

"Hippanthropist," hip-pan'thro-pist. A fabulous animal whose body was partly like a man and partly like a horse.

P. 262.—"Pibroch," pi'brock. Bagpipe.

P. 263.—"Cheveau-legers." The French for light cavalry.

"Badajoz," bad-a-hōs'. A fortified town, capital of a province of the same name in Spain. Wellington carried it by assault in 1812, and sacked the city.

P. 264.—"Alava," a'lā-vā. (1771-1843.) A Spanish general and statesman.

"Frischemont," fresh'a-mōn'.

"Grouchy," groo'she'. (1766-1847.) A French general and marshal.

P. 265.—"Denouement," de-nōō'mong. The discovery of the end of a story, the catastrophe of a drama or romance.

"Friant," fre'ōng'; "Michel," me'shēl'; "Roguet," rō'gu-a'; "Mallet," mā'la'; "Pont de Morvan," pon deh mor'von'.

P. 266.—"Sauve qui peut." Let each save himself.

"Vive l'Empereur." Long live the emperor.

"Drouet d' Erlon," droo'a'dér'lōn'. (1765-1844.) Marshal of France and governor-general of Algeria.

P. 267.—"Guyot," ge'ō'; "Ziethen," tsee'ten. A Prussian general.

P. 268.—"Menschikoff," men'shi'koff. (1789-1869)

"Raglan." (1788-1855.) Served in the Peninsula War under Wellington, and lost his arm at Waterloo; was afterward Wellington's military secretary. He commanded the British army in the Crimean War, and died in camp in 1855.

P. 271.—"Tumbril," tūm'bril. A two-wheeled cart which accompanies artillery, for carrying tools, etc.

P. 272.—"Punctilio," punc-tīl'yo. Exactness in forms or ceremony.

"Ouglitz," oug'litz; "Kourgané," kour-gā-nā'.

## NOTES ON REQUIRED READINGS IN "THE CHAUTAUQUAN."

### READINGS FROM ROMAN HISTORY.

P. 497, c. 1.—"Cisalpine." On the hither side of the Alps, with reference to Rome, that is, on the south side of the Alps, opposed to *transalpine*.

"Dorea Baltea," do'ri-a bal-te'a. Formerly called the *Duria*. It is a river which rises in the south of the Alps, and flows through the country to the Salassi, into the Po. It is said to bring gold dust with it.

"Salassians," sa-las'si-ans. A brave, fierce people, formerly living at the foot of the Pennine Alps.

P. 497, c. 2.—"Insubrians," in-su'bri-ans. A Gallic people who had crossed the Alps and settled in the north of Italy. They had become one of the most powerful and warlike of the Gallic tribes in Cisalpine Gaul.

"Leptis," lep'tis. An important place on the coast of northern Africa, now in ruins.

"Adrumetum," or Hadrumetum, ad'ri-me'tum. A large city founded by the Phenicians in northern Africa. It is now called *Hammeim*.

"Polybius," po-lyb'i-us. A Greek historian, born about 206 B. C.

P. 498, c. 1.—"Masinissa," mas-i-nis'sa. The Numidians were divided into two tribes, of the easternmost of which the father of Masinissa was king. He was an ally of the Carthaginians, and for many years warred with them against Syphax, the king of the other Numidian tribe. Masinissa remained friendly to the Carthaginians until Hasdrubal, who had betrothed his daughter to him, broke his promise, marrying her to Syphax. Masinissa then joined the Romans, to whom he rendered valuable service both before and at this battle. He was rewarded with much territory, which he ruled in peace until the breaking out of war between him and Carthage in 150. This outbreak led to the Third Punic War. Masinissa died, however, soon after the beginning of the trouble.

"Laelius," læ'lī-us. Sometimes called *Sapiens* (the wise). Was an intimate friend of Scipio Africanus, the younger, while his father had been the companion of the elder Scipio. Polybius was his friend, and probably gained much help from him in writing his history. Laelius had a fine reputation as a philosopher and statesman, and it was Seneca's advice to a friend "to live like Laelius."

"Maniples," man'i-ples. Literally a handful, from the Latin words for hand and full. A name given to a small company of Roman soldiers.

"Ligurians," li-gu'ri-ans. Inhabitants of Liguria. A name given to a district of Italy which at that time lay south of the river Po.

P. 498, c. 2.—"Metaurus," me-tau'rus. A small river of northern Italy flowing into the Adriatic Sea, made memorable by the defeat and death of Hannibal on its banks in 207 B. C.

"Euboic." Pertaining to Euboea. An island east of Greece, the largest of the archipelago, lying in the Aegean Sea.

### SUNDAY READINGS.

P. 500, c. 1.—"Savonarola," sā-vo-nā-ro'lā. (1452-1468.) A celebrated Italian reformer. In his early ministry he effected important reforms and gained great political influence. Being sent to Florence he became the leader of the liberal party which succeeded the expulsion of the Medici. Having refused to submit to papal authority he was excommunicated, and popular favor leaving him he was executed. Savonarola published several works in Latin and Italian, among which was the one here quoted from, *De Simplicitate Christiana Vita*, "On the Simplicity of the Christian Life."

### READINGS IN ART.

P. 500, c. 2.—"St. Bees." A college in the village of Cumberland. St. Bees was so called from a nunnery founded here in 650, and dedicated to the Irish saint, Bega.

"Ship Court." A part of the district known as Old Bailey, near Ludgate Hill, in London. The house in which Hogarth was born was torn down in 1862.

P. 501, c. 1.—"Hudibras." See page 306 of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, note on Samuel Butler.

"Thornhill." (1676-1734.) He was a historical painter of some celebrity. His chief productions are the cupola of St. Paul's cathedral, which Queen Anne commissioned him to paint, and the decoration of several palaces. He was the first English artist to be knighted, and he sat in Parliament several years. No doubt his greatest honor was to be Hogarth's father-in-law.

"Watteau," vāt'tō'. (1684-1721.) A French painter of much original power, who holds about the same place in the French schools as Hogarth in the English. His subjects were usually landscapes, with gay court scenes, balls, masquerades, and the like, in the foreground. The brilliancy of his coloring and the grace of his figures are particularly fine.

"Chardin," shar'dan'. (1701-1779.) An eminent French painter. His pictures were mainly domestic scenes, executed with beauty and truth.

"Walpole," Horace. (1717-1797.) A famous literary gossip and wit of Hogarth's time. Although highly educated and given an opportunity for a political career, he preferred his pictures, books, and curiosities. Among his many works were "A Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors," and "Anecdotes of Painting in England." Walpole was no admirer of Hogarth, for he says of him: "As a painter he has slender merit."

"Churchill." Called "The Great Churchill." (1731-1764.) A popular English poet and satirist. In youth he was fitted for a curate's place, but after ordination and two years of the profession he abandoned his position and began his career as a writer, producing several popular



poems and satires. He was accused of profligacy, but Macaulay says: "His vices were not so great as his virtues."

"Wilkes," John. (1727-1797) A friend of the former, and a celebrated English politician. Well educated, clever, bold and unscrupulous. In his second term in Parliament he was obliged to resign from his indiscreet attack on Lord Bute, in a journal which he had founded. The next year he accused the king of an "infamous fallacy," which so enraged the administration that Wilkes was finally outlawed. Returning to England he was elected to Parliament, but arrested. He was repeatedly expelled from the House, a persecution which secured the favor of the people. In 1774 he was made lord mayor of London, and was afterward a member of Parliament for many years.

"Sigismunda." Daughter of Tancred, prince of Salerno. She fell in love with a page, to whom she was secretly married. Tancred discovering this put Guiscardo, the husband, to death, and sent his heart in a golden cup to his daughter.

"Pinegas," pin'e-gas.

"Zuccarelli," dzook-ä-rél'ee. (1702-1788.) An eminent landscape painter of Tuscany. His scenery is pleasing and pictures well finished. He visited England in 1752, where he was very popular, being one of the original members of the Royal Academy. It is said that all his pictures are marked with a pumpkin growing on a vine or stuck with a stick on a rustic's shoulder as the rebus of his name, which means in Italian *little pumpkin*.

P. 503, c. 2.—"Royal Academy." The most influential and oldest institution in London connected with painting and sculpture. It was founded in 1768. It consists of 40 academicians, 18 associates, 6 associate engravers, and 3 or 4 honorary members. It holds annual exhibitions of modern and ancient art, and has organized classes for art instruction.

"Llanberis," llan'be ris.

"Carnarvon." A northwest county of Wales, bordering on Menai Straits, famous for its slate.

"Avernus." A lake of Italy, near Naples, which fills the crater of an extinct volcano. Near its banks was the cave of the Cumæan Sybil, through which Æneas descended to the lower world.

"Barry." (1741-1806.) A British historical painter. He was a pupil of West. His best pictures are a series in the Adelphi theater, London.

"Richardson." (1665?-1745.) An English portrait painter and writer on art. His reputation is founded on his "Essay on the whole Art of Criticism as it relates to Painting."

P. 502, c. 1.—"Ramsay." (1713-1784.) Son of the poet, Allan Ramsay. He was one of the best portrait painters of his time. Walpole praises highly some of his portraits. He was also a man of literary tastes and of great accomplishments.

"Giorgione," jor-jo'na. (1477-1511.) The founder of the Venetian school of painting. A pupil of Bellini, and a rival of Titian. Before him, it is said that no one possessed so rich a coloring and so free a touch. His pictures are rare.

"Correggio," kor-éd'jo. (1494-1534.) An illustrious Italian painter. His real name was Antoine Allegri, his popular name being taken from his birthplace—Correggio. The chief charms of his pictures were their exquisite harmony and grace. His principal work is the great fresco painting in the cupola of the Cathedral at Parma.

"Tintoretto," Il, el tin-to-rét'o. (1512-1594.) His real name was Giacomo Robusti. The name of Tintoretto, by which he is generally known, was derived from the fact that he was the son of a dyer. A pupil of Titian, who was said to have been so jealous of him that he turned him from his studio. He conceived the idea of forming a new school of art, which should unite the beauties of Titian's style with the dignity of Michael Angelo's. His plan was never carried out fully because of his lack of patience. The "Martyrdom" at Venice is one of his best known paintings.

"Gainsborough," gänz'b'ro.

"Gravelot," gräv'lo'. (1699-1773.)

"Hayman." (1708-1776.) An English artist who acquired considerable reputation as a landscape painter. He was one of the first members of the Royal Academy.

"Kew." A pleasant village of Surrey, about 7 miles from London,

distinguished for its botanical gardens, said to be the richest in the world. They extend over 75 acres, are beautifully laid out, and contain many rare and exotic plants and trees.

P. 502, c. 2.—"Girtin." (1773-1802.) He had found a friend in Dr. Monro, who helped him in many ways. Girtin is said to have revolutionized the technical practice of his forerunners. Most of his pictures were landscapes. A panorama of London was one of his most admired works.

"Somerset House." Now occupied as public offices. The present building was erected in 1786, on the site of the palace of the protector Somerset. Nine hundred officials are employed in the various public offices in the building.

"Lambeth." Lambeth palace, the London residence of the archbishops of Canterbury, is on the Surrey bank of the Thames. It has been in the possession of the archbishops since 1197. Several portions of the palace are of historical interest.

"Ramsgate," rams'gate; "Margate," mar'gate. Seaports of Kent, England, on the island of Thanet. Both are fashionable watering places.

"A. R. A." Associate of the Royal Academy.

"Liber Studiorum." Book of studies. A series of prints or drawings issued by Turner, and which became very popular.

"School of Water-color Painting." That school of painting in which thin and delicate colors are applied to paper, on which a drawing of the picture has been made. It is a style carried to a greater perfection in England than any other country.

"Charterhouse." Formerly a Carthusian monastery. In 1611 it was turned into a school for forty boys, and an "asylum for eighty indigent and deserving gentlemen." In 1872 this school was removed into the country.

P. 503, c. 1.—"Dentatus." A favorite hero of the Roman republic, living in the third century, and celebrated for his valor and virtue.

"Anno Santo." In the sacred year.

"New Palace of Westminster." Was finished in 1867 for the Houses of Parliament. It cost £3,000,000, and was built on the site of the old palace burned in 1835. The palace covers about eight acres.

"Shee." (1769-1850.) An eminent British portrait painter, a pupil of West. It was customary for the honor of knighthood to be conferred on the party elected to the presidency of the Academy.

"Kugler," köög'ler. (1808-1858.) An eminent German critic and writer on art.

"St. Gothard," got'härd. The central group of all the Alpine chains.

"Haydon." (1786-1846.) An English historical painter who painted without success in his lifetime, and died broken-hearted. He is now considered to have been an artist of ability.

"Chevy Chase." The hunting of Chevy Chase is the account of a raid which Percy of Northumberland made on the territory of his rival Douglas, vowing to hunt there three days without asking leave. Chevy Chase means the hunt or chase among the Cheviot Hills.

P. 503, c. 2.—"Sheepshanks Collection." A large collection of the pictures of British artists made by John Sheepshanks, a collector of books and pictures, and presented by him to the English nation in 1857.

#### CRITICISMS ON AMERICAN LITERATURE.

P. 504.—"Shakerism." The principles of the Shakers, a sect taking their name from the peculiar motions which characterize their worship. They call themselves "United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing," and believe in an eternal Father and Mother in the Deity, in a dual Christ, a community of property, and celibacy. Sometimes called *Shaking Quakers*.

"Pantagamy." Plural marriage.

P. 505, c. 1.—"Malebranche, mäl'brönsh'. (1638-1715.) A French philosopher.

P. 505, c. 2.—"Peter Plymley." The *nom de plume* under which Sidney Smith published a pamphlet entitled "Letters on the Subject of the Catholics, to my Brother Abraham who lives in the Country."

"Anti-Jacobin," an'te jac'o-bin. Opposed to the Jacobins, a society of French revolutionists who in 1789 held secret meetings to direct the National Assembly.

"Canning," kán'ing. (1770-1827.) An English statesman.

## TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

The new "Epitome of Universal History,"\* by Dr. Carl Ploetz, the veteran German scholar and teacher, is just what it proposes to be—an "epitome," giving no descriptions or detailed accounts, but a summary of the more important facts of ancient, mediæval and modern history. The facts are grouped in a comprehensive manner, yet so skillfully as to indicate their relationship. For the teacher it will be a valuable help; and students will find it a hand-book very serviceable in their reviews. The compressed statements are as clear and intelligible as can be desired, and may serve as models for notes to be taken in the lecture room; such facts as an attentive listener can jot down without loss of interest in the animated discourse. The attempt to report a lecture in full may so engross the attention that the impressions naturally received from the voice and manner of an earnest instructor are nearly lost. The learned author, as class lecturer, deprecates a too free use of the pencils in his lecture room, and when as epitomist he conducts us over fields once familiar he does not multiply landmarks beyond what are needed, or burden us with details when a word is sufficient.

The translator's work is valuable not only for his faithful rendering of the original, but for the additions made; none the less valuable because, as he modestly tells us, "they are only compilations from reliable sources." A very full index gives the book somewhat the character of a historical dictionary, and increases its value.

We commend this "epitome" to those pursuing, or having occasion to review historical studies, as a vade mecum that they will not likely part with, if it is once possessed.

A most interesting series of "Health Primers"† has just come to our notice. There are twelve manuals in the series, each of about 150 pages. They have been written by as many different authors, all well qualified to discuss the subjects treated by them severally. Some of them, as specialists, have attained much celebrity in their profession, and in these admirable monographs show familiarity both with the elementary principles of their science, and with the results of the latest researches having a bearing on the topics discussed. Here is certainly much knowledge, important for the masses, and the writers, avoiding technical terms, have presented it in a manner intelligible to all classes. The twelve volumes, carefully edited, are now published in four. The first contains "Winter and Its Dangers," by Hamilton Osgood, M.D.; "Summer and Its Diseases," by Jas. C. Wilson, M.D.; and "Sea Air and Sea Bathing," by J. H. Packard, M.D.

Many publishers are wisely putting some of their best books, as well as reprints of standard works, into cheap editions. To be sure they are paper bound, the covers will tear, will come off, will grow limp, if wet, but still they are almost without exception well printed. They contain the much desired book in a shape that suits even the shallowest purses. Among the most valuable which have reached us is "The Intellectual Life."‡ It is a genuine public benefaction for a publisher to put such a book at twenty-five cents. Mr. Hamerton has so many true and strong thoughts on the training and habits of the intellect expressed plainly and pleasantly in it, that it is a matter for congratulation that anybody may own a copy of "The Intellectual Life."

Two cheap editions of Edward Everett Hale's "In His Name,"|| have recently appeared. The story gives a chapter of the fascinating history of the Waldenses seven hundred years ago.

In an unpretentious but well written and neatly published little volume, W. C. Wilkinson, already known to Chautauquans, discusses with becoming earnestness one of the living questions of the day, "The

Dance."\*\* The dance confessedly has many apologists among reputable people, who think it a harmless amusement, but it is here arraigned and held to answer sundry charges of most damaging character. The author writes with the vigor of his convictions, but is calm—does not dogmatise or indulge in ranting invectives. The arguments, in themselves strong and convincing, gain in force because free from violent or indiscriminate abuse of those who see neither danger nor impropriety in the amusement condemned. The book will do good. Most persons who read it with candor, and dispassionately examine the case as presented, will feel that the several counts in the indictment are sustained, and unite in the verdict, "The dance of modern society should be dropped from our list of innocent or harmless amusements."

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Tip Lewis and His Lamp." By Pansy. Boston: D. Lothrop and Company.

"An Hour with Miss Streator." By Pansy. Boston: D. Lothrop and Company.

"The Riverside Literature Series," "Studies in Longfellow," "Outlines for Schools, Conversation Classes, and Home Study." By W. C. Gannett. Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 1884.

"Methods of Teaching Geography," "Notes of Lessons." By Loretta Crocker, member of the Board of Supervisors of Boston Public Schools. Boston, Mass.: Boston School Supply Company. 1884.

"Intellectual Arithmetic upon the Inductive Method of Instruction." By Warren Colburn, A.M. Revised and enlarged edition with an appendix. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

"Light Ahead." By Cecelia A. Gardiner. New York: Phillips & Hunt. 1884.

A series of excellent low priced books comes from Funk & Wagnalls, New York:

"Christianity Triumphant; Its Defensive and Aggressive Victories." By John P. Newman, D.D., LL.D. Price, 15 cents.

"The Clew of the Maze and The Spare Half-Hour." By Rev. Chas. H. Spurgeon. Price, 15 cents.

"My Musical Memories." By H. R. Haweis. Price, 25 cents.

"Story of the Merv." By Edmond O'Donovan. Price, 25 cents.

"Mumu and The Diary of a Superfluous Man." By Ivan Turgeneff. Price, 15 cents.

"Archibald Malmaison." By Julian Hawthorne. Price, 15 cents.

"In the Heart of Africa." Condensed from the works of Sir Samuel W. Baker, M.A., F.R.G.S. Price, 25 cents.

"Memorie and Rime." By Joaquin Miller. Price, 25 cents.

\* The Dance of Modern Society. By William Cleaver Wilkinson. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1884.



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\* Epitome of Ancient, Mediæval and Modern History. By Carl Ploetz. Translated with extensive additions by William H. Tillinghast. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Co. 1884.

† The American Health Primers. Health Manuals. Edited by W. W. Keen, D.D., Fellow of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston, Son & Co.

‡ The Intellectual Life. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Author's edition. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1884.

|| In His Name. By E. E. Hale. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1884. Price, 30c.

§ A Story of the Waldenses, seven hundred years ago. In His Name. By Edward E. Hale. Boston: J. Stillman Smith & Co. 1884. Price, 25c.